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Poetry.

THE CHASE.

Down the long lanes of Arcadie
My lady canters merrily;
The grain is bleaching in the sun
The russet hickories confer,
And mounted on old Cheveron
With laughing call I follow her.

The maples stand in flaming red,
The sturdy brakes are sere and dead;
But still my lady canters on
Thro' field and wood and busy town,
And mounted on old Cheveron
I try to ride her down.

Through the long lanes of Arcadie
The crickets skip and chirp to me;
My lady's just 'round yonder bend,
Methinks I hear her call to me—
Methinks our chase is at an end
Thro' these long lanes of Arcadie!

Nay, still she canters down the lane
With floating skirt and loosened rein.
We've traveled all this summer land
And still we mount and gallop on;
Sometimes she turns and waves her hand,
A challenge to old Cheveron.

Through all this land of Arcadie
She leads old Cheveron and me,
And how her good mount stands it so
Is really more than I can see;
The valleys now are white with snow,
Yet still we ride through Arcadie.

Old Cheveron has cast his shoes!
The case is up, my Lady Muse!
—Theodore Roberts, in the Independent.

WINTER SLEEP.

I know it must be winter (though I sleep)—
I know it must be winter, for I dream
I dip my bare foot in the running stream,
And flowers are many, and the grass grows deep.

I know I must be old (how age deceives!)—
I know I must be old, for, all unseen,
My heart grows young, as autumn fields grow green,
When late rains patter on their falling sheaves.

I know I must be tired (and tired souls err)—
I know I must be tired, for all my soul
To deeds of daring beats a glad, faint roll,
And storms the riven pine to music stir.

I know I must be dying (Death draws near)—
I know I must be dying, for I crave
Life—life, strong life, and think not of the grave
And turf-bound silence in the frosty year.
—Edith M. Thomas.

WHEN BABY CAME.

Was it last year that the baby came,
And we could not wait for her to grow
But hung her Christmas stocking up
And gave her gifts she did not know?
How long ago was this, my dear?
Was it last year? It seems last year!

Was it last year that the baby went,
And a little girl with waking shout
Ran barefoot through the winter dawn
To drag her Christmas treasures out?
How lon ago was that, my dear?
Was it last year? It seems last year!

We did not see when the baby went;
Our time stood still when the baby came.
Behold at the hearth a slim young maid
Who yet is called by the baby's name.
These be miraculous things, my dear,
And all of them, all—they seem last year!
—Chicago Post.

Miscellany.

CLOTH HOUSE BODICE.

Made of Deep Blue Cloth and Trimmed With Pale Green.

There are so many house waists made to match cloth skirts that one forgets to regret the decline of the fancy silk waist. The cloth waist is vastly more durable, and it certainly gives a completeness to the dress which the waist of contrasting color cannot.

A cloth bodice worn at an afternoon-

A BODICE OF LADIES' CLOTH.

at-home by a young matron of well-known taste was made of dark blue ladies' cloth, cut open in blazer fashion. The revers turned back and were finished with a band of pale green cloth. The cuffs were similarly finished. And around the hem of the skirt there was an empiecement of pale green running to high points at each side.

The vest was pale green silk shirred into a belt of blue cloth. The belt was brought down to a point in front and held with a common pin, the only way to keep a perfect point in a belt. Across the front there was a strapping of the dark blue cloth. The neck had a flaring collar of the blue cloth, with a crush of blue silk below it.

A dress of this kind, though not as elegant as silk or brocade, has a decidedly ladylike effect, and is much worn by those who aim at durability and fashion combined.

A Preparative Honeymoon.

"Then it is all arranged," exclaimed the happy young man. "You are to be my dear little wife, and we are to take that cozy flat in Harlem!"

"Yes," replied the girl, a slight shade crossing her otherwise clear brow.

"Then the next thing to consider is—where we shall spend our honeymoon."

"That's just what I was thinking about," she said.

"Well, where shall it be? A trip to Europe?"

"No," with a shake of her pretty head, "that won't do."

"Niagara Falls?"

Another shake.

"California, Florida, Bermuda?"

"No, dear," she answered, somewhat sadly; "I don't fancy anything of that sort would be the best thing for us under the circumstances."

"Well, what do you suggest?" he asked, somewhat impatiently.

"I was thinking," said she, "that it would be a good idea to charter a half-section in a Pullman car, and"—

There was a repressed tremolo in her tones, faint, but evident.

"Ride around in it as long as our money lasted. By that time—"

The lovelight that shone in her eyes showed how much she was willing to undertake for his sake.

"We might be ready and able to live in that Harlem flat."—N. Y. Journal.

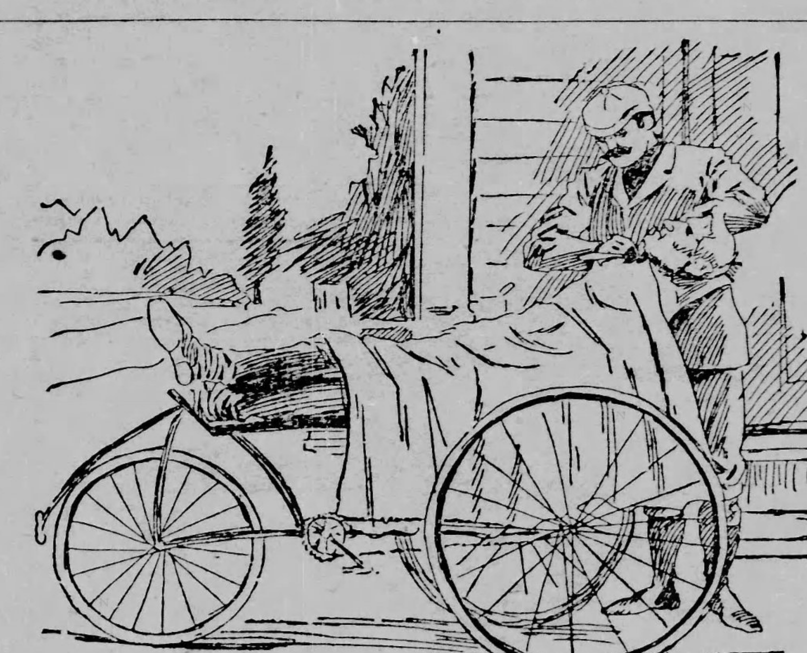
During the Interval.

Bobbie—"Papa, do green apples always give a pain?" Bingo—"I believe so. Why?" "I was wondering if this was going to be an exception to the rule."—Brooklyn Life.

BARBER SHOP ON WHEELS.

This Man Uses a Tricycle to Get Custom From Farmers.

No odder use has been found for the bicycle than that to which it has been put by a barber, August Liebman, of Gravesend, L. I. Before he learned to ride a wheel he made a comfortable living by driving around the scattered villages of Long Island shaving farmers who could not spare the time to travel to the neighboring town to be shaved. It occurred to Leibman that a more de-



GRAVESEND BARBER'S BICYCLE CHAIR.

sirable way of visiting his patrons than by the old horse and buggy could be found by constructing a tricycle outfit. The plan worked well. The barber's chair, which is getting to be a familiar sight on Long Island, runs on three wheels, and in the center of the machine is the saddle on which Leibman perches when he pedals abroad on shaving and hair cutting tours.

The advantage of the new outfit is that it costs next to nothing when compared with the expense of keeping a horse. Before he adopted the tricycle system of travel, Liebman was forced to confine his shaving and hair cutting efforts to farmsteads far removed from the red and white pole of the village barber. Now he boldly rides into the territory of his rivals, for the novelty of being shaved in a tricycle barber's chair has attracted custom from the regular shops.

When the roads become impassable for his three-wheeled vehicle, the ingenious barber will have to return to his horse and buggy, but the idea has been so successful that he intends to make the most of it in the spring by hiring other men to wheel around the island.

HOW IT BEGAN.

The Quarrel in the Dawson Family Grew Tame by Comparison.

"It's queer how some people will argue and argue and put all their domestic peace to flight disputing about the merest trifle," said Mr. Jawney to his wife one evening, according to Scottish Nights. "I was over to Tom Dawson's the other day, and he and his wife got into a regular quarrel over whether some little trifling event Tom had been talking about occurred on Tuesday or Wednesday. It wasn't of the slightest consequence which day it occurred."

"Well, I suppose that Mrs. Dawson felt that she was right about the day it occurred," said Mrs. Jawney.

"Well, what if she was," said Jawney, a trifle sharply. "It didn't make a straw's difference whether it occurred on Tuesday or Saturday."

"Why did Dawson argue about the matter, then?"

"Well, why did his silly wife make herself ridiculous disputing about it?"

"She wasn't any sillier than he was."

"She was, though!"

"I'd like to know how you make that out?"

"Because she began the argument."

"That was no reason why Dawson should keep it up. If he'd been a gentleman he——"

"He was as much of a gentleman as she was a lady. It was very bad manners for her to break into his conversation as she did."

"It was worse manners for him to quarrel with her before a third party. Why didn't he pass it over by saying lightly: 'Very well, my dear, perhaps it was Tuesday'?"

"Because he felt sure it happened on Wednesday."

"What if he did? You've said over and over again that it was of no consequence when it happened."

"Yes, and that's what made Mrs. Dawson's interference so perfectly idiotic."

"Yes, and it's what made Dawson's performance so unutterably absurd. I don't blame her a bit."

"I don't blame Dawson. If the thing had happened on Wednesday I'd hold out for Wednesday, by George!"

"Yes, you are just that pig-headed, John Jawney!"

"Pig-headed! I'd say pig-headed if I were you, Marget Jawney! People who live in glass houses would do well not to throw stones."

"That's gentlemanly, now, isn't it? You and Tom Dawson would make a good match for each other."

"Yes, and you and Dawson's wife would make a perfect team; hanged if you wouldn't!"

"Go on insulting me!"

"You began it!"

"I never!"

"You did!"

"I say I didn't!"

"I say you did!"

And the dispute in which Rawson and his wife had engaged was tame compared to that which now began in the Jawney family, regardless of the fact that there was a cardboard and crewel motto on the wall urging them "Be Not Disputatious."

A Mean Man.

Far beyond all dreams of perfection was Genevieve Stockanbond, and Terence O'Doyle, her father's coachman, loved her to distraction.

He drove her all over the town and hung with ecstatic pleasure on her every word. Did she say, "Home, Terence," his heart responded with a long, glad thump.

The bright sun was shining overhead, and the river glistened with impassioneded laughter when he grabbed her by the arm and said:

"When will we be after gettin' married, darlint?"

"Oh, Terence," she exclaimed, "this is so unexpected! I'm really afraid papa might object to our marriage."

"Then I'll run away wid ye, me colleen," he said.

He had been in the employ of the family for two weeks. Genevieve had never noticed his face before, and her quick, womanly intuition now told her that he was ill favored and very ugly. There was no reason why she should love him, and forthwith her maidenly heart was quickened with spontaneous affection. She told Terence that she had found her ideal.

That night the family carriage drove up to the door. William Stockanbond waited until it stopped, and then with a quick movement knocked the coachman into the street and violently stepped on him. He grasped his daughter by the wrist and locked her in the room for the night. Next morning the brutal character of William Stockanbond was made known to the world under the caption of "An Eccentric Millionaire." It was no more than he deserved.—New York Herald.

His Excuse.

"I shall fine you for assault and battery," said the police judge.

"But-but judge," stammered 'Rastus, "I—I didn't go fer to run ober de man—'deed I didn't."

"No, but you were riding your wheel on the left side of the street. Don't you know that the law requires you to keep to the right?"

"Yes, judge, but I—I's left handed."—Indianapolis Journal.

They Are Wise.

"Those bicycle riders are nothing but a set of cranks," said the man who does not ride.

"Well," admitted the other man who does not ride, "you must give them credit for having some little sense at least. You haven't yet heard of one of them starting out to discover the north pole on his wheel."—[illegible]

CALLER HERRIN'.

Wha'll buy caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin',
Buy my caller herrin'
New drawn frae the Forth.
When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dream'd ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darklin' as they face the billows
A' to fill our woven willows;
Buy my caller herrin'
New drawn frae the Forth.
Caller herrin';
An' when the creel o' herrin' passes,
Leddies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Toss their heads, and screw their faces,
Buy my caller herrin'
New drawn frae the Forth.
Noo, neighbor wives, come tent my tellin',
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin'
At a word be aye your dealin'
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin',
Buy my caller herrin'
New drawn frae the Forth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
They're no brought here without brave darin'.
Buy my caller herrin'
Ye little ken their worth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may call them vulgar farin';
Wives and mithers, maist despairin'
Ca' them lives o' men!
Caller herrin'!
—Lady Nairne.

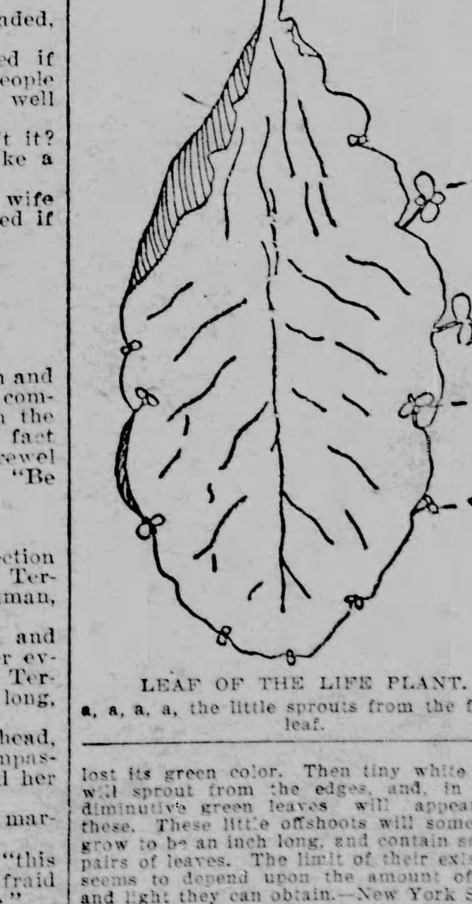
THE LIFE PLANT.

A Member of the Houseleek Family Found in the Bermudas.

Travelers in Bermuda and the West Indies often bring back as a souvenir of their trip the leaves of an interesting plant of the houseleek family. It is known as the life plant, and when the leaves begin to shrivel and fade they send out little shoots which in turn bear leaves that continue to grow and remain fresh and green for months.

The leaves are about four inches long, rich green in color, and of a smooth, waxen texture. The plant, the books say, is of the genus "Bryophyllum, belonging to the Crassulaceae family; succulent, with herbaceous or shrubby stem and annual or perennial roots, growing in hot, dry, exposed places." In Bermuda it grows to be about a foot high.

If you take one of the leaves and pin it to the wall indoors it will begin to sprout within three or four days, be it winter or summer. At first the top portion of the leaf will begin to wither and shrivel up, and this is likely to continue until the upper half has



LEAF OF THE LIFE PLANT.
a, a, a, a, the little sprouts from the fading leaf.

lost its green color. Then tiny white roots will sprout from the edges, and, in time, diminutive green leaves will appear on these. These little offshoots will sometimes grow to be an inch long, and contain several pairs of leaves. The limit of their existence seems to depend upon the amount of heat and light they can obtain.—New York Sun.

A STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL FISH.

Nothing Like Capt. Jackson's Catch Ever Seen by Naturalists.

A new fish, unlike any other in many respects and of extraordinary beauty in coloring, has been discovered. It was found by Capt. Jacobson, of the schooner Wenoma, who caught a specimen while fishing on the Banks 28 miles south-southwest of Cape Flattery, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. The fish was 26½ inches long, 17 inches deep and about four inches thick. It was beautifully colored, and in its richness of shades surpasses any other fish which has yet been found. The top of the head is of brick red, the back of a metallic blue, shading to aluminum color on the belly. The meridian line is strongly arched and marked by a series of large scales. Pure round white spots are dotted over the whole of the fish.

In other respects the fish presents an uncommon appearance. Its fins are strong spined and extend nearly the whole length of the fish. The spines of the dorsal are ten inches in length. The mouth is strong and toothless, the lower lip protruding and being of a vermilion color. Its eyes are large and round.

No other fish like it has ever been noticed by naturalists. The fish is now at Seattle, where it reposes in the museum of the Young Naturalists' society as the gem of its collection.

The Old Brute.

"I just hate that old Mr. Browne," said the Newest Girl.

"Really?"

"Really. We girls are going in for hunting, you know, and when I told him how I had killed a dozen birds he only said, 'Oh, that wasn't so bad, but I've got a dog that kills thirty [illegible] in thirty minutes.' Hate-[illegible]"

WHERE PAPA LOST HIS PATIENCE.

It was little Bobby's first ride on a trolley car and he promptly opened up:

"Papa what makes this car go?"

"Electricity, Bobby," answered papa from behind his paper.

"What is 'lectricity?"

"Er—it's a power they get from batteries and dynamos and such things."

Bobby was silent a moment and kept looking out the window. Just then another car came by, and Bobby commenced again.

"Is that funny thing on the top of the car a dynamo, papa?" he asked.

"No, Bobby, that's a pole."

"Do they push it with that pole?"

"No."

"Pull it?"

"No!"

"What is it for then?"

"Don't ask so many questions. That is where the electricity is carried down from the wire to the car."

"Is it heavy to carry?"

"No!"

The other passengers were on a broad grin and papa was in a fidgit. Just then another car passed and some sparks flashed from the wire.

"Oh, papa! is that pole burning?" asked Bobby with renewed interest.

Papa, thinking to make the best of it, sighed and said, "No, my son that is caused by the closing and breaking of the circuit."

"Does it often break?"

"Yes."

"Who fixes it?"

"Bobby will you stop asking questions!"

The frantic effort of the motorman to stop the car at a down grade crossing next attracted Master Bobby's attention.

"Papa what's that coffee mill for?"

"That's not a coffee mill, it is the handle to turn off and on the electricity. The man turns it to start and stop the car."

"Does he wind the car up?"

"No! For heaven's sake Bobby will you be quiet?"

Just then the car stopped suddenly and the conductor went back hurriedly to the rear platform. This was too much for Bobby.

"Papa! the car stopped that time and the man did not turn the grinder."

"The car has slipped its trolley."

"Then we won't get home, will we?"

"Certainly, why not?"

"Because the other night when you didn't get home, Uncle Jack told mamma he had seen you, and you looked as if you had slipped your trolley."

"We get off here!" said Bobby's father quickly, and as the car started on its way again even the hum of the motor did not drown the shrill shrieks of Bobby. And every individual woman in the car glanced back and murmured "The Brute!"

HOW GRANT WAS NAMED.

It Was by Chance, "Ulysses" Being the One Drawn From the Hat.

The story was curious. As related by the father afterward, it appeared that the common difficulty of choosing a name for the babe arose. Multitudes of suggestions only confused the young parents the more, until at last it was proposed to cast the names into a hat. This was done. A romantic aunt suggested Theodore. The mother favored Albert, in honor of Albert Gallatin. Grandfather Simpson voted for Hiram, because he considered it a handsome name. The drawing resulted in two names, Hiram and Ulysses.

"Ulysses," it is said, was cast into the hat by Grandmother Simpson, who had been reading a translation of Fenelon's "Telemachus, and had been much impressed by the description of Ulysses given by Mentor to Telemachus. "He was gentle of speech, beneficent of mind." "The most patient of men." "He is the friend of truth. * * He says nothing that is false, but when it is necessary he concedes what is true. His wisdom is a seal upon his lips, which is never broken save for an important purpose."—McClure's Magazine.

About the Same.

Milord was ill.

Meeting Pessimus, I asked: "How is Milord to-day?"

"He is no beter."

"Ah, indeed! I am sorry to hear it."

And, pasing on, I met Optimus and asked of him: "How is milord to-day?"

"He is no worse."

"Ah, indeed! I am sorry to hear it."

And that is how I learned that milord was about the same.—Town Topics.

Not So Sleepy as He Looked.

"First class in geography stand up," commanded the teacher.

They stood up.

"Johnny Knapp," said the teacher, glancing at the sleepy-looking youth near the foot of the class, "will you please mention some of the principal products of the Western prairies?"

"Buffers, Injuns an' Poppe-lists!" shouted Johnny, promptly.—Twinkles.

Very Dear.

"Mrs. Cumrox's children seem to be very fond of their school," remarked one woman.

"What makes you think so?"

"They are always speaking of their 'dear teacher.'"

"Oh, Mr. Cumrox insists on that. He says that, considering how much he pays for extra tuition, it's only proper."—Washington Times.

Excusable.

Jamie, aged 5, was kneeling by the bedside saying his prayers preparatory to retiring, when his little sister Mary approached him from behind and tickled the soles of his bare feet.

"'Scuse me little while, Lord," said Jamie, arising to his feet, "till I knock the stuffin' outer sister Mary."—Washington Times.

Why Lisette Lost Her Job.

Madam—"I like you about me because you are so pretty, Lisette."

Bonne—"Ah, madam wiz monsieur so [illegible]"

Our Serial Story.

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"The Clock Struck One"

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Lone Inn," "The Expedition of Captain Flick," "The Mystery of Landy Court, etc.

CHAPTTR I.

Diana on a Bicycle.

Over the bridge which spans the railway two miles from Canterbury a girl was riding a bicycle. She was perfect mistress of her machine—and nerves; for on the slope of the hill she let the wheels run freely, and did not trouble to use the break. The white dust clouded the air as she spun down to the level; and the heat of the day—a July noon—was so great that she was fain to dismount for the sake of coolness. A wayside fence offered a tempting seat; and, with a questioning glance to right and left, the girl balanced herself lightly on the topmost rail. Here she perched in meditative fashion, and fanned her flushed face with her straw hat. A pretty girl in so unconventional a position, unchaperoned and fearless, would have shocked the susceptibilities of our grandmothers. But this is the age of the New Woman, and the girl was a type of her epoch.

Assuredly a finer representative could not have been found. She was tall and straight, deep-bosomed and stately. Her sun-burnt complexion, her serviceable tailor-made dress and her stout shoes of brown leather denoted a preference for life out of doors. Across her broad forehead, round her well-shaped head, fluttered tiny curls in a loose mass of burnished gold. For the rest, a nose aquiline and two steady eyes of grey, a mouth rather wide, red-lipped and firm; there you have a portrait, in your mind, of a charming gentlewoman—new style. Diana must have been just such another; but for brightness, sympathy and womanly kindness the maid surpassed the goddess. If mythology is to be credited, Diana was cold, serene and—vide Acteon's disaster—a trifle cruel. On the whole, this mortal was more lovable than that immortal, and less dangerous; otherwise the comparison holds good. Miss Dora Carew was a modern Diana—on a bicycle.

Shortly Diana of Kent reassumed her hat, and folding her arms stared absently across the fields. She saw not sheep or meadow, hedge or ditch, windmill or rustling tree, for her mind was absorbed in her own thoughts— and these—as indexed by her changing expressions—did not seem to be over-pleasant. Dora frowned, smiled, wrinkled her forehead into two perpendicular lines between the eyebrows, and finally made a gesture of impatience. This last drawn forth by a glance at her watch. "I do wish he would be punctual," she muttered, jumping off the fence; "if not, I must——" Further speech was interrupted by the crisp vibration of a bell, and immediately afterward a second bicycle, whirling down the slope, brought a young man to her feet. He was smart, lithe and handsome; also he was full of apologies for being late; and made the most reasonable excuses, hat in hand.

"But you know, Dora, a doctor's time is not his own," he concluded; "and I was detained by a new patient—an aristocratic patient, my dear"—this he said with subdued pride—"Lady Burville, a guest at Hernwood Hall."

"Lady Burville!" replied Miss Carew, starting. "Laura Burville?"

Dr. Scott looked profoundly surprised. "I do not know that her name is Laura," he said; "and how you came to——"

"I heard it yesterday, Allen, for the first time."

"Indeed! From whom?"

"From the lips of my guardian."

"Mr. Edermont spoke of Lady Burville?" The young doctor frowned thoughtfully. "Strange! This morning Lady Burville spoke of Mr. Edermont."

"What did she say, Allen? No, wait"—with an afterthought—"why did she call you in? Is she ill?"

"Indisposed—slightly indisposed—nothing to speak of. Yesterday she was at church, and the heat was too much for her. She fainted, and so——" He completed the sentence with a shrug.

"Oh!" said Dora, putting much expression into the ejaculation; "yesterday my guardian also became indisposed in church."

"Really? Chillum Church?"

"Chillum Church."

They looked questioningly at one another, the same thought in the brain of each. Here was a stranger in the neighborhood, a guest at Hernwood Hall, and she inquired for a recluse scarcely known beyond the walls of his house. Again, here was a man who had not been absent from the district for over 20 years, who dwelt in strict retirement, and he mentioned the name—the unknown Christian name—of the strange lady. This coincidence—if it could be called so—was odd in the extreme; and even these two unsuspicious young people were struck by its singularity. Dora was the first to speak, and her remark was apparently irrelevant.

"Come with me to the Red House," said she, moving towards her bicycle. "Mr. Edermont is ill."

"Consequent upon his indisposition of yesterday, I suppose," replied Scott, following. "Since you wish it, I obey; but do not forget my position in the house."

Miss Carew waited until he glided alongside and they were both swinging easily down the road. Then she glanced at him with a smile—a trifle roguish and wholly charming.

"What is your position in the house, Allen?"

"Is it necesary to explain, my dear? I am the son of Mr. Edermont's oldest friend. I am one of the few people he admits to see him. With his sanction, I am your most devoted lover. But,"—and here the doctor became emphatic—"Mr. Edermont will not have me as a medical attendant; he will not have any one. So my calling to see him professionally is rather—forgive me, my dearest—is rather impertinent."

"Then you must be impertinent enough to save his life," retorted Dora sharply. "He has never been really ill before, so far as I know; and there has been no occasion for a doctor at the Red House. But now"—her face assumed a serious expression—"he is not himself; he is agitated, distraught, terrified."

"H'm! Terrified? That is strange. Are you sure that his indisposition dates from service in Chillum church?"

"It dates from the reading of the Litany," said Dora precisely. "You know, Allen, that for years my guardian has never failed to attend morning service at Chillum. You know also—for I have told you often—that at the prayer for deliverance from battle, murder and sudden death he is accustomed to look questioningly round the congregation. He did so yesterday asc usual, and immediately afterwards he sank back half-fainting in his seat. I wished him to leave the church at once, but he refused to go until the text was given out. Then he went home."

"And since then?"

"He has shut himself in his room, and has neither eaten nor slept. He refuses to see me or speak to me. Several times I have been to his door to inquire if I could do anything, but he will not let me enter; he refuses admittance even to Mr. Joad. And all the hours he paces up and down talking to himself."

"What does he talk about?" asked Scott curiously.

"I cannot say, as he speaks too low for me to hear. But I caught the name of Laura Burville twice. Alarmed lest [illegible] he should [illegible] you yesterday, making this appointment, and waited at the bridge to explain. What do you think of it, Allen?"

Scott shrugged his shoulders. "I can hardly say until I see Mr. Edermont. At the present moment I can be sure of only one thing—that the sight of Lady Burville upset your guardian in the church, and vice versa."

"But why should they be upset at the sight of one another. They are strangers."

"H'm! we cannot be certain of that," replied Allen cautiously. "That he should mention her name—that she should ask about him—these facts go to prove that, whatever they may be now to one another, they were not strangers in the past."

"Then the past must be twenty years ago," said Dora thoughtfully, "for Mr. Edermont has not left the Red House all that time. But what did Lady Burville say when you told her about my guardian?"

"She said—nothing. A wonderfully, self-possessed little woman, although she looks like a doll and talks like a fool. Dora; therefore, the fact of her fainting yesterday in church is all the more strange. I said that Mr. Edermont was averse to strangers, that he dwelt in the Red House, and that he was a good friend to me."

"You did not mention my name?"

"Dora! As though I should converse about you to a stranger. No, my dear, I merely told so much about Mr. Edermont, prescribed for the lady's nerves, and informed her host and Mr. Pallant that she would be all right to-morrow."

"And who is Mr. Pallant?"

"Did I not mention his name? Oh, he is another guest of Sir Harry's. He left the message that I was to call and see Lady Burville."

"Indeed. Why did not Sir Harry call in his own doctor?"

"Faith, that is more than I can say," replied Scott. "All the better for me that he did not. But how this Mr. Pallant found me out I do not know. It is my impression that hearing he was riding into Canterbury, Lady Burville asked him privately to send her a doctor, and as he chanced on my door-plate first, he called on me. A lucky accident for a struggling practitioner, eh, Dora?"

"No doubt—if it was an accident," said she dryly. "What is this Mr. Pallant like, Allen?"

"A red-haired, blue-eyed, supercillious beast. I disliked him at sight. Rather a shame on my part, seeing that he has done me a good turn."

By this time they had arrived at the outskirts of Chillum, and alighted before a massive gate of wood set in a high brick wall decorated at the top with broken glass. The green spires of poplar trees rose over the summit of this wall, and further back could be seen the red-tiled gable of a house. Opposite the gates on the other side of the dusty white road there was a small cottage buried in a plantation of fir trees. An untidy garden extended from its front door to the quickset hedge which divided the grounds from the highway; and the house had a desolate and solitary look, as though rarely inhabited.

"Does old Joad still sleep in his cottage?" asked Allen, with a careless glance at the tiny house.

"Of course! You know Mr. Edermont won't let anyone in the house at night but myself and Meg Gance."

"That is the cook?"

"Cook, housemaid, general servant and all the rest of it," replied Dora gaily; "she and I between us manage the domestic affairs of the mansion. Mr. Edermont is too taken up with his library and Mr. Joad to pay attention to such details."

"He is always in the clouds," assented Allen, smiling. "By the way, who is Mr. Joad?"

Dora laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "I'm sure I can't tell you that," she replied carelessly; "he is an old college friend of my guardian's, to whom he gives house-room."

"But not a bed?"

"No. Joad has to turn out at 9 o'clock every night and return to his cottage. I believe he passes most of his evenings in the company of Mr Pride."

"Pride, Pride?" said Allen thoughtfully—"oh, that is the chubby little man who is so like your guardian."

"He is like him in the distance," answered Dora, "but a nearer view dispels the illusion. Pride is, as you say, chubby; while Mr. Edermont is rather lean. But they are both short, both have heads of silvery hair, and both rejoice in patriarchal beards. Yes, they are not unlike one another."

While this conversation was taking place the young people were standing patiently before the jealously-closed gate. Dora had rung the bell twice, but as yet there was no sign that they would be admitted. The sun was so hot, the road so dusty, that Allen became impatient.

"Haven't you the key of the gate yourself, Dora?"

"No. Mr. Edermont won't allow anyone to have the key but himself. I don't know why."

"Let us go round to the little postern at the side of the wall," suggested Allen.

Dora shook her head with a laugh. "Locked, my dear, locked. Mr. Edermont keeps the postern as firmly closed as these gates."

"A most extraordinary man!" retorted Scott, raising his eyebrows. "I wonder what he can be afraid of in this eminently respectable neighborhood?"

"I think I can tell you, Allen."

"Can you, my dear? Then Mr. Edermont has said why——"

"He has said nothing," interrupted Dora, "but I have eyes and ears, my dear Allen. Mr. Edermont is afraid of losing his——"

"His money," interrupted Allen in his turn. "Oh, yes; of course."

"There is no 'of course' in the matter," said Miss Carew sharply; "he is afraid of losing his life."

"His life? Dora!"

"I am sure of it, Allen. Remember his favorite prayer in the Litany—the prayer which takes his wandering eyes round the church. 'From battle, murder, and sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us.'"

CHAPTER II.

The appearance of the individual who admitted them into what may be called the prison of Mr. Edermont was sufficiently odd to merit a description. Lambert Joad, the friend, factotum, and parasite of Dora's guardian, was a short, stout man verging on sixty years. He had a large bland face, clean shaven, and bluish-red in hue; his mouth was loose, his chin double, his jowl pendulous; and his insignificant nose was scarcely redeemed by two watery eyes of a pale blue. A few tufts of white hair covered sparsely the baldness of his skull; and his ears, hands and feet were all large and ill-shaped. He dressed in rusty black, wore carpet slippers, and a wisp of white ribbon did duty as a collar. This last adornment hinted at a clerical vocation, and hinted rightly, for Lambert Joad was an unsuccessful parson of the Anglican church.

Some forty years previously he had been a college friend of Edermont's; and in due course had taken orders; but either from lack of brains, or of eloquence, or perhaps from his Quilpish looks, he had failed to gain as much as a curacy. In lieu thereof he had earned a bare subsistence by making notes in the [illegible] for anxious [illegible]ers, and it was while thus engaged that Edermont had chanced upon him again; out of sheer pity the owner of the Red House had taken the unlucky Joad to Kent, and there permitted him to potter about library and garden—a vegetable existence which completely satisfied the unambitious brain of the creature. He was devoted to the god who had given him this ease.

But the odd part of the arrangement was that Edermont would not permit his hanger-on to remain in the house at night. Punctually at nine Mr. Joad betook himself to the small cottage fronting the gates, and there ate and slept until nine the next morning, when he presented himself again in the library, to read, and dust, and arrange, and catalogue the many books. For twenty years this contract had been faithfully carried out by the pair of college friends. From nine to nine daylight, Joad haunted the house; from nine to nine darkness he remained in his tumble-down cottage.

Being now on duty, he admitted Dora and her lover; and after closing the gates stood staring at them, with a book hugged to his breast, and a cunning look in his eyes. His swollen and red nose suggested snuff; his trembling hands and bloodshot eyes, drink; so that on the whole he was by no means a pleasant spectacle to behold. Dora threw a look of disgust on this disreputable, dirty Silenus, who was her particular objection, and addressed him sharply, according to custom.

"Where is Mr. Edermont?" said she, stepping back from his immediate neighborhood; "I have brought Dr. Scott to see him."

"Julian is still in his bedroom," replied this Silenus in a voice of surprising beauty and volume; "but he does not wish to see anyone, least of all a doctor."

"Oh, never mind that, Mr. Joad," said Allen good-humoredly. "I come as a friend to inquire after the health of Mr. Edermont."

"I quite understand," grunted the other; "you will make medical suggestions in the guise of friendly remarks. So like your father, that is."

"My father, Mr. Joad? Did you know him?" asked Scott, considerably astonished.

"Yes; I do not think," added Joad, with a spice of maliciousness, "that you had that advantage."

"He died when I was five years old," replied Allen sadly, "so I remember him very slightly. But it is strange that I should have known you all these months without becoming aware of the fact that you were acquainted with my father."

"Ah, this is beside the point," broke in Dora severely. "I want you to see Mr. Edermont. Afterwards you can talk to Mr. Joad."

"I shall be glad to do so. There are many things I wish to know about my father."

"Then why ask me, Dr. Scott, when Julian is at hand?"

"Mr. Edermont refuses to answer my inquiries."

"In that case," said Joad with great deliberation, "I should ask Lady Burville."

The young man was so startled by this speech that for the moment he could say nothing. By the time he had recovered his tongue, Joad was already half-way across the lawn. Scott would have followed him, but that Dora laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Later on, Allen," she said firmly; "in the meantime see my guardian."

"But, Dora, Lady Burville's name again hints——"

"It hints at all manner of strange things, Allen. I know that as well as you do. I tell you what, my dear, the coming of this woman is about to cause a change in our lives."

"Dora! On what grounds do you base such a supposition?"

"On the grounds you know of," she returned distinctly. "I can give you no others. But I have a belief—a premonition call it what you will—that Lady Burville's coming is the herald of change. If you would know more, ask Mr. Edermont who she is, and why he fainted at the sight of her."

By this time they were standing on the steps of the porch, whence the wings of mellow red brick spread to right and left facing the sunlit lawn. Square-framed windows extended along this front above and below, and an upper one of these over the porch was wide open. As Allen and Dora stood by the steps, a wild white face peered out and saw them in the sunlight. Had they looked up they would have seen Mr. Edermont, and have refrained from further conversation. But Fate so willed it that they talked on, unconscious of a listener. It was Allen who reopened the subject of his new patient, who had been referred to both by Edermont and Joad in so mysterious a way.

"After all," said Allen meditatively, "I do not see why you should have a premonition of change. That Lady Burville should know Mr. Edermont is nothing to you."

"Quite so; but the Lady Burville should know something about your late father is something to you. Did she mention anything about it this morning?"

"Not a word," he replied; "it was strange that she should not have done so."

"No stranger than that you should have been called in to attend her."

"That was purely an accident."

"I don't think so," said Dora deliberately; "at least, not in the face of Mr. Joad's remark."

Dr. Scott looked puzzled. "What do you make out of this Lady Burville?" he asked.

Before Dora could answer the question a voice spoke to them from above. "Do not talk any more of that woman," cried Mr. Edermont with a tremor in his tones. "Come upstairs, Allen; I have something for your private ear." And then they heard the window hastily closed, as though Mr. Edermont were determined that the forthcoming conversation should be as private as possible.

"Go up at once, Allen," whispered Dora, pushing him towards the door. "You speak to my guardian, and I shall question Mr. Joad about Lady Burville. Mind, you must tell me all that Mr. Edermont says to you."

"There may not be anything to tell," said Allen doubtfully.

Dora looked at him straightly. "I am sure that what is told will change your life and mine," she said.

"Dora! you know something?"

"Allen, I know nothing; I am going simply by my premonition."

"I am not superstitious," said Scott, and entered the house. He was not superstitious, as he stated; yet at that moment he might well have been so, for in the mere act of ascending the stairs he was entering on a dark and tortuous path, at the end of which loomed the shadow of death.

When his grey tweeds vanished up the stairs Dora turned her eyes in the direction of Mr. Joad. He was seated in a straw chair under a cedar tree, and looked a blot on the loveliness of the view. All else was blue sky and stretches of emerald green, golden sunshine and multicolored flowers; but this untidy disreputable creature, a huddled up mass of dingy black, seemed out of place. But for all that Dora was glad he was within speaking distance, and alone. So to speak, he was the key to the problem which was then perplexing her—the problem of her premonition.

That a healthy, breezy young woman should possess so morbid a fancy seems unreasonable; and Dora took this view of the matter herself. She was troubled rarely by forebodings, by premonitions, or vague fears; nevertheless there was a superstitious side to her character. Hitherto in her tranquil and healthy existence there had been no chance for the development of this particular side; but now, from various causes, it betrayed itself in a feeling of depression. Mr. Edermont's fainting and mention of Lady Burville; that lady's fainting and anxiety concerning the recluse, and finally Mr. Joad's assertion that Lady Burville had known Allen's father—all these facts hinted that something was about to happen. Dora did not know what the something could possibly be; but she felt vaguely that it would affect the lives of herself and her lover. Therefore she was anxious to know the worst at once, and accordingly, going out to meet her troubles, she walked forward to the Silenus on the lawn.

Joad saw her coming, and looked up with what was meant to be a fascinating smile. This disreputable old creature had the passions of youth in spite of his age, and in his senile way he greatly admired the ward of his patron. His admiration took the annoying form of constantly forestalling her wishes. If Dora wanted a book, a paper, a chair, a bunch of flowers, Joad was always at hand to supply her wants. At first she accepted these attentions carelessly enough, deeming them little but the kindly pertinacities of an amiable old man; but of late she had found Joad and his attentions rather troublesome. Moreover his obsequious demeanor, his leers, his oily courtesies, made her feel uneasy. Nevertheless she did not dream that the old creature was in love with her beauty. So absurd an idea never entered her head. But Joad was in love for all that, and cherished ardently his hopeless passion.

"Mr. Joad," said Dora, abruptly coming to the point at once, "who is Lady Burville?"

"Dear Miss Carew," said the old man, ignoring the question, and rising to his feet, "pray be seated in this chair. The sun is hot and here you will be out of the glare."

"Never mind about the glare and the chair," said Dora, making an unconscious rhyme, "I asked you a question. Who is Lady Burville?"

"Lady Burville?" repeated Joad, seeing he could no longer escape answering; "let me see. Mr. Pride said something about her. Oh, yes; she is the wife of Sir John Burville, the celebrated African millionaire; and I believe she is the guest of Sir Harry Hernwood at the Hall."

"Go on," said Dora, seeing that he paused; "what else do you know?"

"Nothing. What I repeated was only Pride's gossip. I am ignorant of the old lady's history. And if you come to that, Miss Dora," added Joad with a grotesque smile, "why should I not be ignorant?"

"But you hinted that Lady Burville knew Allen's father," persisted Dora, annoyed by his evasion of her question.

"Did I?" said Joad, suddenly conveying a vacant expression into his eyes. "I do not remember, Miss Dora. If I did, I was not thinking of what I was saying."

"You are wilfully deceiving me, Mr. Joad."

"Why should I, Miss Dora? If I knew anything about this lady I would tell you willingly. But it so happens that I know nothing."

"You spoke as though you knew a good deal," retorted Dora angrily.

"I spoke at random, young lady. And if you—why, what's the matter with Julian?"

It was little wonder that he asked the question, for Edermont had opened his window again, and was hanging out of it crying and gesticulating like some terrible "Punch."

"Lambert! Lambert!" he shrieked. "Come and help me! He will kill me—kill me!"

Joad shuffled towards the house as quickly as his old legs could take him. He was followed by the astonished Dora, and they were about to step into the entrance hall, when Allen Scott came flying down the stairs. He was wild-eyed, breathless, and as grey in hue as the clothes he wore.

"Allen!" cried Dora, recoiling at his mad looks, "what is the matter?"

"Don't stop me, for God's sake!" said the doctor hoarsely, and avoiding her outstretched hand he fled hastily down the garden path. A click of the gate, which had not been locked by Joad, and he vanished from their sight.

Dora stared at Joad; he looked back at her with a malicious grin at the flight of her lover; and, overhead, at the open window, they heard the hysterical sobbing of Julian Edermont.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHEVIOT SUIT.

Of Dark Blue and Suitable for Outdoor Sports.

In making fashions for the grown folks the little ones are not forgotten. Their costumes are planned with as much care as those of their elders.

For a little boy who is fond of athletics and likes to play "caddy" here is a dear little golf suit of dark blue cheviot. The jacket is a Norfolk blouse belted in with a heavy leather belt. It has a standing turnover collar of the cheviot and two box plaits back and front. The trousers are bagging at the

BOY'S WINTER OUTING SUIT.

knee and are sewed to a band which buttons tightly below the knee. A pair of heavy golf stockings are worn with a pair of low shoes.

The cap is of cheviot to match the suit. This suit is also nice for the bicycle or any out-of-door sport or amusement. Any little boy may well be proud of a suit like this, which is a copy of papa's, all except the jacket.

Informing Him.

On the Liverpool landing stage the other day stood a little knot of typical "Owdham" trippers, gazing earnestly over the water.

The object that was exciting their interest was one of the new torpedo boat destroyers built at Laird's, which was just starting out on a trial trip.

As the grim, black, four-funneled monster sped out slowly down the river one of the group turned to a bystander:

"Aw, say, mister, whativer kind of a ship's yon?"

"Oh," was the reply; "that's a torpedo catcher."

"A torpedle catcher! And what's a torpedle?"

"Eh, Bill," interpolated one of his companions; "tha's a rare fathead as cannot tell what's a torpedle. 'Tis a gurt big fish, tha' knows!"

And all that Bill could do was to hang his head conscious of his shameful ignorance.—Liverpool Mercury.

He Knew Him.

Mr. Footnit—"Won't you have some ice cream, Miss Swallowell?" Miss Swallowell—"Well, just a mouthful." Mr. Footnit—"Waiter, bring this young lady two portions of strawberry."—New York Journal.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Pension Questions.

"By whom is a special pension examiner appointed? What is his salary? Does he have to be learned in medicine?"—H. B., Crosstimber, Mo.

Special pension examiners are always detailed from among the experienced men in the pension office. The salary is $1,400 per annum and $3 per diem for expenses. He is not necessarily a medical expert.

"If a man served in the three months' service, was honorably discharged, enlisted in the three years' service, and after serving a while was discharged for total disability, is he entitled to a pension from time of discharge? He has not tried for a pension."—T. J., Altoona, Pa.

He is entitled to pension only from the date of his application.

J. S., Stone City, Ind.—We are not able to tell, from your letter, what it is you wish to inquire about. The arrears of pensions act was passed in 1879. It provided that all pensioners, whose claims were or should be filed before July 11, 1880, should be entitled to arrears from date of discharge; and all applications made after July 1, 1880, should be entitled to pension only from date of application.

"How much money was allowed each soldier for clothing in the late war? Also, how much for rations?"—R. E., Wolcott, Ind.

Clothing was allowed for at the rate of $42 per year, and rations at the rate of 25 cents a day.

Foreign Coins.

"How long did foreign coin circulate in the United States as legal tender? When was the first statute passed forbidding any, and what coins, to pass as legal tender? Would not the national government have power to make foreign coins legal tender again?"—X., Genesco, Ill.

The first act making foreign coins a legal tender was passed February 9, 1793. It gave legal tender powers to the gold coins of Great Britain and Portugal, at the rate of $1 for every 27 grains, actual weight; gold coins of France, Spain and the Spanish colonies, at the rate of $1 for every 27.4 grains, actual weight; Spanish milled dollars (silver) at $1, if of full weight; French crowns (silver), of full weight, at $1.10.

This act was suspended by act of Feb. 1, 1798, for three years. By act of April 10, 1806, the legal tender of the same coins was revived. Another act, slightly changing the values at which they should be legal tender, was passed April 29, 1816. The act of March 3, 1819, provided that the legal tender quality of all foreign gold coins should close on November 1 of that year. The foreign silver coins were continued as legal tender, the values at which they should be received being changed from time to time by different acts, until the act of Feb. 21, 1857, which repealed all laws giving legal tender to foreign coins.

Of course, it is in the power of Congress to make foreign coins a legal tender at any time; but what would render such a step desirable?

The Banner Precinct.

V. A. L. R., High Health, Tenn., writes: "In the Question Bureau of Dec. 24, a question asked 'Who Can Beat It?' I claim the 6th civil district of Johnson county can—the district in which I live. At the November election it cast 151 votes, McKinley receiving every one cast, or 151 majority. While it is all in East Tennessee but still this beats anywhere I have heard from."

A subscriber at Murphy, N. C., sends the following:

"I notice a challenge in The Blade of Dec. 24 from East Tennessee, to beat the vote of a certain precinct at the late election for McKinley. Here is one from western North Carolina, and I will not give names, for it is too true to make a joke of. A certain precinct was solid Republican, and as the laws of our state require one judge to be Republican and one Democratic to make a legal election, the Democrats selected one of the unterrified from another precinct, had him properly transferred, so that he could be a judge and also vote there; and he was keen to go and bragged that the vote would not come up to 40 to 0 this time. But the returns showed 41 to 0, and the aforesaid Democrat says they made him drunk and voted him for McKinley, too. He is one of the Democratic justices of the peace appointed by a Democratic legislature. I think this precinct is entitled to the cake."

Legislative Employes.

"Do employes serving in the legislative branch of the government, viz.: Senate, House of Representatives and Congressional Library, serve four years or for the Congressional term only? Are they not outside of the classified service?"—L. A. L., Freeport, Ind.

The employes of the House of Representatives are appointed for that Congressional term—two years. The Senate is a continuing body, and its employes as a rule, serve until the control of the Senate passes to the opposite party. We presume the employes of the Congressional Library serve for one term of Congress, but are not sure. An effort is now making to have the library appointees placed in the classified service. The others are outside it.

The Corinto Affair.

"What was the Corinto affair? Please give cause, time and place."—H. E. S., Ames, Iowa.

Some four or five years ago, there was trouble on the Mosquito reservation, on the Caribbean coast. A chief of the Mosquito Indians assumed to be king, and disputed the control of the Nicaraguan government. The latter arrested him at Bluefields, and exiled him. In the disturbance, the property of certain British subjects was destroyed. The British government demanded a considerable sum by way of damages from Nicaragua, sent an armed vessel to Corinto, the principal seaport of Nicaragua on the Pacific coast, took possession of the custom house there, and notified Nicaragua that it would hold possession, and take the customs paid in, until the sum was made up. Nicaragua made a loan and paid the indemnity, when the British evacuated Corinto.

El Gran Chaco.

"In the Weekly Blade of November 26, under the head of 'Items from the Four Winds,' you speak of the forests of the world, and in that speak of Gran Chaco. Where is it? I haev never heard of it before."—H. L. M., Alsea, Ore.

El Gran Chaco (the Grand Chaco) is a vast region, largely unexplored, covering the center of the continent of South America from the left bank of the Rio Salado northward to about 20 degrees south latitude; and from the Paraguay river westward to the mountains. The northern part of the Chaco is visited by plenteous rains, and watered by the Pelcomayo river, is densely wooded in part, with immense tracts covered with luxuriant grass, with here and there large marshes. The southern part, from lack of rain, is one vast arid region. The northern portion belong to Bolivia. The inhabitants of the Chaco are uncivilized Indians.

1900 Not a Leap Year.

"I am told that 1900 will not be Leap Year. If this is true, will you tell why?"—W. P., Plummer, Ind.

Because it does not come under the rule established by the Gregorian calendar. That rule is this:

"Every common year is a leap year which is divisible by 4 without a remainder.

"Every centennial year is a leap year which is divisible by 400 without a remainder."

Centennial years are the closing ones of a century—ending always in two ciphers. You can not divide 1900 by 400 without a remainder; hence 1900 is not a leap year.

The "Liberty" Head.

"Who was the original Goddess of Liberty? Some say it is Miss Williams, of Philadelphia, but I do not think so."—J. S., St. Joe, Texas.

Do you mean the original of the head of the Goddess of Liberty, on the obverse of the silver dollar? The artist who made the dies for the silver dollar was an Englishman, named Morgan. A very minute "M" on the edge of the neck of the goddess stands for his name. He was anxious to find some woman whose face and profile fitted his ideal of the typical American girl; and he found her in a Miss Williams, a school teacher in Philadelphia (where the mint is located in which he was at work). Hence the profile is that of Miss Williams. She was married last year and The Blade recorded the event.

B. N., Sullivan, Wis.: The above answers your question.

The Electoral Vote.

"Will you be so kind as to give me the exact number of electors that McKinley will have given him?"—H. S., St. Lawrence, N. Y.

The electoral vote will stand as follows:

McKinley	272
Bryan	175

No Name.

We have a number of questions on file with which the senders did not send their full names, or only put initials. The latter will not do: we must have the name.

We have several others on which there is no postoffice address. Please don't send questions without giving your name and postoffice address.

About a Name.

"If a Democratic postmaster gets a larger petition, but not the largest number of business men; if a Republican gets the largest number of business men and has testimonials of leading men of the state, but a smaller petition, where the vote is more than two-thirds of the population, can he hold over?"—H. M. W., Dannebrog, Neb.

The appointment of fourth-class postmasters is entirely in the hands of the fourth assistant postmaster general; and he will be guided largely by the advice of the Representative from that district, especially if the latter is a Republican. If not, then the views of the leading Republicans will have most weight. There is no doubt a Republican will have preference over a Democrat for the office, other things being equal.

"Cat-Brain Butter."

"Please tell me what cat-brain butter is? Origin of the name?"—C. C. L. D., Dillbury, Ala.

We can not imagine. The term is entirely new to us. If any one can send an explanation, we will be glad to publish.

An Unsettled Question.

"I would like to ask if the President of the United States has any right to recognize the independence or belligerence of Cuba without the consent of Congress."—J. A. G., Genoa, O.

That is just the question at issue between the Senate and Secretary Olney. The latter says the President possesses the sole right. The constitution does not say. And there you are.

Bullion.

"What does the word bullion mean? Is it the pure metal, or is it the metal alloyed, ready for coining?"—S. G. E., Hiett, O.

The Standard dictionary defines bullion to be "gold or silver in mass, or in the form of ingots, bars, plate, or the like, as distinguished from coin."

The absence or presence of alloy is not considered in the name "bullion." It is gold or silver not coined.

The latest figures on the Presidential vote are given in the table on the fourth page of this issue of The Weekly Blade.

Old Violins.

"Please tell me market value of a Stradivarius or Cremona violin, manufactured A. D. 1736, and the address of firms who deal in ancient violins and musical instruments."—M. F., Coyleville, Pa.

There is no fixed value. It depends entirely upon the tone of the instrument. There are hundreds of counterfeit violins of the old makers, and the first thing to do is to be certain it is genuine. We can not give addresses, as that would be a free advertisement for the dealer.

Fourth-Class Postmasters.

"If the question of choosing a postmaster was submitted to the voters of the township wherein the postoffice is situated, would the person chosen at such election stand a better chance to secure the appointment than one who refuses to submit his case to the electors, but proposes to secure the appointment through a petition signed by leading patrons of the office?"—J. H., Mountain Grove, Mo.

The effort will be made, of course, to fill the postoffices with Republicans, where that is possible. In the selection of a fourth-class postmaster, the views of the Representative from the district in which the office is located are of great weight. If he is a Republican, the man he favors will be appointed. In the case you mention, it would depend upon the politics of the two men; upon whether the one successful at the election had a large or small majority; and whether the signers of the petition embrace the leading business men, who are large patrons of the office; and, lastly, upon which candidate the leading Republicans of the locality favor.

Lord Cornwallis.

"What was the given name of Lord Cornwallis?"—A. M. W., Patterson's Bridge, N. C.

His name was Charles Cornwallis. He was the first Marquis and second Earl of Cornwallis; born in 1738, died at Ghazepore, India, in 1805.

Miscellaneous.

W. S., Chetopa, Kan.: We suppose you refer to holders of offices under civil service rules. There is no way of ascertaining the per cent belonging to either party, as their politics are not a matter of record.

E. A., Waupun, Wis.: We can not spare room or time to set forth arguments for use in a debate, which we understand your question to be. The Bureau deals in facts, not in opinions.

C. E. A., Alldine, Ind.: The only way to obtain employment in a mint is to apply to the Director.

D. C. L., Fredonia, Kan.: A cadet is a student at the military academy at West Point. Only one can be appointed from each Congressional district every four years. Write to your Congressman and find if there will be any vacancy in your district within the coming two years.

E. D. H., Eau de Vie, Mo.: The name of B. L. Snow does not appear on the records as colonel of the 46th Ohio, nor can we find his name as colonel of any other Ohio regiment.

CANADA'S CONGRATULATIONS.

Canadians all, in hut and hall,
Congratulate their cousins
On their escape from grief and crape,
From ills and bills in dozens;
Upon their triumph great and grand
O'er Bryan and his baneful band.

The boom, so long retarded, now
Will blissfully begin;
While o'er the world with joy are hurled
The words: "McKinley's in!"
The battle has been bravely won,
And Bryan's craze and days are done.
—William Murray, in Scottish American.

ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

Of Striped Cashmere and Embroidered Broadcloth.

No wardrobe is complete without several comfortable, loose gowns, that are easy to slip on either in the early morning or after the day is over.

A pretty one for a brunette is of red and white striped cashmere, with yoke and stole of white broadcloth embroidered in gold. The yoke covers the shoulders and tops of the sleeves. It is cut in one piece with the stole, which reaches to the bottom of the robe.

SO VERY COMFORTABLE.

The sleeves are made large at the top and grow smaller, finally becoming tight when they reach the elbow, and are very long, covering the hand nearly to the knuckles. A white ribbon tied in a bow at the back forms the collar to this delightful gown.

His Theory.

Jinks—"That was a strange opinion of Capt. Symmes that the world is hollow."

Blinks—"I am inclined to believe his theory was right."

Jinks—"Why so?"

Blinks—"Because so many people have gone under lately."—Washington Times.

Getting Down to Cigarettes.

For the ten months ending last April the total production of cigarettes in the United Stats for home consumption was 3,338,147,300, an increase of 60,000,000 over the supply of the previous year.

Pure

Blood means sound health. With pure, rich, healthy blood, the stomach and digestive organs will be vigorous, and there will no Dyspepsia, Rheumatism or Neuralgia. Scrofula and Salt Rheum will disappear. Your nerves will be strong, sleep sound and refreshing. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. That is why it cures so many diseases. That is why thousands take it to cure disease, retain good health. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Recent Literature.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

George Washington, by Prof. Woodrow Wilson, is a handsome volume which has been eagerly awaited and is now warmly welcomed by the author's admirers.

The ten chapters of this book form separate sketches of as many salient periods of Washington's life, rather than a connected history of the great man's achievements. The first paper gives to the reader a vivid picture of the conditions under which Washington started life in Virginia, and makes all this interesting and intelligible by a comprehensive description of the events that led up to and established these conditions. Then follows a sketch of Washington's youth, in which we are able to recognize the influences that helped to mould the character of the Father of his Country. The ensuing chapters take up the great man's experiences as a soldier, statesman, patriot, and finally as the first President of these United States. A feature of these papers is the great amount of original research that they represent, and the quantity of new and interesting information they afford concerning periods of Washington's life that have hitherto not been so fully dwelt upon.

The illustrations by Mr. Howard Pyle are notable for the manner in which they reflect the life and action of the period. The book closes with a carefully arranged index. Harper & Bros., Franklin Square, New York.

Long before George du Maurier had won distinction as a novelist, he was known throughout the English-speaking world as an illustrator and satirist of English society, and many of his best drawings appeared in the pages of Harper's Magazine. These have now been collected for the first time, and they include nearly 100 examples of Mr. Du Maurier's humor as expressed during a period covering more than 20 years. The various fashions and fads of the times—so different from those of our own—are brought back vividly by these illustrations, and the captions are all couched in that terse and confidential style with which we have now become so familiar in Trilby and The Martian.

A brief introduction to this collection of drawings is contributed by Mr. W. D. Howells, who characterizes Du Maurier as the greatest master of his school, "not excepting Sterne or Thackeray." Aside from Mr. Howells's preface, the album contains no text beyond the few lines of humorous dialogue accompanying each illustration. Harper & Bros., Franklin Square, New York.

The third volume of the Principles of Sociology by Herbret Spencer has now been issued. Mr. Spencer has completed his Synthetic Philosophy, and the last book of the great life work will soon be a commonplace of the book stores. Herbert Spencer is now 76 years old, and he has made the ten books he planned embracing his system of philosophy complete. There is profound philosophy in the closing paragraph of his preface for the new book, where he says: "Though along with other deterrents, many relapses, now lasting for wekes, now for months, and once for years, often made me despair of reaching the end, yet the end is reached. Doubtless in earlier days some exultation would have resulted, but as age creeps on feelings weaken, and now my chief pleasure is in my emancipation. Still, there is satisfaction in the consciousness that losses, discouragement and shattered health have not prevented me from fulfilling the purpose of my life." D. Appleton & Co., New York city.

The Substance of His House, poems by Prosser Hall Frye, is a volume of lyrics and sonnets, most gracefully as well as thoughtfully written. They are full of deep feeling and quiet harmony. Exceptionally sweet and appropriate for this season is the poem Christmas Morning, the last stanza of which is as follows:

"Therefore give thanks, as seemly on this morn,
For those who raised the world whereon they trod,
For Buddha and those elder priests of God,
For every god-like man wherever born;
But most of all for this most human child,
Who pure and undefiled
Sustained the pains of birth and life and death,
Not otherwise than as a very man
May do forever. Else of what avail
For us who faint and fail
Had been the thought that he this day began
In Bethlehem to draw his feeble breath?
Therefore lift up your anthems and rejoice
With well accorded voice,
While maids green wreath and bright-red berries bring
And all the joyous youths antiphonally sing."

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 23d street, New York city.

The Complete Bachelor: Manners for Men, by the author of "As Seen By Him" papers, is an exceedingly clever and valuable addition to the literature—if it may be so termed—of society. In his preface the author states that his excellent reason for writing this book is that in all treatises of this character he has found the bachelor sadly neglected. "For many years," he writes, "while conducting the query or agony department in Vogue, I received letters desiring questions answered from the New York standpoint. All this I have endeavored to do." The writer is a well-known New York clubman, an acknowledged authority on all questions of etiquette. The term Bachelor must be interpreted in the widest sense of the word. All unnecessary and puzzling matter has been excluded from its pages, and the book contains nothing which is not of direct interest to men. There are chapters on the etiquette of club life, the etiquette of various pastimes, such as golf, wheeling, driving, riding and yachting; on men's dress and on clothes, their care and the cost of replenishing a wardrobe, as well as others giving suggestions for all species of bachelor entertainments and stag parties, the rules of conduct to be observed by men at all functions. There is a chapter devoted to the cotillion, its figures and its leadership, as well as the peculiar etiquette prevailing at subscription balls, such as the Assemblies, and the Patriarchs. Foreign and domestic travel have also a department, and there is space devoted to the management of servants, and many other little points which have heretofore been neglected in works of this kind. It has an alphabetical index of all the subjects treated, a feature which will prove most useful to those seeking information of this kind. D. Appleton & Co., New York city.

What are the recent novels that have won the crown of marked success—which have done best, say, at Mudie's? asked a representative of the London Chronicle. To answer that you have to make out a list of six or eight books, and at the head of these stand two which are very dissimilar—Sir George Tressady and Rodney Stone. Going on information received, I should put as the others, Sentimental Tommy, the Herb Moon, Illumination, The Grey Man, Kate Carnegie, and On the Face of the Waters, which has only just appeared. This estimate would suggest as the most successful novelists of the autumn Mrs. Humphry Ward, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Barrie, "John Oliver Hobbes," Mr. Harold Frederic, Mr. Crockett, Ian Maclaren, and Mrs. Steele. It will be seen at once how well the Scottish contingent hold their own, and in America their ascendency is said to be equally marked. "You take my word for it," a publisher observed in confidence, "we'd all be glad to have a good 'Kailyard' writer on our list. The Scotch people are the best of book-buyers—as the Irish are the worst—and they would naturally give a preference to their own writers, even if these did not command it."

A Little Girl in Old New York is one of the most delightful stories for children which have been published for some time. The quaint little heroine will find a warm welcome in older as well as childish hearts. The writings of Miss Douglas have found acceptance with the public, because they are characterized by good sense, a keen insight, and an appreciation of all that is good and noble in human life. Her books are as clean and fresh and invigorating as a morning in May. If she is not deep or profound, she stirs in the heart of her reader the noblest impulses; and whosoever accomplishes this has not written in vain. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., 141 Fifth avenue, New York City.

Under Three Flags, a story of mystery, by B. L. Taylor and A. T. Thoits, is the prize story in the Chicago Record's series of Stories of Mystery. The book, which is very entertaining, is handsomely bound and published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

An Arkansas Planter, one of Opie Read's clever tales of Western life, is one of the popular books of the month and is replete with humor and pathos. The book is attractively bound in green, and is illustrated by W. W. Denslow and Ike Morgan, and published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

The American Duchess, by the Princess De Bourg, is a love story which will doubtless have many readers. Published by G. W. Dillingham Co., New York.

There must be quite a large number of people who years ago read, with decided pleasure, Marjorie's Quest, by Mrs. Jean Gould Lincoln; and indeed a good many read it to-day with much satisfaction. A Genuine Girl, a genuinely good story, now comes from the same author. Several of the characters in the former story reappear; and the novel, like its predecessor, is very readable and wholesome. The Genuine Girl, Phyllis Gray, is a fascinating young person whose great charm is her girlish simplicity and frankness, and her pure enjoyment of life. The scenes of the story are mainly in Washington city, and the social life in that gay capital is very interestingly described. The book is a unique specimen of the art of book making. The design is yellow and white stripes, the latter having a floral tracing upon them. In the center is the title in gold and white. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 Park street, Boston.

John Littlejohn of J., by George Morgan, is a stirring tale of adventure of the American Revolution, being in particular an account of the hero's remarkable entanglement with the king's intrigues against Gen. Washington. It is a delightful story, combining both the romance of war and love, and possesses historical accuracy. Handsomely bound in dark blue and gold, the novel is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Fellow Travelers is a pleasant tale by Graham Travers. Miss Travers has the story-teller's art of interesting her readers at once in her characters, and sustaining that interest to the end of the book. She began well with her Mona Maclean, Medical Student; here she has done better still. Her literary style has improved, her psychologic insight has sharpened. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Tomalyn's Quest, by G. B. Burgin, is the story of a young Englishman who went to Constantinople to become the secretary of Tompkins Pasha, an English officer in the Sultan's service. On the steamer he met Mrs. Bragwyn, a most beautiful woman—who was a secret agent of Russia—with whom he fell in love. While the Russian agents were endeavoring to gain possession of the plans of the Turkish forts, they tried to kill Crane several times. Gorchoff, the Russian agent-in-chief, was killed by his Armenian spy; Crane found out the truth about Mrs. Bragwyn, and the story ends with his marriage to Miss Ulverstone, an English girl. A curious episode is the transfer of Mrs. Bragwyn's complexion to Miss Ulverstone by the operation of skin transference.

The action of the story is rapid and the sensational features are many. The character of Smith, the soldier, reminds one of Kipling. Harper & Bros., Franklin Square New York.

The True George Washington, by Paul Leicester Ford, is a most interesting work. The author complains that the American people have practically canonized some of their leaders and otherwise made them superhuman. He says:

"We have enclosed their greatness in a glass of clear crystal and hung up a sign 'do not touch' and—with such characters as Washington, Franklin and Lincoln, we have practically adopted the English maxim that the king can do no wrong. In place of men limited by human limits and influenced by human passions, we have demi-gods so stripped of human characteristics as to make us question even whether they deserve so much credit for their sacrifices and deeds."

Mr. Ford evidently knows what he is talking about and the public will be glad to welcome his work. As a result of investigation, with assistance from all available resources, even from the pen of Washington himself, the author has presented us with probably one of the best life of Washington yet written.

He claims his object is to humanize the hero without taking an iota from his greatness. Washington, as a young man, as a farmer, soldier and statesman, is introduced just as he was without anything of good or evil added or taken away for the sake of sentiment. The book is very entertainingly written and introduces a side to Washington's life which is seldom shown—his family and kinship relations.

Perhaps the publishers bore in mind that time worn reference to the great man's waistcoat, when they bound the book in buff. It is splendidly illustrated, and has a special feature of interest in some fac similes of his letters.

Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

GARDEN OF EDEN.

EZRA T. ELLIOTT, OF DEL NORTE, BELIEVES HE HAS FOUND THE HOME OF ORIGINAL MAN.

It Was in Colorado—Has Spent Many Years in Exploring the Lovely Valley of San Luis.

There is a lawyer out in Del Norte, Col., who believes that he has found the site of the Garden of Eden, says the New York Herald. He has spent a good part of his life in studying antiquities, and has compared the remains of prehistoric man found in many quarters of the globe. He has at last located original man in the state of Colorado, and the near neighborhood of his home. There, in the course of his explorations he recently came across a cave that he thought was a promising place for excavation.

Nor was he mistaken. Below the surface he found remains of men far antedating the mound builders and the cliff dwellers. In fact, before he was nearly through with his excavation he was satisfied that he had made one of the most important discoveries of modern times, and now that he has had time to study the remains that he found he is perfectly convinced that the section he has been exploring was the original Garden of Eden.

Mr. Elliott says that he was led many years ago to suspect that the San Luis Valley had a primeval history of thrilling importance, and has spent most of his leisure since in making investigations. This valley is 150 miles long and thirty or forty miles wide, and is one of the loveliest and most fertile tracts in Colorado. According to Mr. Elliot a lovely lake once filled the great dimple in the mountains, upon whose borders original man lived and died.

"The caves in which the race lived," said Mr. Elliott, "were located above the water line, and may now be seen by any person who has the curiosity to make the investigation. The caves are about three hundred feet or more above the bottom of the valley. They are entered through very narrow openings, which, in many cases, have been closed entirely by the sliding of the cliffs or by the debris rolling down the side of the mountains.

"I have entered forty or fifty of the ancient caves. In some of them a kind of rude masonry is to be seen. This masonry consists of rocks laid one upon the other, without the use of mortar or mud.

"The men of those days knew nothing of mortar. They did not use bows and arrows, for they had not advanced that far in the evolution of the human race. In many of the caves I have found charcoal, showing that the inhabitants had learned how to build fires. The marks of smoke are also visible on the walls of the caves. In one place I found a workshop, where the artificers fashioned out of chalcedony the rude stone implements of the times. The implements were made out of different material from that used by the cliff dwellers and the Indians, who were recent in order of existence as compared with the natives of tropical Colorado.

"I am convinced that mankind originated in the chain of mountains passing through Colorado."

But while many relics of man are found in these caves, Mr. Elliott has been able to find no bones. He believes that the men of those early days practiced cremation, and the remains of one furnace, which, he thinks, was used for the destruction of human bodies, can be seen in one of these caves. He himself unearthed it.

"Once," said Mr. Elliott, "as I was looking for new evidences of early occupation of the borders of the lake, I found a hole in a cliff showing evidences of fire. I cleared away the mouth of the opening and crawled into a room which was five by eight feet in area and great enough in height to permit a man to stand upright. In one corner was a little fireplace, the smoke having found its way up through a crevice in the rock. This cave showed evidence of having been inhabited for centuries, and the dust which had accumulated was several feet deep."

Mr. Elliott does not receive the commonly accepted interpretation of the Bible, as he is a pronounced evolutionist. He claims that the Bible account of the son of Adam and Eve going into a strange country and finding a wife is evidence that the story of the creation of the human race is in the nature of an allegory.

The Best Way to Cure

Disease is to establish health. Pure, rich blood means good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier. It tones up the whole system, gives appetite and strength, and causes weakness, nervousness and pain to disappear. No other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner pill; assist digestion, prevent constipation. 25c.

THE MOON'S A WITCH.

The moon's a witch!
She has lived by herself, austere and cold,
And she knows all the mysteries ages old.
The heart called Love in her is dead,
But she wields a weird, subtle attraction instead—
Oh, the moon's a witch!

She has let no heart on hers have play,
Though hearts from others she's drawn away;
'Tis from them she's learned the mysteries old,
But the price for this—that her heart is cold,
O poor, sad witch!
—Time and the Home.

"Mamma," said Willie, leaning toward his mother and speaking in a loud whisper, "the preacher said a little while ago, 'One word more and I have done,' and he's talked 563 words since he said it. I've been countin' 'em on him!"—Chicago Tribune.

Has Had Enough.

"Say, here's a big parade going by. Don't you want to see it."

"Heavens, go 'way. I'm from Canton."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Young men or old should not fail to read Thos. Slater's offer on page 5.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

SPECULATION AS TO CHANGES IN THE PERSONAL STAFF.

Office-Seekers and Cranks—State Dinners and Arranging the Guests—Officers of Long Standing and Their Duties.

There is much speculation just now as to the changes in the personnel of the White House staff which will follow Major McKinley's inauguration. It goes without saying that he will appoint his own private secretary. The final task of the present incumbent of that place, Mr. Thurber, will be to prepare a complete set of blank books for the use of his successor. These are for the registration of applications for offices and all sorts of other business matters. Thus the new man, entering upon his duties on March 4, will find everything in apple-pie order—swept clean and garnished, as it were, for the beginning of the incoming administration.

Nobody knows as yet who the new private secretary is going to be. Almost as much interest attaches to the choice of that official as to the selection of any of the cabinet ministers. Indeed, he is to all intents and purposes a member of the cabinet, and his relations with the President are more intimate and confidential than those enjoyed by any holder of a portfolio. His services as a medium for the performance of all sorts of delicate tasks and the carrying out of negotiations require great tact and discretion. His influence in the matter of appointments is enormous. Applicants for government places are not able, save in rare instances, to reach the ear of the chief magistrate directly; they must talk to the private secretary, and he reports on all cases to the President. The latter is more apt to act upon his recommendation one way or the other.

Hence it may be taken for granted that Major McKinley will choose for this post a man who already enjoys his complete confidence. The private secretary is the President's right hand. Yet, until within the last few years, this official was only recognized as an ordinary clerk, receiving a beggarly salary of $2,000 a year. It was Daniel Lamont, now secretary of war, who first lifted the place into proper recognition. During the first Cleveland administration he made himself felt as the power behind the throne, and proud statesmen humbled themselves before him as the pregnant source of executive benefits. He made himself liked as well as feared, so that his friends in Congress raised the pay of his office permanently to $5,000.

A Stepping-Stone to Wealth.

The man who obtains the place of private secretary to Major McKinley may esteem himself lucky. The post is a stepping stone to wealth and honors. John Hay, who served Mr. Lincoln most valuably in that connection, married a daughter of a member of the Standard Oil Trust, and now occupies a dwelling much finer than the White House for domiciliary purposes, directly opposite the executive mansion, across Lafayette square. He is many times a millionaire, in right of his wife. Daniel Lamont is rich in this world's goods and a power in the land, thanks to the private secretaryship as a start. Major Halford was appointed paymaster in the army as a testimonial from President Harrison. It is highly probable that Mr. Cleveland will look out for Mr. Thurber's future in one way or another.

The private secretaryship even at $5,000 a year is not in itself a very enviable job. The incumbent is a buffer between the chief magistrate and the people. He must see everybody who wishes to see the President, and from morning until night his time is occupied by visitors who have something to ask for. Nearly all of them have some particular reason for wanting to see the President personally, and they must be put off without giving offense. Dangerous lunatics even must sometimes be interviewed. During the six months immediately subsequent to the inauguration, cranks will turn up at the executive mansion at the rate of at least two a day. Most of them will be of the religious variety. Some will be advance agents of the Messiah; others will have inventions to exhibit, and yet others will want to liberate young alligators in the East room or to indulge in freaks even more extraordinary.

It has been suggested that the secretaryship will probably be given to Mr. James Boyle, who was private secretary to McKinley during his two terms as governor of Ohio, and since then has been the right-hand man of the President-elect, taking charge of his correspondence. It is also surmised that the place of executive clerk at the White House will be conferred upon Joseph P. Smith, late librarian of Ohio, and a statistician of no mean order. This office, which is at present occupied by George B. Corteeyou, is of no small importance, its incumbent attending to all of the routine letter writing for the President. The work requires much discretion, inasmuch as an unguarded word in reply to a letter might be the cause of much annoyance to the chief magistrate, involving controversy, and giving hostile newspapers an opportunity to let slip the eager mud.

The White House Postoffice.

During the first six months of the new administration an average of 1,500 letters per diem will be delivered at the White House. From the necessity of examining this immense mass of correspondence Major McKinley will be almost wholly relieved by his office staff. His private secretary will go over the letters and separate out those which, judging from a glance at the envelopes, seem to be of importance; the balance, comprising the bulk of them, he will send to the executive clerk. Those selected he will read, reserving a few for the President's eye. The executive clerk will peruse the other letters, dictating a courteous reply to each one. Among them will be found not a few communications from obvious lunatics, and these will be committed quietly to the waste basket. An exception is made in the case of any missive conveying serious threats against the President. Such a letter is put on the so-called "crank" file, and, if considered sufficiently notable, a word on the subject may be transmitted to the secret service.

Tens of thousands of people who will sit down and write to Major McKinley soon after his inauguration will save themselves trouble if they could realize the fact that their letters have no chance whatever of reaching the President. It is no use to write "personal" and "private" on the envelopes; they will meet the same fate in any event. If they contain applications for office, they will be sent to the department under which the places demanded belong. They will be filed away so carefully that nothing more will ever be heard of them. Places in the government's employ are not secured in this fashion. The only proper way to go about the business of seeking an office is to procure local political endorsement in the first place. Next should come endorsement by the representative of the district in Congress, the chairman of the state Republican committee, and one or both Senators.

Mrs. McKinley likewise will be the intended recipient of multitudinous scrawls on every imaginable topic. Women will appeal to her for sympathy in their various distresses, and occasionally she will be called upon to adjust a lover's quarrel. She—fortunately for her, inasmuch as she is an invalid—she will know nothing about these things. The letters mailed to her will go through the same mill and courteous replies will be made by the executive clerk to those deserving an answer.

A White House official who is not likely to be displaced is Mr. Pruden, who has been there ever since Grant's administration. He is really private secretary to the private secretary, and a part of his business is to carry messages from the President to the Senate and House. It is his duty to keep records of all appointments, commissions and pardons made and granted by the chief executive. Not the least important of his functions is the management of the social affairs of the White House. He writes all the invitations which are transmitted not by mail but by the messenger attached to the mansion. It would be considered infra dig. for the President of the United States to send an invitation by the ordinary post. When there is a state dinner Mr. Pruden writes the cards which are to be put at the places designated for the guests at table. This task requires considerable knowledge, inasmuch as a definite order of precedence must govern, lest offense be given.

The State Dinner.

The cost of a state dinner at the White House runs from $50 to $1,000, according to the price of the wines furnished. The President's own cook in getting up these "spreads." General Harrison ordered the viands from a caterer. Whatever method he find such entertainments a bothersome tax upon his income. Being purely official, they ought to be paid for by the government. As a rule they are pokey and a bore, the number of guests being too great to admit of general conversation. Nevertheless, the spectacle is interesting for its picturesqueness, the walls of the huge dining room being banked with tropical and flowering plants and the table gorgeous with the costly gold and silver plate provided by the nation for the President's use. The middle of the table, which accommodates thirty-eight persons, is occupied by a long mirror which represents a miniature lake, being surrounded by a bank of flowers. This mirror, which has a golden frame, was bought by Dolly Madison. At either end of the festive board are golden candelabra. By adding wings to the table it can be made to accommodate sixty people.

The President-elect is a man of plain habits, and it is doubtful whether be will particularly enjoy the gorgeousness by which they will be surrounded at the White House. The nation has spared no expense in making the dwelling of the Chief Executive luxurious, and more than $750,000 has been squandered already on the furnishings of it. The wives of recent Presidents have obtained large grants from Congress for the purchase of costly tableware, etc., and every scrap of linen in the house is of the finest quality that can be bought with money. However, there is a substantial comfort in eating with spoons and forks of pure gold and drinking out of cups that could not be duplicated for $100 apiece if broken.

Holds the Executive Purse Strings.

Another functionary of long service in the White House is W. H. Crook, who is the disbursing officer. He pays all of the official staff, including the private secretary, the clerks, the guards and the steward and housekeeper, who are government employes. The President hires his own cook and maids, but Uncle Sam furnishes him with a valet who is borne on the rolls as a messenger. Mr. Crook has been employed in the executive mansion ever since Lincoln's time. One of his duties is to keep a series of scrap books in which are pasted all sorts of comments on the administration, clipped from newspapers, both friendly and hostile. These scrap books cost $4 each. The President has a right to take them with him when he leaves the White House, but it is not recorded that any Chief Executive ever took the trouble to do so or even to look between their covers. About one-third of the correspondence of the White House is done by telegraph, the establishment being connected by wires with all the departments and with the capitol. Thus Major McKinley will be able to communicate at a moment's notice with the House and Senate or with any cabinet officer or other official. At the same time he will be in touch with the whole world through connection with the Western Union system. The telegraph operator at the White House has been there since Grant's administration. His name is Benjamin H. Montgomery.

When President Harrison came to Washington for his inauguration he and his wife were invited to stay at the White House by Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland. They declined, however, and went to a hotel. It is likely that the Clevelands will extend a similar invitation to Major and Mrs. McKinley.—Philadelphia Times.

DIMITY—VALENCIENNES.

A Pretty Combination for Lingerie for a January Bride.

A girl who was rash enough to be married during the holidays, and who got her wedding and Christmas gifts in one, had, among other things, a set of lingerie made by the hands of one of her fair bridesmaids.

This set was made of fine dimity and Valenciennes lace. The chemise was trimmed at the top with eight square

FOR A HOLIDAY BRIDE.

tabs of the dimity, with the Valenciennes insertion let in diagonally and ruffled with lace. Two of the tabs fell over the bust, two on the shoulders over the top of the short puff sleeves.

It was finished with two little blue-ribbon bows back and front. A casing was put on at the waist and was drawn up and tied with the ribbon. The bottom was finished with a ruffle of lace and fine tucks.

The corset cover was cut in the French style in one piece, fastened by tying the ends in front. The neck was finished in the same manner as the chemise, as were the bottoms of the drawers, which had tucks above the tabs.

Gold in the Ocean.

Prof. Liversidge, of the Sydney (Australia) university has made chemical experiments which, he says, show that there are over 100,000,000 tons of gold dissolved in the ocean water of the world, if the ratio of one grain per ton, which he found on the Austrian coast, holds everywhere.—New York Tribune.

Calling the Turn.

"You needn't be afraid of the police!"

The smooth-faced faro dealers assured the apprehensive crowd that there was no danger of detection.

"I speak by the card."

So he did, but, nevertheless, the captain of the district got the tip and the whole outfit was coppered.—New York World.

First Looked At.

There used to be a time when the first thing a woman turned to in the daily paper was the deaths and marriages. Now it is the dry goods advertisements—Somerville Journal.

Accepted.

She—My tongue fails me, darling, when I try to express my love for you.

He—Never mind, my own. Money talks more eloquently than you could hope to do. —Detroit Free Press.

SEND FOR A DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMOUS **O.I.C.** HOGS
TWO OF WHICH WEIGHED **2806 lbs.**
FIRST APPLICANT IN EACH LOCALITY SECURES A PAIR ON TIME & AGENCY.
SOLD 1129 HEAD FIRST 6 MONTHS 1895 FOR BREEDING PURPOSES.
L. B. Silver Co. Cleveland, O.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Apples on Heavy Clay—Blackberries.

M. J. W., Michigan: To have a tree bear vigorously on heavy clay soil, the soil should be enriched and opened. Equal parts of swamp muck and ashes worked in with the clay, pulverizing it well, will be beneficial; but great care should be taken not to injure the roots. The dropping of the apples may be from the impoverished soil. If your orchard is situated in soil that is naturally damp, the fruit will not be perfect. In such cases, the soil should be thoroughly drained. As to ground best adapted to blackberries, it should be a rich and mellow soil and rather damp. This is seen in the fact that the raspberry flourishes around old logs, in fence corners, and by the side of old stumps, where there is vegetable mold and the soil is damp. It is rather hard to transplant. It is propagated mostly from suckers or shoots growing from the roots. If the soil be deeply trenched when first planted the bushes will bear five or six years, when they should be removed. Pruning should be done early in the spring, or in the fall after fruiting. It consists in culling out all the old wood, leaving only the last season's growth, and cutting that back to three or four feet, and fastening to stakes or trellis. The suckers should all be taken up, whether wanted for planting or not. If the vines grow too vigorously, summer pruning becomes necessary. The terminal shoots should be pinched off about the last of August, and if they continue to grow, should be pinched off again when they have grown twelve inches more. Winter protection is advantageous. Plant in rows five feet apart, with the plant two feet apart in rows; set out either in spring or fall. If in the fall cover four or five inches with leaves or rotted manure. They should bear the second season.

Yellow Canker in Fowls.

W. D. S., Michigan: Make a strong solution of burnt alum and water, or chlorate of potash and water, and with a soft feather swab the mouths. Each fowl should be given a dose of a full teaspoonful of castor oil. The process of cure is slow. Do not permit the well fowls to drink from the same water as the sick ones, as it will spread the disease. Canker is a form of roup. You should be certain that the fowls are not affected with the trouble caused by gape worms. These accumulate until they kill the fowl. If another of your fowls dies open its windpipe and see if there are small thread-like worms in it. If these worms are found, take a feather, strip it of all the web portion, and dip it into kerosene. Then put the feather down the windpipe and turn it around several times. The worms will be killed or come out with the feather. Dust air slacked lime over the runs.

Surfeit in Horse.

C. L. H., Florida: Your horse has a disease known as surfit which generally results from too liberal feeding, and getting the animal too fat. Give him 16 ozs., raw linseed oil in which is stirred 1 oz. spirits of sweet nitre. Afterward give bicarbonate of soda three times a day dissolved in water—a half ounce at a time—for five days. Wash the eruptions with sugar of lead, 1 drachm; water, 1 pint. Give the horse exercise and feed no corn for two weeks.

Lambs Die.

H. H. C., Michigan: The editor can only suggest that which may be taking off your lambs, as you say they do not show anything that caused death on postmortem examination. Perhaps you do not feed your lambs enough green food. Too much corn or straw is not good, as these may bring on indigestion or constipation. In this case the dung is scanty, passes away in glazed, hard lumps. For this trouble give tincture of rhubarb, 1 drachm; warm water sweetened with molasses, 2 ozs. Administer this slowly with a spoon. Afterward give linseed oil, 1 oz. There is a disease known as husk, pale disease or verminous bronchitis. This consists of worms in the air passage, and lambs die rapidly. For this trouble Stewart recommends linseed oil, ½ oz.; spirits of turpentine, ½ drach; asafoetida, 20 grains, to be given in the morning for three successive days, before feeding, and no feed to be given for three hours afterward. Afterwards give molasses, 1 lb.; flour of sulphur, 4 oz. One teaspoonful to be given every morning for ten days. A fruitful source of death to lambs is getting chilled on damp days.

MISCELANEOUS.

Hog Cholera.

The plague has gone right on decimating or annihilating herds in spite of sanitary measures and so-called remedies galore. Our experience and observation leads us to believe that it is of but little use to dose a sick hog. Preventive measures may, however, be of some avail in warding off or mitigating the ravages of the disease.

At the approach of cholera we would sell off all animals in condition to be put upon the market. Now, we would endeavor to tone up and fortify the systems of the remaining animals by providing clean, dry, comfortable quarters and feeding, not corn alone, but also such succulent and easily digested foods as pumpkins, apples, etc., with milk, bran and some oil meal, also ashes, using disinfectant in the pens. The moment one is found ailing it should be separated from the well ones. As soon as one dies it must be burned or otherwise disposed of so thoroughly that neither the carass nor the germs occupying it will ever be heard of more. On every farm where the disease appears every possible precaution should be taken to prevent it from spreading to other herds.

A thoroughly reliable man once told the present writer that he had visited a farm where nearly the entire herd had died of cholera, and that while there he had noticed a large flock of crows continually circulating in and over the feed lot. Upon investigation he found that their objective point was a dead hog. Can any one reasonably doubt that the crows carried cholera germs with them when they flew away? And isn't it reasonable to suppose that before night at least a few of them were picking up corn in other feed lots several miles distant? And in view of the above conditions wasn't it strange if another "mysterious sort of spontaneous" outbreak did not occur in some isolated herd?

While filth, in-breeding, improper feeding and a run down condition of the system may, to some extent, increase the susceptibility of an animal or a herd to contract disease, as well as the rate of fatality when contracted, carelessness pure and simple is in many cases responsible for the rapid spread of malignant diseases. The fact that a man has no more swine to lose does not justify him in carelessly permitting the contagion to spread from the remains of his last animal.—Cor. Agricultural Epitomist.

Silage Experience.

According to the agricultural department at Washington a compilation of stations shows the following results:

The Massachusetts station found mixed silage of corn and soja beans very fine. Vermont station made a superior silage of oats and vetch; also of oats and peas.

Silage produced more milk at the Ohio station more butter at the Pennsylvania station and more mutton at the Michigan station than beets. Even when there is a loss of 20 per cent in the feeding value of silage it is a much cheaper feed than roots. The Wisconsin station preserves silage at a loss of only 8 per cent of its feeding value. The loss in curing fodder is never less than 20 per cent.

The Pennsylvania station found silage and cured fodder about equally digestible. Kansas station grew 100 tons of silage on ten acres and it sustained twenty-five head of cattle 182 days—a result which it is thought could not be attained with ten acres of cured fodder.

Use the largest variety of corn that will mature before frost. Experiments at the Pennsylvania station show that as corn approaches maturity the amount of nutriment it contains and the digestibility both increase very rapidly. The total yield of the digestible food by the matured crop was two or three times that or the same crop in the silk, and 30 per cent greater than when the ears began to glaze. The Minnesota station found that 100 pounds of ensilage from the northern and southern, and sweet corn, all contained about the same feeding value.

Silage is distinctly a cattle feed, but the Kansas station finds it not good for feeding bulls. It may be fed in moderation to horses, pigs, poultry and sheep, but sour silage is dangerous to sheep.

There has been some complaint that silage gives milk an unpleasant flavor. This is probably due to sour and decaying silage. The Kansas station found that if the silage be fed just after milking, instead of before, this disagreeable flavor disappears.

Agriculture.

It is predicted that before many years the sunflower will come into general cultivation in this country. It has no superior for vigor, rapid growth and prolific yield of seed, leaves and stalks, all of which can be utilized. Farmers as a rule, are honest and trustworthy, and merchants are ready to give them credit but it stands to reason that they must either charge interest or add sufficient to the price of goods to cover the loss from tying up their money. Take no advantage of credit if it can be avoided.

It is much easier, quicker and cheaper to husk the corn into boxes and haul them to the cribs than to pursue the old method. This also affords a handy way for measuring the corn with considerable exactness.

One reason for the low average of many crops is that we do not fight insect enemies promptly enough. There should be no delay in dealing with them. No labor is saved in waiting to make a general onslaught when they are about taking a field.

In sowing grass or clover on poor land do not be stingy with the seed. The poorer the land the more seed will fail to germinate. This holds good with almost any other crop, too; and the same precaution must be taken with land which has been but half prepared for planting.

If you purpose to practice level cultivation of your potatoes next season, be very careful to drain your land properly first. Otherwise the experiment may prove unsatisfactory.

No line of business undergoes more legitimate changes than farming. No class is so slow to realize this, however, as the farmers themselves. The average move in the tracks of their fathers, content with a few acres of this and that—just a state of ease and stagnation. This barely living by the hardest work has a tendency to drive away from their rural homes the coming generations, who would be content to stay under more interesting conditions.

The capabilities of the soil are best shown by a succession of the various crops to which it is adapted. In this way green manuring can be practiced with regularity, and without manuring comparatively little farm land can be made to pay at all.—Wisconsin Agr.

Yoke Fellows.

Many women work too hard. There is no question about that. If they did not have Love for a yoke-fellow they could never endure the daily, hourly grind and drudgery of life. But they bear it cheerfully, sustained by loving thoughts of husband and children.

But when physical weakness or disease is added to a woman's burden it becomes altogether too heavy. No woman can be cheerful or hopeful who is dragged down by continual pain and physical wretchedness.

The special weaknesses peculiar to the feminine organism are comparatively easy to overcome if the earlier symptoms are given proper attention. But if allowed to go unchecked, they are liable to develop into serious, chronic complications.

Any woman afflicted with these delicate ailments ought to have the immediate aid of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a perfect and unfailing specific for all diseases of the feminine organs. It was devised for this one purpose, and accomplishes this purpose as no other medicine has ever done.

For nearly 30 years Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., where in conjunction with his staff of associate specialists, he has successfully treated many thousand cases of "female complaint."

No physician living has had a more extended opportunity to study this class of diseases in actual practice. No medicine ever invented has done for women what his "Favorite Prescription" has.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

FREE CURE FOR MEN

A MICHIGAN MAN OFFERS TO SEND HIS DISCOVERY FREE.

Claims to Be a Benefactor to Weakened Mankind.

There is always more or less suspicion attached to anything that is offered free, but sometimes a man so overflows with generosity that he cannot rest until his discovery is known to the world, in order that his fellow men may profit by what he has discovered. It is upon this principle that a resident of Kalamazoo, Mich., desires to send free to mankind a prescription which will cure them of any form of nervous debility; relieves them of all the doubt and uncertainty which such men are peculiarly liable to and restores the organs to natural size and vigor. As it costs nothing to try the experiment it would seem that any man, suffering with the nervous troubles that usually attack men who never stopped to realize what might be the final result, ought to be deeply interested in a remedy which will restore them to health, strength and vigor, without which they continue to live an existence of untold misery. As the remedy in question was the result of many years' research as to what combination would be peculiarly effective in restoring to men the strength they need, it would seem that all men suffering with any form of nervous weakness ought to write for such a remedy at once. A REQUEST TO H. C. OLDS, BOX 1198, KALAMAZOO, MICH., STATING THAT YOU ARE NOT SENDING FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OUT OF IDLE CURIOSITY, BUT THAT YOU WISH TO MAKE USE OF THE MEDICINE BY GIVING IT A TRIAL, will be answered promptly and without evidence as to where information came from.

The prescription is sent free, and although some may wonder how Mr. Olds can afford to give away his discovery, there is no doubt about the offer being genuine. CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO MR. OLDS SO THAT HE MAY KNOW HOW YOU CAME TO SEND HIM.

FAIR SMOKERS IN PUBLIC.

Two Very New Young Women Surprise Staid Chicago Travelers.

Passengers on a North avenue electric car last night watched with amazement a dashing young brunette smoke a cigarette on the front platform, the Chicago Chronicle relates. Conductor Charles Schuller, who collected the young woman's fare, told her it was not exactly the proper thing for women to smoke.

"Is it against the rules of the company?" asked the young woman.

"Well, not exactly," replied Schuller.

"Well, if it is not," replied the fair young smoker, "I'll keep on smoking."

Then she pulled a silver-mounted cigarette case from her sealskin coat and, opening it, asked the conductor to help himself.

At 8:35 o'clock Conductor Schuller was crossing Milwaukee avenue, when the young woman boarded the front platform. She was attired in a rich brocaded black silk, a sealskin coat, a pink bow and a big black velvet hat with a half dozen ostrich plumes dangling above it. It was not until the Rawson Street police station was passed that the conductor noticed that the young woman was smoking. Half a dozen women in the car rose simultaneously, and when the conductor began to investigate the cause of their agitation he saw the cloud of smoke which surrounded his fair platform passenger. It was learned that the young woman was Isabella Williams, who formerly lived at the Clarendon hotel. She came here from New York. She said she regretted that the smoking episode caused any publicity.

"I merely smoked the cigarette on a wager," she said, "and I do not think it is any of the public's business."

Miss Williams had wagered $10 that she would smoke a cigarette on a car. She won the bet.

As Good as Most Prescriptions.

"Good morning, Heinrich. What calls you out at such an early hour?"

"I'm on my way to the apothecary's; my wife was sick all night."

"Have you had a doctor already?"

"No, but I have a prescription that I picked up in the street the other day, and I'm going to give it a trial; hope 'twill fit her case."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Charm Cheated.

"It is quite true," Charon rejoined, hard plying the helm, "that we carry fewer than formerly of those who end their own lives, these days many who are tired of living move to Brooklyn."—Detroit Tribune.

Kalamazoo, Mich., is famous for celery. See Thos. Slater's offer on page 5.

Talmage's Sermon.

PASSES UNDERSTANDING

The Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ Manifested for Us.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 4.—In this discourse of Rev. Dr. Talmage, the greatest story of all time is told in a new way, and all realms are drawn upon for illustration. His text was II. Corinthians 8-9: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor."

That all the worlds which on a cold winter's night make the heavens one great glitter are without inhabitants is an absurdity. Scientists tell us that many of these worlds are too hot or too cold or too rarefied of atmosphere for residence. But, if not fit for human abode, they may be fit for beings different from and superior to ourselves. We are told that the world of Jupiter is changing and becoming fit for creatures like the human race, and that Mars would do for the human family with a little change in the structure of our respiratory organs. But that there is a great world swung somewhere, vast beyond imagination, and that it is the headquarters of the universe, and the metropolis of immensity, and has a population in numbers vast beyond all statistics, and appointments of splendor beyond the capacity of canvas, or poem, or angel to describe, is as certain as the Bible is authentic. Perhaps some of the astronomers with their big telescopes have already caught a glimpse of it, not knowing what it is. We spell it with six letters, and pronounce it heaven.

That is where Prince Jesus lived nineteen centuries ago. He was the King's Son. It was the old homestead of eternity, and all its castles were as old as God. Not a frost had ever chilled the air. Not a tear had ever roiled down the cheek of one of its inhabitants. There had never been a headache, or a sideache, or a heartache. There had not been a funeral in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. There had never in all the land been woven a black veil, for there had never been anything to mourn over. The passage of millions of years had not wrinkled or crippled or bedimmed any of its citizens. All the people there were in a state of eternal adolescense. What floral and pomantic richness! Gardens of perpetual bloom and orchards in unending fruitage. Had some spirit from another world entered and asked: What is sin? What is bereavement? What is sorrow? What is death? the brightest of the intelligences would have failed to give definition, though to study the question there was silence in heaven for half an hour.

The Prince of whom I speak had honors, emoluments, acclamations, such as no other prince, celestial or terrestrial, ever enjoyed. As he passed the street the inhabitants took off from their brows garlands of white lilies and threw them in the way. He never entered any of the temples without all the worshipers rising up and bowing in obeisance. In all the processions of the high days he was the one who evoked the loudest welcome. Sometimes on foot, walking in loving talk with the humblest of the land, but at other times he took chariot, and among the twenty thousand that the psalmist spoke of, his was the swiftest and most flaming; or, as when St. John described him, he took white palfry with what prance of foot, and arch of neck, and roll of mane, and gleam of eye is only dimly suggested in the Apocalypse. He was not like other princes waiting for the Father to die and then take the throne. When years ago an artist in Germany made a picture for the royal gallery representing the Emperor William on the throne, and the Crown Prince as having one foot on the step of the throne, the Emperor William ordered the picture changed, and said: "Let the prince keep his foot off the throne till I leave it."

Already enthroned was the Heavenly Prince side by side with the Father. What a circle of dominion! What multitudes of admirers! What unending round of glories! All the towers chimed the prince's praise. Of all the inhabitants from the center of the city, on over the hills, and clear down to the beach against which the ocean of immensity rolls its billows, the prince was the acknowledged favorite. No wonder my text says that "he was rich." Set all the diamonds of the earth in one sceptre, build all the palaces of the earth in one Alhambra, gather all the pearls of the sea in one diadem, put all the values of the earth in one coin, the aggregate could not express his affluence. Yes, St. Paul was right. Solomon had in gold six hundred and eighty million pounds., and in silver one billion twenty-nine million three hundred and seventy-seven pounds sterling.

But a greater than Solomon is here. Not the millionaire, but the owner of all things. To describe his celestial surroundings the Bible uses all colors, gathering them in rainbow over the throne and setting them as agate in the temple window, and hoisting twelve of them into a wall, from striped jasper at the base to transparent amethyst in the capstone, while between are green of emerald, and snow of pearl, and blue of sapphire, and yellow of topaz, grey of chrysoprase, and flame of jacinth. All the loveliness of landscape in foliage, and river, and rill, and all enchantment aquamarine, the sea of glass mingled with fire as when the sun sinks in the Mediterranean. All the thrill of music, instrumental and vocal, harps, trumpets, doxologies. There stood the prince, surrounded by those who had under their wings the velocity of millions of miles in a second, himself rich in love, rich in adoration, rich in power, rich in worship, rich in holiness, rich in "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

But one day there was a big disaster in a department of God's universe. A race fallen! A world in ruins! Our planet the scene of catastrophe! A globe swinging out into darkness, with mountains, and seas, and islands, an awful centrifugal of sin seeming to overpower the beautiful centripetal of righteousness, and from it a groan reached heaven. Such a sound had never been heard there. Plenty of sweet sounds, but never an outcry of distress or an echo of agony. At that one groan the prince rose from all the blissful circumjacence, and started for the outer gate and descended into the night of this world. Out of what a bright harbor into what a rough sea!

"Stay with us," cried angel after angel, and potentate after potentate. "No," said the Prince, "I cannot stay; I must be off for that wreck of a world. I must stop that groan. I must hush that distress. I must fathom that abyss. I must redeem those nations. Farewell thrones and temples, hosts cherubic, seraphic, archangelic! I will come back again, carrying on my shoulder a ransomed world. Till this is done I choose earthly scoff to heavenly acclamation, and a cattle pen to a king's palace, frigid zone of earth to atmosphere of celestial radiance. I have no time to lose, for hark ye to the groan that grows mightier while I wait! Farewell! Farewell! "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sake he became poor."

Was there ever a contrast so overpowering as that between the noonday of Christ's celestial departure and the midnight of his earthly arrival! Sure enough, the angels were out that night in the sky, and an especial meteor acted as an escort, but all that was from other worlds, and not from this world. The earth made no demonstration of welcome. If one of the great princes of this world steps out at a depot, cheers resound, and the bands play, and the flags wave. But for the arrival of this missionary prince of the skies not a torch flared, not a trumpet blew, not a plume fluttered. All the music and the pomp were overhead. Our world opened for him nothing better than a barn door. The Rajah of Cashmere sent to Queen Victoria a bedstead of carved gold and a canopy that cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but the world had for the Prince of Heaven and Earth only a litter of straw.

The crown jewels of London amount to fifteen million dollars, but this member of eternal royalty had nowhere to lay his head. To know how poor he was, ask the camel drivers, ask the shepherds, ask Mary, ask the three wise men of the East, who afterward came to Bethlehem. To know how poor he

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Will cure the worst forms of female complaints, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb, and consequent spinal weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the change of life.

Every time it will cure **Backache.**

It has cured more cases of leucorrhœa by removing the cause, than any remedy the world has ever known; it is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills** work in unison with the Compound, and are a sure cure for constipation and sick headache. **Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash is of great value for local application.**

was, examine all the records of real estate in all that oriental country, and see what vineyard, or what field he owned. Not one. Of what mortgage was he the mortgagee? Of what tenement was he the landlord? Of what lease was he the lessee? Who ever paid him rent? Not owning the boat on which he sailed or the beast on which he rode, or the pillow on which he slept. He had so ilttle estate that in order to pay his tax he had to perform a miracle, putting the amount of the assessment in a fish's mouth and having it hauled ashore. And after his death the world rushed in to take an inventory of his goods, and the entire aggregate was the garments he had worn, sleeping in them by night and traveling in them by day, bearing on them the dust of the highway and the saturation of the sea. St. Paul in my text hit the mark which he said of the missionary prince. "For your sakes he became poor."

The world could have treated him better if it had chosen. It had all the means for making his earthly condition comfortable. Only a few years before when Pompey, the general, arrived in Brindisi he was greeted with arches and a costly column which celebrated the twelve million people whom he had killed or conquered, and he was allowed to wear his triumphal robe in the Senate. The world had applause for imperial butchers, but buffeting for the Prince of Peace. Plenty of golden chalices for the favored to drink out of, but our prince must put his lips to the bucket of the well by the roadside after he had begged for a drink. Poor? Born in another man's barn, and eating at another man's table, and cruising the lake in another man's fishing smack, and buried in another man's tomb. Four inspired authors wrote his biography, and innumerable lives of Christ have been published, but he composed his autobiography in a most compressed way. He said, "I have trodden the wine-press alone."

Poor in the estimation of nearly all the prosperous classes. They called him Sabbath-breaker, wine-bibber, traitor, blasphemer, and ransacked the dictionary of opprobrium from cover to cover to express their detestation. I can think now of only two well-to-do men who espoused his cause, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. His friends for the most part were people who, in that climate where opthalmia or inflammation of the eyeball sweeps ever and anon as a scourge, had become blind, sick people, who were anxious to get well, and troubled people in whose family there was some one dead or dying. If he had a purse at all it was empty, or we would have heard what the soldiers did with the contents. Poor? The pigeon in the dove-cote, the rabbit in its burrow, the silk-worm in its cocoon, the bee in its hive is better provided for, better off, better sheltered. Aye, the brute creation has a home on earth, which Christ had not. A poet says:

> If on windy days the raven
> Gambol like a dancing skiff,
> Not the less he loves his haven
> On the bosom of the cliff.
> If almost with eagle pinion
> O'er the Alps the chamois roam,
> Yet he has some small dominion
> Which no doubt he calls his home.

But the Crown Prince of all heavenly dominion has less than the raven, less than the chamois, for he was homeless. Aye, in the history of the universe there is no other instance of such coming down. Who can count the miles from the top of the throne to the bottom of the cross? Cleopatra, giving a banquet to Antony, took a pearl worth a hundred thousand dollars and dissolved it in vinegar and swallowed it. But when our Prince, according to the evangelist, in his last hours, took the vinegar, in it had been dissolved all the pearls of his heavenly royalty. Down until there was no other harrassment to suffer, poor until there was no other pauperism to torture. Billions of dollars spent in wars to destroy men, who will furnish the statistics of the value of that precious blood that was shed to save us? "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor."

Only those who study this text in two places can fully realize its power, the holy land of Asia Minor and the holy land of heaven. I wish that some day you might go to the holy land and take a drink out of Jacob's well, and take a sail on Galilee, and read the sermon on the mount while standing on Olivet, and see the wilderness where Christ was tempted, and be some afternoon on calvary at about 3 o'clock—the hour at which closed the crucifixion—and sit under the sycamores and by the side of brooks, and think and dream and pray about the poverty of him who came our souls to save. But you may be denied that, and so here, in another continent and in another hemisphere, and in scenes as different as possible, we recount as well as may how poor was our Heavenly Prince. But in the other holy land above we may all study the riches that he left behind when he started for earthly expedition. Come, let us bargain to meet each other at the door of the Father's mansion, or on the bank of the river just where it rolls from under the throne, or at the outside gate. Jesus got the contrast by exchanging that world for this; we will get it by exchanging this world for that. There and then you will understand more of the wonders of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, "though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor."

Yes, grace, free grace, sovereign grace, omnipotent grace! Among the thousands of words in the language there is no more queenly word. It means free and unmerited kindness. My text has no monopoly of the word. One hundred and twenty-nine times does the Bible eulogize grace. It is a door swung wide open to let into the pardon of God all the millions who choose to enter it.

John Newton sang of it when he wrote:

> Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
> That saved a wretch like me.

Philip Doddridge put it into all hymnology when he wrote:

> Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
> Harmonious to the ear;
> Heaven with the echo shall resound,
> And all the earth shall hear.

One of John Bunyan's great books is entitled, "Grace Abounding." "It is all of grace that I am saved" has been on the lips of hundreds of dying Christians. The boy Sammy was right when being examined for admission into church membership, he was asked, "Whose work was your salvation?" and he answered: "Part mine and part God's." Then the examiner asked: "What part did you do, Sammy?" and the answer was: "I opposed God all I could, and he did the rest!" Oh, the height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it, the grace of God! Mr. Fletcher having written a pamphlet that pleased the king, the king offered to [illegible] swered: "There is only one thing I want, and that is more grace."

Yes, my blood-bought hearers, grace to live by and grace to die by. Grace that saved the publican, that saved Lydia, that saved the dying thief, that saved the jailer, that saved me. But the riches of that grace will not be fully understood until heaven breaks in upon the soul. An old Scotchman, who had been a soldier in one of the European wars, was sick and dying in one of our American hospitals. His one desire was to see Scotland and his old home, and once again walk the heather of the Highlands, and hear the bagpipes of the Scotch regiments. The night that the old Scotch soldier died, a young man, somewhat reckless but kind-hearted, got a company of musicians to come and play under the old soldier's window, and among the instruments there was a bagpipe. The instant that the musicians began, the dying old man in delirium said: "What's that? What's that? Why, it's the regiments coming home. That's the tune, yes, that's the tune. Thank God, I have got home once more!" "Bonnie Scotland and Bonnie Doon!" were the last words he uttered as he passed up to the Highlands of the better country. And there are hundreds homesick for heaven; some because you have so many bereavements, some because you have so many temptations, some because you have so many ailments—homesick, very homesick, for the fatherland of heaven, and the music that you want to hear now is the song of free grace, and the music that you want to hear when you die is free grace, and forever before the throne of God you will sing of the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, for your sakes became poor!"

Yes, yes; for your sakes! It was not on a pleasure excursion that he came, for it was all pain. It was not on an astronomical exploration, for he knew this world as well before he alighted as afterward. It was not because he was compelled to come, for he volunteered. It was not because it was easy, for he knew that it would be thorn, and spike, and hunger, and thirst, and vociferation of angry mobs. "For your sakes!" To wipe away your tears, to forgive your wrong doing, to companionship your loneliness, to soothe your sorrows, to sit with you by the new-made grave, to bind up your wounds in the ugly battle with the world and bring you home at last, kindling up the mists that fall on your dying vision with the sunlight of a glorious morn. "For your sakes!" No; I will change that. Paul did not care, and Christ will not care, if I change it, for I must get into the blessedness of the text myself, and so I say: "For our sakes!" For we all have our temptations and bereavements, and conflicts. For our sakes! We who deserve for our sins to be expatriated into a world as much poorer than this, than this earth is poorer than heaven. For our sakes! But what a frightful coming down to take us gloriously up!

When Artaxerxes was hunting, Tirebazus, who was attending him, showed the king a rent in his garments; the king said: "How shall I mend it?" "By giving it to me," said Tirebazus. Then the king gave him the robe, but commanded him never to wear it, as it would be inappropriate. But see the startling and comforting fact, while our Prince throws off the robe. He not only allows us to wear it, but commands us to wear it, and it will become us well, and for the poverties of our spiritual state we may put on the splendors of heavenly regalement. For our sakes! Oh, the personality of this religion! Not abstraction, not an arch under which we walk to behold elaborate masonry, not an ice castle like that which the Empress Elizabeth, of Russia, over a hundred years ago, ordered to be constructed, winter with its trowel of crystals cementing the huge blocks that had been quarried from the frozen rivers of the north, but our Father's house with the wide hearth crackling a hearty welcome. A religion of warmth and inspiration, and light, and cheer; something we can take into our hearts, and homes, and business, recreation, and joys, and sorrows. Not an unmanageable gift, like the galley presented to Ptolemy, which required four thousand men to row, and its draught of water was so great that it could not come near the shore, but something you can run up any shallow stream of annoyance, however shallow. Enrichment now, enrichment forever.

THE FASHIONS OF '35

May Be Revived in Honor of the Queen's Long Reign.

Are we going to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of her majesty's reign by a renaissance of the fashions of her girlhoood? In The White Silk Dress, at the Prince of Wales' theatre, the ladies emulate the hats of 1835. Then, for some time, they have been imitating the parting of the hair and the curtains of that period, taking the cue from the merry Mlle. Merode of Paris. Finally, we have had such a deluge of portraits of the queen as a girl that we feel like Rip Van Winkle, and, in that mood, we ask:

> Do I slumber, I wonder, or dream?
> And are things quite the same as they seem?
> Are there bogeys about?
> For I'm compassed with doubt
> As to what is Realty's scheme.
> Have our grandmothers, hook or by crook,
> Awaked from their sepulture spell?
> For our maids have the look of an old fashioned book
> And the early Victorian belle.
>
> They have taken to parting the hair,
> Which gives them an innocent air;
> And, however, it is,
> The fluff and the friz
> No longer distinguish the fair.
> They curtain the ears with a tress,
> Till it's really a puzzle to tell
> If the dame you address is a modern "I guess"
> Or an early Victorian belle.
>
> The dressmakers boldly pronounce
> For a '35 sort of a flounce,
> And up to date flirts
> Have the shortest of skirts—
> Though they use them to cycle or bounce
> A maiden will dress as she's bid,
> Though the fashion may strike her as flat,
> So the Woman Who Did is umbrageously hid
>
> Methinks in the year '35
> The damozels didn't contrive
> To practice the tricks
> That have made '96
> So markedly smart and alive.
> It follows (perchance you forbode)
> That the maid of to-day is a sell;
> For, scorning the code, she has borrowed the mode,
> Of the early Victorian belle.
>
> —London Sketch.

—The impurities in the blood which cause scrofulous eruptions are thoroughly eradicated by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

PROF. ELIOT'S WATCHMAKING.

His Hobby Leads a Philosopher to an Alternative Proposition.

There is a well-known professor at Harvard for whom the Boston and Cambridge girls should prepare a crown, says the Philadelphia Press. Every man has his hobby, and Professor Eliot's hobby is in the early marriage of young men and the benefit which accrues therefrom. The good professor flouts the old rhyme which declares that "when a man marries his trouble begins." His theory is that when a man marries his troubles are ended.

The college boy complains that with Professor Eliot about, it is very hard for him to remain single until the finish of his collegiate period. For no sooner does the instructor see a young fellow walk with or talk to a young woman than he seeks a private interview with the young man in question, the object of the interview being to inquire just why the two young people may not be at once joined in the bonds of matrimony.

"Well," observed an aged Philadelphian who heard the story a few days ago. "That professor has married a good wife—or he isn't married at all."

Old Russian Burial Mounds.

A French archaeologist, Baron de Bay, has been occupied for some months past in the neighborhood of Tomsk, Siberia, in excavating kurgans, the old turtle-back burying mounds found in many parts of Russia. Fifteen of these kurgans have been opened, and a curious and significant discovery made. Those mounds, which date back to before the Russian conquest of Siberia, contain quantities of beads, earrings, copper kettles, engraved rings and silver ornaments, bracelets, etc. The oldest of these belong to the thirteenth century. These kurgans, on the other hand, which date only from about three centuries ago (Tomsk was founded in 1604) contain comparatively little of anything, hardly any articles of metal, except a few of the rudest forms of wire rings and earrings and for the most part arrow-heads, knives, buckles, etc., of bone, showing a much poorer [illegible]

TWELVE RULES FOR WINTER.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never lean the back upon anything that is cold.

Never fail to keep the back well covered, especially between the shoulder blades; also, the chest well protected.

Never breathe with the mouth open in sleeping in a cold room, but establish a habit of breathing through the nose.

Never ride in an open carriage or near the open windows of a car for a moment immediately after eexrcise of any kind. It is dangerous to health and even life.

Never strain the voice in the effort to speak while hoarse. Wait until the hoarseness is recovered from, or the voice may be permanently injured, or difficulties of the throat produced.

Never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. It is debilitating to do otherwise than merely warm the back by the fire.

Never go from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one without keeping the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed in its passage through the nose before it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather for any length of time in the outdoor air, especially after having taken active exercise; and never stand long on the ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to cold wind.

HIS LAST POKER GAME.

Why a Lawyer Refused to Accept His Winnings and Quit.

A party of five gentlemen had been in the habit of meeting once a week to play poker. They were each of them ordinarily successful in his profession, and were respected in their business and personal relations. The incident given below, that took place at their last meeting for the purpose of an evening's enjoyment of their favorite game, dramatic as it may seem, is strictly true.

It is not easy to give the reasons for the fascinations or the excitements of poker playing. Suffice it to say that on the night we speak of, overwrought by stimulating circumstances, each of the players, because of what seemed to be the strength of his own hand, increased the amount of his bet over that which had previously been made.

One of the five men was a lawyer who had many important clients depending upon him. He was the most imperturbable of the players, greatly addicted to the game, and, as it happened in this instance, held the highest cards in his hands. He knew that he was a sure winner, for no other combination could possibly beat him.

The excitement became extreme, and the betting had risen from hundreds of dollars to $1,000. The lawyer for a moment changed color, then put his hand into his pocket, took out a roll of bills, and, counting from it a thousand dollars, laid them in the middle of the table, thus covering the last bet. He then said:

"I call you," which is the technical way of bringing the betting to an end. As he did so he turned pale and his hand shook as he showed the winning cards. The doctor of the party thought that he was going to faint from the excitement of winning such an unusual amount, and sprang to assist him, but the lawyer waved him back and bent his head, trying to control himself. His friends felt that his emotion was due to some unusual cause. In silence they looked on while he did a strange thing.

First, he took ten $100 bills from the heap of money that he had won, and, folding them together, he put them with the roll he had taken from his pocket.

When this was done, he drew a long breath—almost a gasp of relief. Then he carefully separated his own original money from the remainder and pushed the rest away, looking at it steadily for a second or two without speaking. At length he said, raising his hand and registering a solemn oath—we quote his words exactly:

"I am done with poker. Loving the game as much as I do, I give it up from this moment forever. I have stepped across the border line of dishonor tonight. The money I have just put back into my pocket was given me by a client to be paid out this morning, and if I had lost it I could not immediately have replaced it. I had it in my possession simply because I had not had the opportunity to deposit it in the bank, and in the excitement of the game I forgot that it was not my own. The fascination that would make me do a thing like that is one that I dare not risk again. I cannot touch the money that I won with it, for it was not my own."

His friends took up their money and bowed in silence. Their astonishment and respect were too great for words. The lawyer soon rose and left the room, never to return to it.

He had unconsciously given a striking illustration of the fact that the essence of character which we call soul may be lost or saved at the moment when one comes to the border-line between an honest and a dishonest act.—Youth's Companion.

LET THE DONS BEWARE!

> Land of garlic and podesta,
> Land of bull fight, yes, and festa,
> Land of beauty 'neath mantillas,
> Land of Zaras, land of Zillahs,
> Land of citron and banditti,
> Land of braggarts—more's the pity
> Don't you meddle with Uncle Sam'l,
> Or you'll envy long-dead Ham'l.
> For he'll dam your Guadalquiver,
> Till your very rocks do shiver,
> And he'll rip right thro' your nation,
> If it comes to occupation,
> And your playful picarellos,
> And your other pretty fellows
> Will be swept to kingdom coming
> When Unc Sam'l gets to humming!
> We have caught the style from Weyler,
> And we mean to bust a biler—
> If in thirty days we meet you
> We will surely skin and eat you!
> Mark our words with nary scorning—
> 'Tis a double-leaded warning!
>
> —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Death From Sleeping.

On the western coast of Africa they have a singular and always a fatal malady which is known as the sleeping disease. The person attacked by it is seized with a sensation of drowsiness, which continues to increase in spite of the efforts made to throw it off. Finally, the patient sinks into a profound sleep, which continues for about three weeks, or until death ensues. The most curious feature of the disease is that, aside from the drowsiness, the patient seems much as usual. The pulse, respiration and temperature are normal, while he may be easily aroused and will take nourishment and answer questions in a natural manner.—New York Press.

Ontario's Oat Crop.

The oat crop of Ontario this year was 83,000,000 bushels, or about 19,000,000 bushels more than the average of the last fifteen years. The crop of corn was 24,071,000 bushels, an increase of 6,000,000 bushels over that of the last five years, and there was also a considerable increase in rye and buckwheat.

Poor Blood

When a horse is poor in flesh, a new harness won't give him strength. If a house is cold new furniture won't warm it. If your strength is easily exhausted; work a burden; nerves weak; digestion poor; muscles soft; if you are pale and worn out, the trouble is with the blood. It is not so much IMPURE blood as POOR blood. Pills won't make this blood rich; nor will bitters, nor iron tonics, any more than a new harness will give strength to the horse, or new furniture will make a house warm. For poor blood you want something that will make rich blood. SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is the best remedy in the world for enriching the blood.

We have prepared a book telling you more about the subject. Sent Free. For sale by all druggists at 50c. & $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

OMNIPRESENT.

> Tell me, ye winged winds,
> That round my pathway flit,
> Know'st thou some quiet spot
> Where mortals say not "Nit?"
>
> Tell me, ye winged winds,
> That chill, then straightway thaw me,
> Must we forever hear,
> "Just tell them that——"
>
> Tell me, ye winged winds,
> A whisper will suffice,
> Know'st thou no sylvan nook
> Devoid of "Cuts no ice?"
>
> Some valley in the West,
> Some lone and pleasant dell,
> Where, free from care and pain,
> One hears not "W'at t'ell?"
>
> Tell me, thou mighty deep,
> Whose billows round me play,
> Know'st thou a spot where folks
> Say never, "Don't get gay?"
>
> Some island far away
> Asleep in some fair lake,
> Where one may never hear
> "Come off. You take the cake."
>
> And thou, serenest moon,
> Ere oceanward you sink,
> Didst ever note a place
> Bereft of "I don't think?"
>
> Dost look upon the earth
> Asleep in nights' embrace,
> And note a spot where ne'er
> Is heard "Oh! close your face?"
>
> L'ENVOI.
> The winged winds, the mighty deep,
> The fair moon's palest sheen,
> Whispered in turn the same reply
> "Alas! Nay, nay, Pauline!"
>
> —Baltimore Sun.

MRS. LEASE'S HOUSE.

The Populist Orator's Home to Be Sold by the Sheriff.

On the feast of the Epiphany, in January, at the west door of the court house in Wichita, Kas., the home Mrs. Mary E. Lease lives in during the Christmas holidays and in which her husband and children live all the year 'round, will be sold by Sheriff Rufus Cone to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand. The sale will be made under an order of Judge David M. Hale of the district court, and his order is the result of a

MRS. LEASE'S HOUSE.

judgment in his court wherein one J. March, a money lender of Kansas City, Mo., was plaintiff and Mary E. Lease was defendant. To be brief, Mr. J. March loaned $1,400 to Mrs. Lease, and received as security a mortgage on her home. This mortgage became due in 1895, and Mrs. Lease neither offered to pay it nor seek a renewal.

To be moderate in stating the facts, Mrs. Lease had no desire to pay $1,400 and an additional $109 in accumulated interest and taxes on property which is not worth more than $500. At the time the mortgage was made the property was, undoubtedly, worth more than $1,400, but values in Kansas are uncertain. In the average Kansas town the utility of a home for purely domestic purposes is not the basis of value. The centers of society and business have a great deal to do with it. The approach of these influences means an increase of value; their retreat means a decrease. The tendency of both has been in the opposite direction from Mrs. Lease, or rather from her property.

There is no political significance to the contemplated eviction of Mrs. Lease. It is purely financial. It is not known what the politics of Mr. J. March is, but the lawyer in the case is a Populist, so is the judge that tried it, and so, also is the sheriff under whose hammer the home of the right lung of Populism will be sold.

The home is a typical mortgaged home. From an architectural standpoint it is well built and fairly commodious, but it looks rusty and neglected and weather-marked. It is in a street in which plain, thrifty working people live—a street where rents are about equal to the interest and taxes, and, perhaps, if there are no children in the family, the cost of repair.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

The less a woman has to confide the more she insists on doing it.

A girl can make more kinds of a fool of herself than a young poll parrot.

When the bachelor maid runs up against the bachelor man she doesn't put on so many airs.

After the honeymoon is over the man generally has all the bashfulness in the family.

The velvet on the peach may be pretty to look at, but it sets your teeth on edge to touch it.

No matter how sweet a woman can appear at a 5 o'clock tea, her husband could generally make you guess again.

Before a girl gets married she never thinks a man has such a thing as a stomach. After she's been married awhile she wonders if he's got anything else.—New York Press.

FOR COUGHS AND THROAT DISORDERS use Brown's Bronchial Troches. "Have never changed my mind respecting them, except I think better of that which I began by thinking well of."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Sold only in boxes.

BIL NYE AND HERRMANN.

The Humorist Got the Better of the Great Magician.

A few years ago, Bill Nye and Herrmann, the magician, met for the first time in a small Ohio town. They stopped at the same hotel, and were given seats at the same table in the dining room. They bowed politely, and began talking about the weather, each believing that the other did not recognize his vis-a-vis. Just as Nye raised his knife and fork to cut a dish of lettuce salad, Herrmann uttered a cry of protest.

"Excuse me, sir," remarked the wizard, "but I thought I saw something queer in your lettuce." The humorist carefully locked over the salad leaf by leaf, but found nothing, and again raised his knife to cut it.

Again he was stopped by a sharp cry from Herrmann, who added apologetically, "I beg a thousand pardons, but there is something there. Excuse me," and he pointed to a large lettuce leaf, raised it, and disclosed underneath a magnificent diamond cluster ring.

Nye slowly picked up the ring, and without the slightest manifestation of surprise, drawled out: "This sort of thing has gone far enough. I'm continually shedding diamonds wherever I go. Day before yesterday I lost a solitaire in a sugar bowl in Pittsburg, and in Cleveland this morning the chambermaid, in sweeping my room, found three or four more. It is positively giving me brain-fag to keep track of these things, and I'm going to give it up as a bad job."

Beckoning to a waitress, he slipped Hermann's ring into her hand and said, "Here's a trifle for you. Keep it to remember me by; it's yours."

It took the owner of the ring about half a day to recover it.—Jewelers' Review.

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No Such Bird.

A Russia grand duke, one of the Czar's predecessors, was once the guest of a German prince. It was early in the country. In Russia the imperial double-headed eagle is to be seen everywhere and on everything throughout the empire, stamped, painted, embroidered or sculptured. At that period the education of grand dukes was somewhat limited. This grand duke went out shooting in Germany and, among other things shot a large bird. He asked an experienced huntsman who accompanied him what the bird was. "An eagle your highness," was the answer. The grand duke turned on him in an irritated way. "How can it be an eagle," he asked, "when it has only one head?"—Argonaut.

SUBSTITUTION

the FRAUD of the day.

See you get Carter's.

Ask for Carter's.

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills

The only perfect

Liver Pill.

Take no other,

Even if

Solicited to do so.

Beware of imitations

of Same Color Wrapper.

RED.

The Sunday School.

A Multitude Converted.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off.—Acts 2:39.

Acts 2:32-47. Memory verses 38, 39.

32. This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses.

33. Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear.

34. For David is not ascended into the heavens; but he saith himself, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand,

35. Until I make thy foes thy footstool.

36.—Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ.

37.—Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?

38. Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.

39. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.

And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation.

41. Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls.

42. And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.

43. And fear came upon every soul; and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles.

44. And all that believed were together, and had all things common:

45. And sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need.

46. And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart.

47. Praising God, and having favour with all people. And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.

Illustrative Applications.

Whereof we all are witnesses (v. 32). "Witness" is the key-word of the Acts, Peter says all. As the enduement of the Holy Spirit was for all, all were to use this enduement in witnessing for Jesus Christ. All Christians are to be witnesses now. This duty of witnessing remains. Two young men, one an outspoken infidel, the other a Christian, were assigned to the same room as students in an academy. The infidel young man said immediately, one thing must be understood—there was to be no reading the Bible or praying in that room. For answer, his Christian chum said: "But half of the room is mine. While I am entirely willing that you should do as you please in your half, I insist on my right to do as I please in my half; and in my half I propose daily to read the Bible and to pray." This statement of the case was so evidently fair, the infidel young man could not object. So in the Christian young man's half of the room the daily Bible reading and praying went on, and this Christian fellow did not cease to pray for his un-Christian chum. And the issue of that brave Bible reading and persistent praying was the conversion of that chum who had been infidel. Who was he? He is now the Rev. Dr. Clough, of the Teloogoo mission in Southern India—a man than whom no man since the apostles has been more successful in winning thousands of the heathen to Jesus Christ. In all missionary annals his work stands out as the most sweepingly successful. And the seed of such great and branching tree was the brave witnessing of that Christian chum in his half of the room in that academy. What results God shall cause to bloom out of our witnessing none can tell. But the duty is ours; we can leave results with God. This ought to be the perpetual feeling of the Christian: Wherever I may be, I am to be a witness for Jesus Christ.

Thine enemies the footstool of thy feet (v. 35). That is to be the issue. In the long contest with evil, Jesus Christ is to be acknowledged conqueror. The Christian is on the winning side of things. Here is heart and hope for him amid seeming discouragement and disaster. "I found that victory to me meant standing by my gun and keeping her well shotted," a young officer said who came out of a battle in which, all the time, he had been wrapped in smoke, unable to see or know about anything save his own piece of artillery. That is our duty—standing by our own gun, doing the thing next us, and keeping at it. But we may do it with this glad consciousness, that our leader is bound to be victorious, that we are certainly on the winning side.

They were pricked in their heart, and said, Brethren, what shall we do? (v. 37.) Being pricked in their heart, they were ready to act—and that is the only heart-pricking worth anything. Action must follow and conserve and express feeling, or feeling is but useless and flabby sentiment. Nor did they wait for more feeling. So much feeling as prompts to appropriate action is sufficient. It is useless simply to feel. That may become a somnolent luxury. "What must I do to be saved?" inquired one whose anxious feeling about himself had been aroused. "Pay John Williams," some one replied who knew of a fraudulent debt of his. That was the thing for him to do. Doing it, his feeling was full of value; otherwise, only mist and moonshine.

Said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles. The formal sermon had ended, and Peter and his fellows were maong the people, following up the public preaching with personal conversation. Nothing is more telling than that. When the lesson has been taught, let the Sunday school teacher seize chance for the personal word with this member of the class, or that. Prize the personal word. Seek opportunity for the saying of it. Do not think the teaching of the lesson only your whole function. Inquiry room meetings and methods are apostolic.

Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ (v. 38). Notice the apostle's insistence on public confession of Christ; notice also the universality of the duty—every one of you. Somebody said he wanted to be a silent partner in the firm with Jesus. The right and instant reply was that Jesus took no such partners.

And to your children (v. 39). Said Margaret Fuller Ossoli, when her child was born, "I am the mother of an immortal: God be merciful to me a sinner!" That was the true parental feeling—the passionate craving of special mercy and help from God, since now the training of an immortal had been committed to her. What awful risk and daring for a parent to remain un-Christian! I think every little child, with its high destinies so largely in the parent's hands, ought to be an importunate and immediately successful call to every unchristian parent to become Christian.—Wayland Hoyt, D. D., in S. S. Times.

For Appearance's Sake.

Flowery Fields—Wot's Weary doin' over dere?"

Bowery Staggers—Tryin' ter make out he's respectable. He's jes' begged a dime an' he's tossin' it up ter see whedder he shall git a drink or a shave. Heads he gets a drink, an' tails [illegible]

HIS TIME CAME.

> He was looked upon by all as one who bore a charmed life;
> A large part of his years on earth had passed in bitter strife;
> He had whipped a band of Pawnees on the prairie by himself;
> Had killed three bold highwaymen who had tried to get his pelf;
> Had joined an expedition to the far-off arctic shore,
> And was the only man returned of near four-score;
> He'd often been in big balloons, that wandered near the sky,
> And came down safe—it really seemed as if he couldn't die.
>
> At last, alas! Oh, that to tell the grievous tale I must;
> This hero of an hundred deadly battles bit the dust.
> Despite the charmed life that he had truly seemed to bear,
> And which had made him known of men and envied everywhere.
> Yes, bit the dust, while on his face appeared an awful frown—
> He keeps a little shop just now at t'other end of town,
> And as his teeth made two dents in the offered lead two-bits,
> He threw it back and cried aloud: "I take no counterfeits."
>
> —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE EIFFEL TANDEM.

The Latest and Greatest Freak in the Bicycle World.

Last year an "Eiffel" bicycle was constructed, which, while not of much practical value, illustrated the possibility of a good rider balancing himself on a wheel at a height of about 10 feet above ground. As if this had not been enough, a tandem has now been built in France on similar lines, which raises the forward rider to the

THE EIFFEL TANDEM.

respectable height of almost 20 feet. The new tandem is very strongly built of reinforced tubing, the steering being attended to exclusively by the rider on the exalted seat. The axle of the upper pedals is connected by a long chain with a sprocket wheel fastened to the crank hanger in the usual place. What service the Eiffel tandem is to do, beyond being an exhibition of trick riding, is difficult to understand, for the only use it might be put to is reconnoitering, on account of the wide outlook possessed by the upper rider.

LAUGHTER'S A GOOD SAUCE

A teacher was taking a class in the infant Sunday school room and was making her scholars finish each sentence to show that they understood her. "The idol had eyes," the teacher said, "but it couldn't—"

"See," cried the children.

"It had ears, but it couldn't—"

"Hear," was the answer.

"It had lips," she said, "but it couldn't—"

"Speak," once more replied the children.

"It had a nose, but it couldn't—"

"Wipe it," shouted the children. And the lesson had to stop a moment.—Tit-Bits.

"I hear that Mrs. Rasche has applied for a divorce."

"On what ground?"

"I was not told whether it was Dakota or Illinois."—New York Journal.

"You must not be offended with Algy," said the Duke of Boglands. "He naturally has a singular manner, you know."

"Singular is the word exactly," remarked the American girl. "Plural would not apply at all. He is totally lacking there."

About four weeks after the Duke suddenly bethought him that, perhaps, she might have been making some allusion to manners.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Tommy—Did the fowl hurt you, Mr. Jones?

Mr. Jones—What d'you mean, my dear—what fowl?

Tommy—Well, I wanted to know if it hurt, 'cause mummy said you had been henpecked for twenty years.—Pick-Me-Up.

A little girl who was in the habit of using the word "guess" intemperately was reproved by her teacher. "Don't say 'guess,' Mary; say 'presume.'"

Just then a playmate came up, and, feeling Mary's coat, said: "My ma is going to ask your ma for the pattern of your cloak."

"My ma ain't got any pattern," answered Mary; "she cut it by presume."—Troy Times.

> The little soubrette is out of debt
> And eats three times a day;
> But, oh, the summer she'll never forget,
> When she mostly fed on hay.
>
> —Kansas City World.

"Why doesn't that little Miss Flimsey take off that dreadful high hat of hers?"

"Because if she held it in her lap she couldn't see over it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Stranger—I understand that they lynched a man here yesterday. What had he done?

Col. Pepper, of Kentucky—Done, suh? What had he done? Why, suh, he came heah to open a branch agency for a mineral watah company. That's what he did.—Cleveland Leader.

First New Woman—You appear to be in great spirits. What's the matter?

Second New Woman—It's a girl.—Up-to-Date.

He—What caused your brother's illness?

She—His sweetheart's death. She fell into a well and was drowned.

He—As usual. A woman at the bottom of it.—Illustrated Bits.

CLEVER ANSWERS PAID WELL.

Instances in Which They Won Promotion in Civic and Military Life.

A long list might be given of men who have owed their advancement in life to a clever answer given at the right moment, says a writer in Modern Society. An account of how two of them managed it may be appropriately given just now. One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was wont to recount with great glee how he once picked up the Emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, without noticing that he was a private, said carelessly. "Thank you, captain." "In what regiment, sire?" instantly inquired the quick-witted soldier. Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered, with a smile: "In my guards, for I see you know how to be prompt." The newly made officer received his commission next morning.

A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Marshal Suwaroff, who, when receiving a dispatch from the hands of a Russian sergeant who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube, attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions, but found him fully equal to the occasion. "How many fish are there in the sea?" asked Suwaroff. "All that are not caught yet," was the answer. "How far is it to the moon?" "Two of your excellency's forced marches." "What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?" "I would tell them that there was plenty of whisky behind the enemy's line." Baffled at all points, the marshal ended with: "What is the difference between your colonel and myself?" "My colonel cannot make me a lieutenant, but your excellency has only to say the word." "I say it now," answered Suwaroff, "and a right good officer you will be."

An Awful Bore.

"Ugh!" said Mrs. De Sappy Sappe, as she entered her box at the horse show: "I do wish there was some way of avoiding the horses at these otherwise delightful affairs."

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PERSONS AND THINGS.

Cardinal Hohenlohe is the 115th cardinal to die since Leo XIII. became pope. His death leaves only five survivors among those appointed to the Sacred College by Pio Nono—Cardinals Oreglia di Santo Stefano, Parocchi, Ledochowski, di Canossa and Mertel.

On All Soul's day, when Paris turns out to decorate the graves of its dead with wreaths, many mourners this year went to the cemeteries on bicycles, carrying their flowers with them. At the Pere Lachaise cemetery policemen were detailed to look after the wheels left at the gates.

Coquelin cadet has put through a new rule at the Comedie Francaise, by which each part in a play will be performed by every societaire entitled to act in it in turn. Hitherto only parts in classical plays were changed about, but henceforth the practice will apply to modern plays as well.

M. Barriere believes that he has discovered a new chemical element in the course of his investigations in monazite sand and has named it lucium. It does not form insoluble salts when coming into contact with either sodium or potassium sulphate. Its spectrum resembles somewhat that of erbium. M. Barriere thinks it may be useful for incandescent gas lights.

M. Paul Buffet, the young artist who this year obtained the Salon prize of 10,000 francs, which obliges the recipient to travel out of France for two years, has shocked the directors of the Beaux Arts by turning his back on the museums and art schools of Europe and starting for Abyssinia, where he intends to paint Negus Menelek's portrait for next year's Salon.

Lord Salisbury's luck in the matter of high ecclesiastical patronage is holding out. In fifteen months he has had to appoint an archbishop of Canterbury, and bishops of Winchester, Rochester, Chichester, Newcastle, Peterborough and London, a fifth of the whole bench. Twenty-four of the present bishops, about three-fourths of the total number, have been appointed by him.

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To Raise Officers' Pay.

German army officers are to have their pay raised. First lieutenants will receive $420 a year instead of $315; captains $585 instead of $500; majors $1,500 instead of $1,350, and colonels $2,100 instead of $1,900. The money for the increase is obtained from the saving the government makes in reducing the interest on the public debt from 4 to 3½ per cent. The change is not all profit to the officers, as they are compelled by the army regulations to invest their savings in government funds.

Very Sick.

Bridget—"Wuz yeh sick whin yez wuz comin' over the Oirish sea?"

Moike (newly arrived)—"Wuzn't I, though! if I hadn't put on a loife-preserver, I belave O'd a doid."—Illustrated Bits.

Firemen in Berlin.

Before a fire brigade can start for a fire in Berlin the members must fall in line, military fashion, and salute their captain, losing more than a minute by this foolery.—Exchange.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1897.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 120,000

TO SUBSCRIBERS WHOSE TIME EXPIRES IN JANUARY.

Every subscriber whose time for the Weekly Blade expires within this month should, by this time, have received a special postal card proposition for a renewal for one year on extraordinarily low terms.

If we have omitted any subscriber whose time expires in January, in sending out these cards, a request should be sent us by mail, as promptly as possible, for a duplicate, as the offer we make will be of great advantage to every one who wants the Weekly Blade. In fact, our announcement in this card is well worth reading, and no one whose time expires in January should fail to study it.

OUR BICYCLE OFFER.

The readers of The Blade are considerably interested in the bicycle offer we have made for the months of January and Febrrary. We receive several hundred applications per day for the circular of particulars; and now we are receiving numerous notices that our friends have gone to work in accordance with the offers therein made.

We again request every one who receives the Blade bicycle circular, to drop us a postal card notifying us of his acceptance of our proposition, if he concludes to work. The following is the announcement made last week:

As we have many times before remarked, it is a good thing to be a subscriber to The Blade. We are constantly giving our readers opportunities to obtain useful and necessary articles at a nominal price. Thus the money expended for a year's subscription is usually refunded many fold. Now we have a plan whereby any reader of The Blade may obtain of us, during the months of January and February, a first-class high grade bicycle, either at a nominal price of $25, or less down to $5, or even ABSOLUTELY FREE. It would require too much space to elaborate fully our plan here, and we have therefore prepared a detailed circular of information, which we will be pleased to mail to any applicant. This plan appeals especially to young people, but is equally available to any person who wants a good first-class wheel. Hundreds of our readers have in mind the purchase of a bicycle upon the opening of the coming spring. Why pay $85 to $100 for one, when our plan will save you that amount of money?

Drop us a postal card for our bicycle circular, and do it quickly, as our offer is for the months of January and February only. One hundred dollars saved is $200 earned. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

DINGLEY'S KEYNOTE.

Chairman Dingley, of the ways and means committee, declares that in drafting the new tariff bill, that body "will keep constantly in view the revenue necessities of the government." That is certainly a fundamental rule in the preparation of a tariff measure. The primary purpose of any such bill is, of course, to provide revenue for the government.

The Wilson bill has failed in this primal requirement. It has created a deficit, to which it steadily adds, month by month. It is a necessity that we have a tariff which will bring in enough money to meet all governmental needs. And so obvious is this necessity that it hardly needs Mr. Dingley's assertion to make the country understand that the new tariff bill will be so drawn as to bring in ample funds for all requirements.

The new measure will be protective, of course, for to that the Republican party stands pledged. It will restore the conditions on which our protective industries can prosper, and our workingmen obtain remunerative wages. The measure of protection on any given product will cover the difference in cost of production here as compared with the same cost abroad. Then the foreign and the domestic product will be placed on equal terms, without injury to any one, but to the benefit of all.

READY TO COERCE HIM.

Though the announcement that the great European powers are ready to apply coercion to the Sultan, if he does not yield in the matter of the reforms demanded, is one that has been made before, there is every reason to believe that at last the critical moment is really at hand.

With all things ready, the continued delay may be explained as a result of the dread caused by the perils involved—such, for example, as the possible resort by Abdul Hamid to the desperate expedient of a holy war; it may be explained, too, as intended to give the Turkish reformers an opportunity to rise and depose the Sultan, which is said by some to be an integral part of Russia's plans.

In any case, however, stirring news of some sort may be expected from Constantinople any day. The situation is pregnant of great possibilities—among them, a general European war.

The annual report of the United States fish commission shows that it is doing a magnificent work in maintaining the supply of food fish in the coastwise waters of the country.

The latest steamer from Honolulu brings the news that United States Minister Willis was dying when she left that port. The tidings will be received with regret.

The story that Maceo still lives is insisted upon, and there is a growing feeling that it may be true. Weyler and Zertucha will curse their luck if it so proves.

If Col. John Hay is named to succeed Bayard at the court of St. James, the selection will be pleasing to every American.

The Three Friends appear to have gotten themselves into trouble.

"CREDIT FONCIER" BANKING.

It is said that a credit foncier bank is soon to be organized in Chicago, under a charter obtained in Iowa, and to be named the International Hypothecate bank. All the plans are not yet matured; but when they are, we shall see in this country a practical example of a credit foncier bank, and then wonder why it was not introduced before.

We have no desire to advertise the Chicago institution in any special way. We know none of the men interested in it, nor anything of their plans. But the plan itself is one worthy of commendation, and of its merits we wish to speak. Credit foncier banks have been long established in the countries of continental Europe, and their success there shows that the plan will also be successful here.

The plan of a credit foncier bank is to loan money at a low rate on land, secured by first mortgage, for a long term of years. In Europe, the term of the mortgages is from 25 to 75 years. The Chicago idea is to loan money on farm lands for not less than 25 nor more than 75 years, the loans to be made at not over 4 per cent, and a fractional part of the annual interest payments to be set aside as a sinking fund.

Such a bank cannot loan at 4 per cent unless it can borrow money at not more than 3 per cent for correspondingly long periods. This can now be done. A long time 3 per cent investment, absolutely secured, will find plenty of takers. One per cent profit is deemed a sufficient return to pay the expenses of the bank, and has been ascertained to be a perfectly safe working balance in the business. The promoters, contrary to custom among banking institutions, are to seek, rather than try to prevent, official supervision. Branches are to be established in several states, and business is to be carried on in all. In each instance the state banking officials will be requested to make regular inspection of the books of the concern, and to publish the results of their labors.

It probably will puzzle some to understand why credit foncier banks in Europe have had such success. Such an institution loans its money on the above described long-term mortgages, which it holds as security on which to base the issue of long-term debenture bonds. The debentures are offered to investors in the great financial markets, and sell with any other bonds. With the funds thus brought to the bank managers new loans are made. The French Credit Foncier Societe has loaned as much as $50,000,000 at one time, the Russian government having taken the money. In a case like that the bonds of the borrower and, in other cases, some like securities are given in exchange for the loan. This again is first-class security, and may be hypothecated for new funds.

Every opinion concedes that the advantages of the credit foncier, as gathered from experience, have been marvellous. In France, which is not the home of the system, though one might think so from its title, it came into use when the government was almost in despair as to a safe method of relieving the communes of high mortgage taxes. The landed proprietors were in receipt of a gross income of $380,000,000, and paid out $105,000,000 in interest on loans. Such a state of affairs justified the active concern which the government of Louis Napoleon manifested in the foncier principle. Reductions in the rates of interest were secured by the system.

The suggestive condition of the mortgage debtors of this country is not to be compared with that of the French farmers of those days, yet it may be instructively compared with what it should be. With government bonds worth only from 2 to 3 per cent to the investor in Europe, and less than 4 per cent in the United States, there should be a lower rate of interest on mortgages than is now obtained in this country, provided, of course, the security is as good or approximately as good as government funds.

SETTLING THE CUBAN QUESTION.

President Cleveland's plans as to Cuba are now revealed. He proposes to do what he did in the Venezuelan matter. A new treaty between Spain and the United States, involving a settlement of the Cuban question, is now nearly completed.

The treaty does not provide for Cuban independence. Spain is still to hold the "Pearl of the Antilles" in her grasp. The Cubans are to have home rule to a considerable extent, but the revenues of the island will still flow into the depleted exchequer of the Spanish monarchy. The Washington special of the Chicago Post gives this outline of the treaty:

The treaty confers in a large degree the rights and privileges of home rule upon the Cubans, subject, of course, to the supervision and ultimate control of the parent government. The Cubans will not get all they ask for, but the reforms which Spain promises to inaugurate and carry out in good faith, and which the United States in effect guarantees, is a great advance upon anything the islanders have heretofore enjoyed. From a commercial standpoint the new treaty will be decidedly to our advantage, and will lead to a speedy re-establishment of the relations which have been broken off by the war. Politically, if the terms of the agreement are ratified by the Senate, the contract will have a quieting effect and will remove Cuba as a disturbing factor from the situation.

It is believed in Washington that the treaty will be laid before Congress immediately on its reconvening after the holidays. This is to be done in order to forestall any complication from the hasty passage of the Cameron resolution, or anything similar.

Such a solution of the matter will not satisfy a large element of the American people, who most earnestly desire to see the island achieve its independence; nor will it satisfy the Cubans themselves. They, however, have no option but to accept the conditions imposed, as they are guaranteed by the United States.

So far, the proposal to prohibit the sale of liquor in the capitol at Washington seems to have received its warmest support from the saloon keepers in the neighborhood. It will doubtless be found at the end of the session among the measures which the Senate did not find opportunity to consider in the limited time at its disposal.

The silverite Senators have decided to oppose the nominations made by the President to fill the vacancies caused by the removal of silver men for obnoxious partisanship during the late campaign. Well, President McKinley will fill the places with good Republicans, hence nobody is worrying over the matter.

New York must put up more money for the Grant monument, $70,000 being asked for the expenses of dedication. The children of the men who contributed towards the erection of the monument will probably give the sum required.

Mr. Platt is cocksure that Mr. Choate will not be Senator. Nothing but his great modesty prevents his naming the person who will be.

Gladstone's 87th birthday found him still the Grand Old Man of England. Quene Vic is probably the Grand Old Woman of the realm.

THOSE BANK FAILURES.

Our free silver friends are talking of the recent Chicago bank failures as though they were directly attributable to the lack of free silver in this country. The argument is not only far-fetched; it is foolish. Does not success in banking depend upon honesty, integrity and sound, hard common sense, as it does in every other line of business?

If our free silver friends think the "gold standard" is the cause of these failures, they should proceed to show how, under this or any other administration, friendly or unfriendly to silver, bank officials can recklessly loan millions of the institution's money to irresponsible borrowers without endangering the bank's solvency. A waiting world will pay liberally for a demonstration of how it can be done successfully.

What caused the failure of the National Bank of Illinois was financial mismanagement of the most flagrant description. The astounding part of the whole unhappy incident is that men, who had by years of business experience earned a merited reputation for financial integrity and shrewdness, should have allowed themselves to be drawn into the mazes of a speculation which gave no promise of unusual return. If current rumors are correct, there was a disregard for correct banking principles shown by men who had the handling of vast sums which cannot be condoned on any plea.

The failure at St. Paul can likewise be attributed to the same shortsightedness in financial matters. The Bank of Minnesota had for its president a man against whose integrity nothing can be said. He was classed among the wealthiest of St. Paul's citizens; was the largest real estate owner in the city, and had an abounding faith in the city's growth. To such a degree did he carry his belief in the future of that section that he was always ready to buy real estate at fair figures. Other banks knew this, and when their customers attempted to force such security on them in liquidation of loans, they had only to refer matters to Mr. Dawson, president of the Bank of Minnesota, and a sale was generally effected.

The position of a man who followed this course during a long period of shrinking values will be at once appreciated. With a bank at his back, it was an easy matter to temporize from day to day, but the inevitable could not be postponed indefinitely, as the result proves. The moral of this failure is the fact that should be appreciated by all whose business it is to make loans—that real estate is not a good asset when money is most needed.

ARKANSAS IS ALL RIGHT.

An item has been floating around among the newspapers that, at the November election, 86 votes were cast in Arkansas for Jeff Davis. The Blade made a jocular remark on the matter, comparing these 86 Arkansas voters to those mossbacked Democratic voters who are said to still be casting their ballots regularly for Andrew Jackson.

Well, the story is true. There were 86 votes cast for Jeff Davis for Presidential elector. But they did not mean the leader of the defunct Confederacy, but a local Democratic individual, still very much alive, of the same cognomen. The following letter, from a Blade subscriber in Arkansas, explains the situation:

Editor Blade:—In your weekly issue of December 24, you tell your readers that Arkansas gave Jeff Davis 86 votes for Presidential elector. You call attention to the fact that Jeff Davis has long since passed away, and that some of the people are so ignorant that they yet vote for Andrew Jackson for President.

Now, the joke is clearly on The Blade. Hon. Jeff Davis, of Pope county, is one of the ablest Democratic orators in the state, and was one of the electors on the Democratic ticket until a fusion with the Populists in the state caused his name to be withdrawn, and another name substituted. It is presumed that 86 Democrats voted for him because they did not want to vote for the substitute.

Our public school system, I presume, is equal to that of any state in the Union. Besides we boast of our industrial university, Hendrix, Galiway, Ouchita and Arkadelphia Methodist and other colleges. You should come over into Arkansas and see us.
W. J. LEE.

We are much obliged to our friend for his correction, and desire to express to Hon. Jeff Davis, of Pope county, our pleasure at being informed of his existence, and our best wishes for his future welfare. We have always believed Arkansas to be a good state, with splendid natural advantages; and we hope her people will live up to their opportunities.

THE MINOR CONSULATES.

It now appears that the minor consulates—those whose salaries are $2,500 a year or less—are not secure to their present Democratic incumbents. It was generally believed that when the President issued his famous order extending the civil service law last May to some thousands positions that belonged to the spoils system, that these consular positions were included in the order, and that thereafter vacancies in the consular service were to be filled by competitive examinations through the civil service. The men who had been appointed to these places by the Cleveland administration were laughing in their sleeves at the cute way the President had given them a life tenure of their places, but it turns out that they laughed too soon. A prominent government official tells this to the Washington correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal:

United States consuls who draw a salary of $2,500 a year and under are not under civil service, as many people believe. They are, however, under civil service in a limited way, as I will explain. For instance, 40 or 50 applicants file papers asking for this or that consulate. The Secretary of State will recommend the applicant to be appointed. The favored applicant is then notified to appear before a civil service board in the State department for examination. If he makes the required per cent, he is qualified for appointment, and the President does the rest. You may put it down that the Democrats now holding positions in the consular service will have to walk the plank, and they won't be allowed to take their own time about it either. It will be in this service that the spoilsmen will get in their work first. No position in the consular service is under civil service in the sense that the clerkships in the departments are under civil service.

However, it is to be remembered that the consular fees have all been cut off, and the salary itself is the only emolument which the consul now receives. This makes these smaller positions of no profit to the holders. Previously the fees made the positions worth having; but now a man really needs private means in addition to his salary to live respectably abroad as an United States consul.

The rumor is revived in London that Queen Victoria has decided to commemorate the fact that she has enjoyed the longest reign in English history, by abdicating in favor of the Prince of Wales. Better wait until it is confirmed before believing it.

The sudden death of Gen. Francis A. Walker removes one of the leading political economists of the United States. He was intending to join Senator Wolcott in his trip to Europe in the interests of bimetallism.

And now the Washington correspondents have it that Perry Heath will be made private secretary to President McKinley. We still believe that if Mr. Boyle is not made secretary it is because he does not want it.

We sincerely hope no reader of The Blade "resoluted" more things on New Year's than he can ...

THE TARIFF HEARINGS.

The Democratic papers are worrying over the tariff hearings before the ways and means committee. They publish what various people ask for in the way of duties on competing foreign products, and hold up their hands in holy horror at the impudence and selfishness which they profess to discover in these requests.

They assume, evidently, that the ways and means committee is going to do, in every case, what is asked. In this they are mistaken. That committee is made up of men of brains and experience, who are not to be misled by any man's individual greed.

Chairman Dingley has announced that the first care of the committee will be to see that abundant revenue is secured. That means, practically, that duties will in no case be placed high enough to act as a prohibition. If the duty on an article is so high that it can not be imported and sold at a profit, none will be imported, and hence there will be no revenue from it.

This would be one extreme. The Wilson bill goes to the direct opposite. The duties it imposes on the staple articles which form the bulk of our imports are so low that, though imports are large, the duties collected do not furnish enough revenue.

The new Dingley bill, which is in preparation now by the ways and means committee will avoid both extremes. The schedules will be high enough to bring in sufficient revenue, but not so high as to stop imports. The central idea the committee has in mind is to put the domestic manufacturer and the importer on a level. The duties on competing articles will cover the difference in the cost of production between Europe and America.

What fault can the Democratic critics find with that course? We have tried a low tariff, which gives us too little revenue, and injures our great productive industries. Every sensible man admits the utter failure of the Wilson law. Why not adopt the common-sense plan of a tariff that will bring in enough money, and avoid giving foreign manufactures an advantage over domestic ones in our own markets?

THE EXTRA SESSION.

The date of the assembling of the extra session of the Fifty-fifth Congress is now practically decided upon. It will meet on Wednesday, March 10, unless something arises which will render a change advisable.

It is believed the ways and means committee of the present House will have the new tariff bill completed and printed by that time, so that the new Congress can have it reported back as soon as it organizes and the new committee is appointed.

The custom is to reappoint the members of that committee who were reelected; and in the present case this means that the committee will contain practically the same membership as at present.

It will therefore report back the new tariff bill—which will doubtless be called the Dingley bill, from the chairman—without loss of time, and the House proceed at once with its consideration.

GIVE US A CHANCE!

The Atlanta Constitution is Democratic to the backbone, with a strong Populistic flavoring, as it supported free silver in the recent campaign. But it does not go off, wild-eyed, in the face of the dire failure of the Wilson tariff, in opposition to the revision of the tariff by the Republicans.

On the contrary, the Constitution unreservedly commends the position taken by Senator-elect McEnery, Democrat, of Louisiana—which is, that no partisan opposition should be set up against Republican tariff legislation. The Senator thinks the Democrats should aid in passing such legislation; and the Constitution says such a course would be "safe, sound and reasonable." It further remarks:

"If the Republicans can bring back prosperity by increasing tariff taxes, let them do so. These taxes will be a very small price to pay for prosperity. If, however, the tariff fails to bring prosperity, the Democrats will not be responsible for the failure, and the people will have learned a dearly-bought lesson in economics.

"We sincerely trust, however, that the Republicans will be able to restore prosperity; that Mr. McKinley will find no difficulty in opening the mills to labor and in starting the wheels of industry. We should hail and indorse prosperity, no matter from what direction it may come, nor by what methods it is brought. We shall not inquire into its politics, nor look so fine a gift horse in the mouth. The people are perfectly willing to surrender their dearest theories in regard to finance and the tariff in order to see the people of the whole country enjoying once more the substantial benefits of prosperity. But prosperity must be the price of surrender.

"All we ask—all the people ask—is that there shall be no delay in the matter."

That is sound, practical, common sense. Let us have a return to prosperity. Let the Republicans pass a new tariff, without factious obstruction; and then, if the prosperity does not materialize, the Republican policy will have to bear the blame.

But the policy will not fail. It made us prosperous in the past, and it will do so in the future. The significance of the Constitution's views, and those of Senator McEnery, is that they show that the passage of the new tariff bill through the Senate will not be as doubtful as some think. If a few other Democratic Senators take the same broad-minded view, the silver clique will be utterly powerless.

THE OLEOMARGARINE TAX.

Nine years ago an internal revenue tax was imposed on oleomargarine. There was no pretense that the tax was imposed from any necessity of revenue at that time. It was simply done at the demand of the dairymen, because the extended use of oleomargarine threatened to reduce the price of butter. It was intended to crush out the manufacture of the new product.

But the nine years' experience under the tax shows that this result has not been attained. People prefer good oleomargarine to poor butter. The first official report of the internal revenue department on this product was for 1888, which showed that 32,667,755 pounds were made and sold that year. In 1893 it had risen to 65,061,775 pounds—about double that of the first year under the tax.

The tide began to turn in 1895, when the total product was 53,264,475 pounds. For the fiscal year ended June 30 last, it was only 50,853,000 pounds. There is but one explanation of this—that the increased production of oleomargarine forced down the price of butter, and that this diminished consumption of the artificial product.

They are going to have some fun over the cigarette question up in Michigan. "I believe," says Governor-elect and Mayor Pingree, "that a law ought to be passed to put into jail not only the man that sells cigarettes, but the one that is caught smoking them. If they pass such a bill I'll sign it." After that, it's pretty certain that such a measure will be pushed in the Michigan legislature.

This State has a ... [illegible]

OUR NEW STORY.

Written for The Blade by a Famous English Author.

In this issue of the Weekly Blade we begin a story which will please all who like a good one—and who is there who does not? "The Clock Struck One" is an odd title, but its pertinence will be seen when the denouement of the story is reached.

Fergus Hume, its author, is one of the brightest of the younger school of story-writers. He achieved a literary reputation almost at a single bound by his "Mystery of a Hansom Cab," which set all the reviewers and literary people talking about his wonderful powers. Fresh and unconventional in style, it marked a new departure, and Mr. Hume was the topic of discussion everywhere. No less than 375,000 copies of that tale were sold in England alone, and it had a wide circulation in America.

His succeeding books maintained his high standing won by the "Mystery of a Hansom Cab," and we are convinced that "The Clock Struck One" will be quite as popular as anything he ever wrote. It is specially written for serial publication, and each instalment will be found of absorbing interest. It is an excellent example of Mr. Hume's skill in weaving plots, and the mystery is sustained until the very end, when the story has a thrilling and unexpected conclusion.

By all means read the opening chapters given on the first page of this paper.

THE TREASURY FIGURES.

The Treasury report for December enables us to take a survey of the government's finances for the calendar year, and for the first half of the present fiscal year. Such an examination is of importance, for the particular reason that it throws light on the problem which Congress must solve, by demonstrating what is needed in the way of increased revenue. Men may differ as to the method of obtaining this, but they naturally agree as to the necessity of more money in the governmental strong-box; and the first question to be determined is, how much increase is necessary?

The December report, on its face, shows a surplus of $600,000; but it is clear that this has been forced by postponing the payment of every Treasury obligation possible. These will be met in January, and add to the deficiency which this month's figures will undoubtedly show. But for the six months of the fiscal year there is a deficit of over $39,000,000, which is more than double the deficit for the first six months of the previous fiscal year, which was over $15,000,000. This increase is due both to increased expenditures and diminished receipts.

Taking the calendar year as a whole, we find the Treasury condition has been growing worse instead of better. The deficit for the twelve months of 1896 is over $50,000,000, of which four-fifths was accumulated during the last half of the year. A partial explanation of this is that the hotly contested Presidential campaign paralyzed business during the summer months, thus diminishing the Treasury receipts; and increased expenditures for the fiscal year beginning on July 1 were a necessity because the cheese-paring appropriations of the previous Congress ignored many things which had to be met by the appropriations for this fiscal year.

The showing proves the need of early legislation to relieve the Treasury, and emphasizes the wisdom of the determination of President-elect McKinley to convene Congress in extra session to legislate on revenue matters.

KNOCK HIM OUT.

Senator Dubois, of Idaho, is a Republican bolter.

He was elected to the Senate as a Republican, but bolted at the St. Louis convention, went over to the Populists, and worked for the election of Bryan.

He now wants to be returned to the Senate, and is asking and receiving the support fo his Popocratic friends.

Mr. Dubois is not a Republican and should not receive a Republican vote in the Idaho legislature.

He is a traitor to his party, and should receive such punishment as is meted out to traitors.

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

During the year just closed, there has been anxiety in the councils of the nations and depression in the business circles of this country from its dawn to its sunset. Only once have our people felt the stimulus of reviving hope and purpose and that was soon weakened by the persistence of conditions which cannot be dispelled in a week or a month. The threatened evils of repudiation and revolution through the success of a dangerous political movement were happily averted by the exercise of the good sense of the American people.

Apart from the depression of business no great evil has befallen this country. War clouds have gathered in the sky and some still are visible, but the most ominous were dispelled when England and the United States agreed to settle differences by arbitration rather than by an appeal to arms. The existing controversy of this country with Spain at the worst cannot prove as serious as a conflict with England would have been, and there is no reason as yet to suppose that the services of our White Squadron or of our army will be required to settle it. The harvests of the year were abundant. No plague or extensive epidemic has preyed upon the health and lives of our people. The national honor has been maintained in a grave political crisis and a new administration that commands the confidence and encourages the hopes of the country has been chosen to guide the affairs of the people for the next four years.

Depressing as many of these conditions may seem, there are reasons to suppose that the coming year will be brighter and more prosperous than the one now taking its departure. Except in the event of a war there seems to be nothing standing in the way of a steady and sure return to the prosperity of a few years ago. The new administration and Congress may be depended on to do what they can to stimulate the industries and the commerce of the country without indulging in revolutionary means. Generally, business and financial interests are taking a conservative course that, if it does not lead to a boom, which might be disastrous in its results, promises much better days ahead than the country has seen during the past four years.

Abroad, the most serious events have been the maladministration of the Turkish sub-

ject Christian provinces, with the ever threatening European war over the Eastern question, and the desperate struggle of Cuban patriots to throw off the cruel and oppressive yoke of Spain. These are still open questions and will be part of the inheritance the old year leaves to its successor.

Of the notable events of last year, there are a few which stand out prominently, aside from wars and rumors of wars. The aged Queen Victoria of England passed in September, the boundary mark of the longest previous reign, and hers is now the longest as well as most glorious reign in British history. In May the young Czar of Russia was solemnly crowned at Moscow with brilliant festivities, marred however, at the close, by a dismal tragedy. From Moscow began the famous tour round the world of the great Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang, who reached our shores in September, and was received by the President.

In the fields of literature and art, a fair degree of progress has been made, while in the domain of science there have been a number of wonderful discoveries and achievements. Among these may be mentioned the discovery of the X-rays; the successful use of horseless carriages; a vast development of the resources of electricity; important astronomical discoveries; and in medicine the successful use of antitoxin. To science also largely belong the results of Nansen's great expedition in the Polar regions.

Owing to the holiday recess there has been a lull in regard to Cuba as far as Congress is concerned, but rumor continues to be busy with the relations between the United States and Spain in relation thereto. Some time ago there was current a report to the effect that the Spanish government had sounded the European powers regarding their probable attitude in the event of a war. This report was denied at the time, but it has since been revived, and has been again denied by the state department officials in an emphatic manner. There is talk both ways in relation to the alleged willingness of the Spanish government to entertain the proposals of the president looking toward the adoption of a plan of autonomy for the island, though what substance there is in the rumors cannot be determined with the information in the possession of the public. It should be remembered, of course, that the Cubans now in arms, who have for so long maintained so stubborn a resistance to the Spanish forces, constitute an element which must be taken into consideration in any attempt at settlement.

Something appears to be behind the report that a new railway is to be constructed across the continent, terminating in San Francisco. The projector, Mr. Donald McLean, was the executive head of the Pacific short line scheme, which fell through in 1891. Mr. McLean says that he has secured $32,000,000 from English capitalists, and that the money will be spent in putting the new line through. It will start at Sioux City, continue along surveys already made as far as Ogden, and reach the Pacific coast by a route to be selected. If the plan is carried out, the Union Pacific will have a parallel competitor all the way from Omaha to the Pacific terminus, and will be scarcely 100 miles distant from it at the most between the Missouri and Ogden. The Southern Pacific's main route is of course to the south of this region, but by its lease of the Central Pacific it is practically in possession of one-half of the original Great Pacific road. There does not appear to be objection to the parallel idea among the population of the states between Sioux City and Ogden, and as part of the line is already in operation between the former city and O'Neil, Neb., it may be assumed that none will crop out in the future. All of which should be exceedingly interesting to the parties who are laboring to solve the Union Pacific problem.

At a conference recently held in London to promote a revision of the fiscal policy of the United Kingdom on protectionist lines, the chairman, Mr. James Lowther, directed attention to the prevalence of the protective idea in the colonies. He said that the new prime minister of Canada had distinctly given an assurance before his election, which he had repeated since, that under no circumstances would he lend himself to any attempt to interfere with the protective tariff. The Canadian general election had, he said, to all practical intents definitely settled the policy of Canada, so far as both parties were concerned, as being permanently in the direction of protection. There was now not a colony in Australasia which had not under its consideration practical proposals largely moving in the direction of protection, while others remained firmly attached to the principles the meeting had been called to advocate.

The conference adopted with unanimity resolutions declaring that the fiscal system of the country urgently required reconsideration with a view of protection being afforded native industries, while insuring an unfailing supply of food, together with secure markets for home manufactures by means of preferential trading relations with all parts of the British empire, and affirming the principle that all competing imports should pay such duties as would prevent foreign products having undue preference over internally-produced commodities, with discriminating duties in favor of the colonies to form local protectionist associations with a view to beginning an earnest propaganda. It remains to be seen whether the movement will amount to anything practically.

The Senatorial contest in Idaho takes on a new and more interesting phase by the intervention of the Democratic national committee in behalf of the silver Republican candidate, Dubois. The committee's secretary has just left Washington for Boise under instructions, it is said, to tell the Democrats in the Idaho legislature that it is the wish of the Democratic national organization that they support Dubois, and he will remain on the spot till the end of the fight and try to carry out the scheme. On the other hand the Republican national leaders are giving every assistance they can to the local combination in the Idaho legislature which has been formed by Democrats and Populists to defeat Dubois. The control of the Senate in the next Congress is the big prize at stake which occasions this curious state of affairs.

The Senatorial situation in Kentucky is assuming an interesting phase. Everything points to the conclusion that the McKinley influence has been exerted for the purpose of eliminating Hunter from the situation, and securing the election of John W. Yerkes, of Danville. Governor Bradley is for Yerkes, and it is believed that St. John Boyle would ...

HERE ARE THE FIGURES!

Complete Table of the Vote Cast For Presidential Candidates in the Recent Election. McKinley's Plurality 630,745.

Chicago, Dec. 31.—The official canvass of the vote of Maryland for President November 3, was copleted to-day, this being the last state. The total vote in the different states was 13,888,762. McKinley (Rep.) received 7,101,401; Bryan (Dem.) 6,470,656; Palmer, (Gold standard) 135,956; Levering (Prohibition) 130,560; Bentley (National) 14,392; Machette (Socialist) 32,538; McKinley's plurality is 630,745, and his majority over all, 316,399.

The following table shows the votes cast in the several states for the principal candidates:

States.	McKinley.	Bryan.	Palmer.	Levering.
Alabama	54,737	131,226	6,466	2,147
Arkansas	38,512	110,103	....	839
California	146,588	144,766	....	2,573
Colorado	26,271	161,269	....	1,717
Connecticut	110,297	56,740	4,336	1,806
Delaware	20,372	16,679	969	356
Florida	10,888	31,517	1,629	736
Georgia	60,191	94,232	2,708	5,617
Idaho	6,234	23,192	....	189
Illinois	607,130	465,614	6,390	9,796
Indiana	323,959	303,854	3,579	3,656
Iowa	289,293	223,741	4,516	3,192
Kansas	159,541	173,042	1,209	1,721
Kentucky	218,055	217,795	5,018	3,374
Louisiana	22,037	77,175	1,834	....
Maine	80,425	35,104	1,864	1,571
Maryland	136,978	104,746	2,507	5,922
Massachusetts	278,976	105,711	11,749	2,998
Michigan	293,327	237,251	6,909	4,968
Mississippi	4,849	63,253	1,021	390
Minnesota	193,503	139,735	3,216	4,363
Missouri	304,940	363,652	2,355	2,169
Montana	10,494	42,680	....	186
Nebraska	102,565	115,625	2,797	1,196
Nevada	1,938	8,377	....	....
New Hampshire	55,671	21,096	3,420	779
New Jersey	221,367	133,675	6,372	5,614
New York	819,838	551,369	19,335	16,052
North Carolina	155,222	174,488	575	435
North Dakota	26,335	20,686	....	358
Ohio	525,984	477,495	1,857	5,067
Oregon	48,711	46,739	979	919
Pennsylvania	728,300	427,127	11,000	19,274
Rhode Island	36,437	14,459	1,166	1,160
South Carolina	9,313	58,801	824	....
South Dakota	41,042	41,225	....	683
Tennessee	148,773	163,651	1,951	3,098
Texas	162,506	368,289	5,439	1,783
Utah	13,484	64,575	21	....
Vermont	50,991	10,607	1,329	728
Virginia	135,361	153,988	2,216	2,347
Washington	38,574	51,646	148	968
West Virginia	105,368	94,480	675	1,216
Wisconsin	268,135	167,523	4,584	7,509
Wyoming	10,034	10,742	....	142
Totals	7,101,401	6,470,656	135,956	130,560

FASHION'S FADS.

One secret of success in dress is to find out the colors which are most becoming and never wander away from these, no matter what the fashion is.

The fashionable silks this season have moire effects, and moire with silver or gold threads running through it are very effective. Tinselled fabrics of all sorts abound in the shops, but they require very careful blending with other material to make them becoming.

Muff chains of gold with diamonds set at intervals, so that they are open on both sides, are one of the novelties in jewelry. Rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and amethysts are also distributed in the same manner.

Mahogany-colored hair is the latest fad, and the transition period between dark brown and this coveted shade of red is very interesting to the keen observer.

Mauve and brown are one of the popular contrasts in millinery.

Watches have gradually diminished in size until now the very latest bit of enamel, set round with diamonds, is no larger than a man's signet ring.

Fine book muslin in all the pretty light tints is used for evening waists for young girls, and it is made over cheap silk or satin, trimmed with lace and ribbons, and worn with light-colored or black silk skirts.

Many of the new toques have a high, small crown, but the real Parisian toque is cut away so much at the middle of the back that there are two sharp points fitting down on the hair at either side, while flowers and white feathers are very conspicuous in the trimming.

Sleeves in evening gowns are very short butterfly puffs or a draped puff caught with a bow of satin ribbon or a bunch of flowers, and there is no fashionable medium between this and the long sleeve, which means that the elbow sleeve has had its day.

Torchon and Valenciennes patterns combined are the new laces for trimming undergarments.

Satin ribbons two inches wide, plaited on the inside of the skirt at the bottom, is the balayeuse which fashion favors just at present; it is more durable than the pinked silk ruffle.

Blouse waists of velvet or velveteen, with a narrow metal belt, are the correct bodice for skating costumes.

FIRST THINGS.

The first telegraph wire was hung in 1836.

The first scientific periodical was issued in 1797.

Tinware was first made in this country in 1770.

In 1641 the first rope was manufactured at Boston.

Houses were first numbered in Philadelphia in 1811.

The first omnibus plied to and fro in New York in 1830.

The first stereotyping was done in 1813 in New York.

The first United States piano was made in Boston in 1823.

The first sewing silk was patented by an American in 1658.

Salt was first boiled in this country at Syracuse, N. Y., in 1787.

The first observatory was located at Williamstown, Mass., in 1836.

The first steam stationary engine was put up in Philadelphia in 1773.

The first public library was established in New York in the year 1700.

SOME LATE NEW THINGS.

A combination razor and case in which the strop slides into one side of the case has just been patented.

An electric roller for massage purposes is composed of plates of copper and zinc and generates its own electricity.

A recently patented solder for aluminum consists of thirty parts in tin alloy, four parts aluminium and three parts zinc.

A newly designed double-barreled gun has only one trigger, a lever being used to change the action to either side as desired.

A handy device for opticians consists of an indicator to tell the angle at which the nose-piece of eye-glasses must be set to fit the nose.

Labor saving machinery was recently introduced at Limerick (Ireland) docks. Bishop O'Dwyer's appeal for the displaced men secured a gift of $2,500 from the firm.

The Legal Aid Society of New York makes no charges for services where the claim collected or adjusted is under $10, and these are naturally the most numerous.

A Massachusetts woman has a patented leather dressing consisting of a compound of wax, rubber, gutta percha, Spanish licorice and paraffin oil, the proportions being secret.

Circular extension tables are made with a number of slots on the under side into which the supports of semi-circular leaves are pushed to increase the circumference of the table.

A New York woman has designed a glass oven door in connection with a device for opening and closing the dampers by means of the expansion and contraction of the glass plate.

Michigan unionists demand legislation from the coming legislature. They want convicts placed on farms and their work confined to raising vegetables, etc., for prison inmates.

English boot and shoe makers want a minimum wage fixed for those between 18 and 20 years of age. One apprentice to every five employed is also desired, instead of one to three.

A recently designed watch-carrier for bicycles has a screw clamp to attach it to the head of the wheel, the watch being held in place by a number of springs to grip the stem and watch case.

Pneumatic roller skates having one wheel on each skate are just out. In connection with the foot plate and heel and toe clamps there is a brace running up to the calf of the leg to make it more rigid.

The latest curtain pole is cut into two equal sections lengthwise, hinged to each other and having a hole bored through it to hold a rod on which the curtain is hung, thus putting the hangers out of sight.

A new combination tool will drive or pull a nail and can be used as a pipe wrench. It has a movable beak, one side of which grips the heads of nails, the other side having teeth to hold the pipe solidly for turning.

The latest roadbed for highways has metallic rails on which the wagon wheels run, thus making the roadbed always smooth. Much heavier loads can be drawn on this kind of a road than on the ordinary ones.

To remind a person that his clock needs winding a Wyoming man has a device consisting of a lever placed so as to touch off an alarm when the coiled spring has unwound sufficiently to move the lever out of [illegible]

CURRENT EVENTS.

Li Hung Chang will write a book on America.

Nine free libraries in New York city contain 297,400 volumes.

Self-denial week in England netted the Salvation Army $230,000.

The average temperature for November in Hawaii was 74½ degrees.

The state of Connecticut spent $527,433.09 more than its income last year.

Massachusetts annually imports from beyond her border eggs to the value of $5,000,000.

Harry A. Garfield, son of the late President, is being boomed for mayor of Cleveland.

Great quantities of sulphur are mined in the craters of several extinct volcanoes in Mexico.

It is said that no country in the world shows so great a variety of plant life as Mexico.

About $2,000,000 worth of American whisky is annually sent abroad, most of it from Baltimore.

The crown worn on state occasions by William, Emperor of Germany, weighs exactly three pounds.

During 1894 the United States produced 152,000,000 tons of coal and the United Kingdom 188,000,000.

The Kaffirs in the eastern provinces of Cape Colony produce an ably-edited newspaper of their own.

About 300 organ grinders arrive in London every June from Italy, and leave again about October.

Dr. James Copeland, an eminent Englishman, says that the use of tobacco limits the range of the voice.

It is said that Sir Edwin Arnold has contributed nealy 10,000 leading articles to the London Daily Telegraph.

It is estimated that 85,000 elephants were killed during the past year, yielding 190 tons of ivory, worth $6,000 a ton.

The carriage of iron ore on the Great Lakes during 1896 footed up 9,657,921 gross tons, half a million tons less than in 1895.

During the coming year the government of Victoria, Australia, will spend more than $1,000,000 in railway construction.

General Crespo, of Venezuela, has given instructions to have his race horses trained according to American methods.

The average yield of wheat in Great Britain this year was 33 2-3 bushels an acre, nearly five bushels above the average.

In Rome there are few houses bearing the number 13. Nearly all the houses that should bear those figures are marked 12B or 14A.

Rice is the most important of all Japanese crops; the cultivation takes up more than half of the country's total surface of arable land.

The sultan has appointed five Christians—one an Armenian, the others Greeks—as deputy governors of different provinces in Asia Minor.

Seagulls have made their winter quarters in the little lake in St. James Park, in London, having driven away the swans and geese.

George W. Cable, the American novelist, is to make a tour of England next year, when he will give a series of readings from his works.

Rudyard Kipling has given up his home in Vermont, and it is now believed that he will make his home in the English county of Devonshire.

Count von Waldersee, who, rumor persists in declaring, is to succeed Prince Hohenlohe as the imperial chancellor of Germany, has an American wife.

An English farmer, who said he never read the newspapers, was fined in Lincoln for failing to report an infectious disease among his sheep.

The sound of thunder may be heard for 20 or 25 miles; with the ear to the ground, much further. Lightning is reflected for 150 to 200 miles.

A rash Oakland clergyman, in a recent sermon, attributed the defeat of woman suffrage in California largely to the Rev. Anna Shaw's sharp tongue.

By using electric light during the daytime, Prof. Bailey has produced lilies fully two weeks before the plants grown under the natural conditions flowered.

The school committee of Philadelphia councils recommends that the board of education be allowed $3,300,000 for permanent improvements for next year.

The Countess of Derby recently laid the foundation stone of a new hospital for Liverpool, toward the building of which the David Lewis trust has given $300,000.

There are said to be in Michigan white cedar shingles now doing good service on roofs in that state that have been in full exposure and wear for over 75 years.

More than thirty members of the Chicago bar are negroes. The first negro to be admitted to the bar in the state of Illinois was Lloyd G. Wheeler, who was admitted in 1869.

President Patton, of Princeton, says there is absolutely no foundation for the rumor that after Mr. Cleveland leaves Washington he will become dean of the university's law school.

Among the thousands of photographs brought back by Nansen is one of an attacking polar bear, of which the explorer took three snap-shots with his camera before he shot him with his gun.

Otto Shobart, a German machinist, who lives in Brooklyn, is a claimant, on behalf of his wife, of a fortune left by an East Indian nabob named Paul Hofman, who died without leaving a will. Mrs. Shobert is his niece. The fortune is said to be $30,000,000.

The oldest actor in the world is Henry Doel. He will be 93 on his next birthday, and was an actor for 65 years. As a child he was rowed out to Plymouth Sound and saw Napoleon walking the quarter-deck of the Billy Ruffin. The veteran actor now keeps a tavern in Plymouth, England.

A remarkable old colored man, Uncle Dick Mansfield, said to be 109 years old, lives at Trenton, Ky. He has been married three times. By his first wife he became the father of 11 children, by the second 14, and by the third 16, a total of 41. He has 178 grandchildren, 63 great-grandchildren, and 23 great-great-grandchildren. He claims to have drank out of the same bucket with Andrew Jackson and to have shaken hands with Abraham Lincoln.

Stanley took no less than 180 pounds of books on all of his journeys across Africa. "But," says the explorer, "as my men lessened in numbers, stricken by famine, fighting, and sickness, one by one they were reluctantly thrown away, until finally, when less than 300 miles from the Atlantic, I possessed only the Bible, Shakespeare, Sartor Resartus, Norie's Navigation and the Nautical Almanac for 1877."

A biographer of Nansen relates that it happened that before he was ten years old little Fridtiof learned to feel quite at home among the hills and forests of Normarken. He would occasionally disappear for days at a time. When a student of science and curator in the Bergen Museum, he would all of a sudden start on a solitary snow-shoeing expedition over the frozen mountain tops in mid-winter, to nourish his spirit on the glories of the midnight sky, moon, stars and the darting Aurora.

Good morning. Have you read Thos. Slater's ...

Publishers' Column.

WALTHAM AND ELGIN WATCHES.

Some months ago, after supplying our readers several thousand good watches at wholesale prices, we discontinued the offer. For a few weeks we shall offer the following small list much below our former prices, owing to reduction of certain grades by the manufacturer. A couple will be recognized as standard watches of our former list. The others are good grades at reduced prices.

OFFER NO. 8.—BLADE SPECIAL.

Open Face or Hunting Case, Waltham or Elgin Works—Be Sure to Name Your Choice When You Order.

A $200 solid gold watch cannot be bought for $20, but the Weekly Blade offers a watch under the above number which has all the appearances and most of the good qualities of a $200 watch. You have probably never seen a watch like this and must therefore depend upon us for the description of the latest, handsomest and best watch made by the great American Waltham and Elgin factories. Time and money have been spent in bringing this particular watch to perfection. The movement (or works) contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, and all others who wish a really first-class article. As a present it cannot be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and it is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equalled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail to any of our subscribers for $20.

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No. 333 is one of the finest gentlemen's watches we have ever offered. The movements, either Waltham or Elgin, are full jeweled, and are guaranteed perfect timekeepers. The case is of the finest gold-filled, and guaranteed to wear the same as solid gold for 15 years. The price of this watch in open face is $13.50, and in hunting case, $16.50.

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Lady's Watches, Waltham or Elgin, $15.

No. 16.—The works of No. 16 are the same as No. 15, but the case is gold filled, 14k., guaranteed to wear just like solid gold for 20 years. The joints, plugs and parts exposed to unusual wear are solid gold. It is hunting case, and is handsomely engraved. Sent by registered mail, delivery guaranteed, for $15.

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No. 200.—Solid gold 40 dwt. hunting case with Elgin or Waltham works, 18 size, 14 karat, and guaranteed timekeeper, sent by registered mail to any part of the United States for $33.50.

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Address all orders:

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Toledo, Ohio.

FAMOUS BATTLE PICTURES.

Owing to a popular demand from our subscribers, and especially from members of the G. A. R., we have arranged with a large publisher for a quantity of pictures of the most celebrated battles of the civil war. These pictures are of a high grade, chromo colors, large size (22x28), reproduced from the original oil paintings with wonderful accuracy. More than 100,000 have been sold during the past year at one dollar each, and our price to any person who orders a picture alone will be one dollar. But we did not get these pictures for sale or for profit. We propose to give one picture free, postpaid by mail, to every person sending us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year. If your time expires soon, you can obtain a picture when you renew. If your time expires some time hence, and you want a picture now, send a dollar, and let us extend your time a year ahead from date of expiration. Or, get us a new subscriber and we will enter the new name for Blade one year, and send the picture to the remitter, if so directed. However, we are confident those who obtain one picture, will want several more, or perhaps all of them. You can obtain them one at a time by sending us new dollar subscribers. Try one of them when you renew.

NOTICE, however, that the above offer is only to those who send us $1 for subscription or renewal after this date.

Here is the list; make your selection from it:

Battle of Gettysburg, Pa.
Battle of Shiloh, Tenn.
Battle of Five Forks, Va.
Battle of Missionary Ridge, Tenn.
Battle of The Wilderness, Va.
Battle of Fort Donelson, Tenn.
Battle of Champion Hill, Miss.
Battle of Antietam, Md.
Battle of Atlanta, Ga.
Battle of Spottsylvania, Va.
Battle of Vicksburg, Miss.
Battle of Chattanooga, Tenn.
Battle of Cold Harbor, Va.
Battle of Resaca, Ga.
Battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Battle of Olustee, Fla.
Battle of Fredericksburg, Va.
Battle of Bunker Hill.
Battle of Tippecanoe.
Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac.
Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.
Battle of Bull's Run, Va.
Battle of Chancellorsville, Va.
Battle of Big Horn (Custer's Last Charge.)
Battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Storming of Fort Wagner, S. C.
Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C.
Battle of New Orleans, La.
Battle of Cedar Creek, Va.
Capture and Death of Sitting Bull.
Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Battle of Stone River, Tenn.
Assault on Fort Sanders, Tenn.
Battle of Franklin, Tenn.
Battle of Nashville, Tenn.
Battle of Corinth, Miss.
Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.
Fort Pillow Massacre, Tenn.
Battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.
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1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 15
½ dozen table knives	2 25
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These are made in only the one pattern. They are sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

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KITCHEN APRON.

Of Blue Chambrey, Which Protects the Entire Dress.

The chafing dish "fad" has brought about a most desirable change in the culinary department. The mistress of the house now turns her attention to how food should be prepared, and to what is most nutritious. In consequence she visits the kitchen now oftener than in former days.

If she is wise she will have for these occasions a large apron. One of the

A USEFUL APRON.

nicest is of blue chambrey, and covers most of the dress. The skirt of the apron reaches nearly to the hem of the dress in front, and the middle of the back, where it is fastened with a button. The bib covers the bodice in front. It is fastened to the waist line in the back by two long shoulder straps, three inches wide, which cross in the centre of the back. A little coarse stitching can extend around the edge.

HAD A DISPUTE WITH A PICTURE.

Episode in Which a Belligerent Texan Figured Conspicuously.

"See that little round hole in that picture," said Mr. Grunewald, of the Grunewald Hotel, to the New Orleans Times-Democrat the other evening, pointing to a handsome painting of a lot of fish which ornamented the walls of the banqueting-room of the institution. "Funny story connected with that hole—it's a bullet hole, by the by, as you may observe.

"During Mardi Gras season we are compelled to make use of all the room in the house, and when the other apartments become filled we are in the habit of dividing off this room with portieres and putting cots between the divisions.

"It was last Mardi Gras and the day before the big processions of the various kings of the carnival a big Texan slouched into the office and wanted the best room in the place. The only room we had to dispose of was one of the divisions in the banqueting hall, and into it he was shown.

"Did he kick? Well, you should have heard him. Kick was too mild. He swore that his dugout in the pan handle was a palace compared to the room he was offered, and said that he'd sooner sleep on the pommel of a Mexican saddle with a horn frog for a pillow than bunk in a place where he couldn't see outdoors.

"Why, he absolutely raved. Said that he owned a herd of cattle that could cover the whole city, and he wanted a room next to the bar. He didn't want to be planked on a cot next to a fellow who'd snore like a bull yearling all night long.

"Well, after some trouble we quieted him down, and after seeing a little bit of the New Orleans elephant and getting a little the worst of it that night he rolled into the hotel about 2 o'clock in the morning with a leery smile, whittling a match with a knife that might have done service as a sword bayonet on the new army rifle. The bell boy saw him safely stowed away, and all was quiet—for a while.

"Then there came a medley of noises from the banqueting-room and we hastened up to see what was the matter. You ought to have been there. The Texas bull slinger was getting in his work. He had taken off his coat and vest and was standing on the cot with his boots on. In his hand there was a big pistol and another in his belt, and he was raising all sorts of Ned.

"'You fellers,' he said, nodding to a score of heads that were peeping over the portieres in amazed disgust, think that you're in it, but you ain't. Why, I'll bet a striped maverick that there ain't a feller in the crowd that knows the difference between a lariat and razor-back hog from the Brazos bottoms, an' I'll bet a jack rabbit that I can lick the whole lot of you when it comes to shooting a gun.'

"All the time he was talking he was swinging the pistol about his head, and as it went about the circle heads popped down and up again like a lot of fish bobs in rough water. I wanted to shut the fellow up, but I didn't really have the heart to mix in the matter, he seemed to be enjoying himself so very much.

"All at once he broke out desperately. His Texas blood was evidently up, and he might have thought he was among his own comrades on the banks of the woolley Red, in Lascasses county, the judge by his actions.

"'Why, you don't know how to shoot a little bit,' he said. 'You ought to see the way I pincked the marshal of our town last week. Just winged him the first shot, cut his ear off the second and parted his hair in the middle the third, and I'll bet a horse he ain't quit running yet. I'll show you how to shoot; just watch me.'

"He suited the action to the word, and before I could reach him he raised his pistol and the next instant there was a bullet hole right through the center of that painting. 'That's the way I do it at home; never fish with a line; always get them with my pistol,' he said and began looking for another target, when my big porter grasped him by the collar, took both pistols from him and then threw him into the hall, where he proceeded to sit on him.

"The long Texan didn't seem to object very much. Said something about Texas hospitality and the way he was being treated and then remarked mildly that he thought he'd go to bed. Well, maybe he did go to bed, but he must have slept at another hotel, for in five minutes he was being hustled across the sidewalk into the patrol wagon without so much as an objection.

"He didn't take the bullet hole with him, however, and we keep it as a memento of the first and last bucking broncho the house ever attempted to entertain."

As Seen by Him.

The old gobbler looked dreamily away over the back yard fence.

"Yes——"

(A shudder ran through his frame)—"They are bringing out all our family skeletons these days."

A glance at the debris from the dinner table showed that this was only too true.—New York World.

Falls Nearer Home.

Edith—Where are you going to spend your vacation?

Bessie—Mamma wanted to go to the Falls, but papa said that if she went to a bicycle academy she could get all ...

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costs more than other medicines. But then it cures more than other medicines.

Most of the cheap cough medicines merely palliate; they afford local and temporary relief. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral does not patch up or palliate. It cures.

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It has a record of 50 years of cures.

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FOUR LITTLE ONES.

Oxford men won fifty-six and Cambridge men twenty-six out of ninety-four Indian and home civil service places open to public competition in England. One result of making it easier for university men to enter the public service is a falling off in the number of candidates for the university honor examinations. The civil service candidates give up their last year to cramming for the special examination instead of attending to their college work, contenting themselves with past degrees.

Peacock feathers do not bring ill luck, according to Mr. St. Clair Baddeley in a recent issue of Nots and Queries. In China, from which the bird first came, it is a bird of good omen. In Russia the feathers are a charm against the evil eye. The early Christians used the peacock as a symbol of immortality. Louis IX. wore a peacock feather in his helmet, and the early Italian and Flemish painters placed them in their angels' wings. The superstition that the feathers bring bad luck must be a very modern one.

An "adventurer's share" in the New River company was sold recently in London for $625,000. The company was started in 1609 by Sir Hugh Myddleton to supply London with water from the Hertfordshire hills forty miles away. Half the shares went to James I. as the king's moiety, the others to the thirty-six adventurers. Myddleton was ruined by the speculation, but the company owns a great deal of property in the city of London and the counties of Middlesex and Hertford. The interest on a share is about $13,000 a year.

Aconcagua, the highest mountain on this hemisphere, is to be thoroughly explored by an expedition fitted out by Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald, the explorer of the New Zealand Alps, which recently left England for Buenos Ayres. A geologist, a surveyor, and a naturalist form part of the expedition, together with the Alpine guide, Mattias Zurbriggen. Mr. Fitzgerald's observations will be on the effect of the atmosphere of mountain heights to the human system, as he intends to scale Mt. Everest in India, the highest mountain in the world, if he succeeds in getting to the top of Aconcagua.

"FOR DEAR LIFE."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

"SHERIDAN'S RIDE."

Philadelphia Has a New Painting of the Historic Event.

The great war picture of Sheridan's Ride, painted by John Mulvaney, and just unveiled in Philadelphia, is thus described:

The canvas, twenty feet by eleven, is crowded with action. The dusty road from Winchester occupies the center, with a striking figure of Sheridan on horseback the commanding feature of the picture. Ambulance and hospital wagons of the retreating Union army are massed on either side. On every hand are depicted the woful results of the surprise attack of the morning of October 19, 1864, when, during Sheridan's absence on an important mission to Washington, his forces were set upon by the rebel cavalry under Early, and were soon completely demoralized and in full retreat. On his way back from the capital, after a consultation with Secretary of War Stanton regarding the future plans of the army, Sheridan rested over night at Winchester. Awakened at daylight by the sound of cannonading down the valley, he hastened to the front. Mounted upon his handsome jet black charger Rienzi, he set out on his famous ride, encountering on the way the fugitives of his panic-stricken army, fleeing before the rebel hosts. Hospital tents and supply wagons were in hopeless confusion along the road, frequently obliging him to take to the fields as he pressed forward to the scene of the fighting. On either side of Mulvaney's picture is shown the electrical effect of Sheridan's appearance on the ground, the enthusiasm of the wounded and previously disheartened men over his arrival and the first evidences of the transformation that was quickly wrought in the shattered ranks of the Union forces by the return of their gallant commander. The picture was painted with a view of having it placed in the National Art Gallery, at Washington.

First Time.

Miss Sharpe—I celebrate my 24th birthday to-morrow.

Miss Oldage—Indeed! And isn't it singular! So do I.

Miss Sharpe—Oh! but I celebrate mine for the first time.—Tit-Bits.

Reconciled.

"Have Scribbler, the author, and his wife made up?"

"Oh, yes. She now reads what he writes and he eats what she cooks."—Fliegende Blaetter.

An Aggravated Case.

"Why under the sun does Whimperly want a divorce? His wife had a great deal of ...

MODERN CULTURE.

THE BREATH OF POPULAR INTELLIGENCE TO-DAY.

Frivolity in Which an Applicant for the Post of Porter Displayed—Of Course It Was in Dear Old Boston.

A competitive examination of applicants for the position of porter and errand boy in the Boston public library was held recently, says the San Francisco Argonaut. One of the candidates for porter shocked the examiners by his display of frivolity in evading questions which he could not answer. He did not get the position. The paper as printed is as follows:

Q. Describe briefly the difference, as recorded in history, between a Pilgrim and a Puritan.

A. One was a center board and the other a fin keel.

Q. Through what states does the Mississippi river pass?

A. Its usual state, mud and water; does not alter.

Q. Where are Louisville, Detroit, Caracas, Sierra Leone, Cyprus, Stockholm, Buda-Pesth, Berne, the Orinoco river?

A. The exact locations of these places, as indicated in present maps, have been seriously questioned, and I cannot undertake to settle the dispute without further inquiry. The Orinoco river passes in a not altogether straight course through the Orinoco valley and is fed by various feeders.

Q. Where is Chicago?

A. I don't know. I am a New Yorker.

Q. Where is Cleveland?

A. He won't tell.

Q. Describe a feasible course for the circumnavigation of the globe, mentioning all bodies of water which would be passed through.

A. In a balloon. No waters would be passed through.

Q. What was the cause of the war of 1812 and of the Mexican war?

A. Love for fighting, with excuses.

Q. Describe two famous naval battles of any age.

A. The ships which were to contend with each other approached, and an engagement ensued, in which one side got the worst of it. The fight then stopped. This describes all naval battles, and of any age.

Q. Mention in chronological order the political parties in the United States which have in turn controlled affairs from 1789 to the present.

A. Not having been an officeholder during any of the periods referred to, these facts escaped me.

Q. What was the French revolution? Give dates, and tell in a few words what causes produced it.

A. The French revolution was an uprising among the French people. I cannot "give dates," because this revolution only occurred once. It was caused by the desire to kill those whose faults were different.

Q. How may the races of mankind be chiefly divided?

A. Losers and winners.

Q. What does the Indo-Germanic family include?

A. Indians and Germans, but in Kansas the combination is said to be not a success.

Q. Is there any distinction ethically between the Chinese and Japanese; if so, what?

A. Yes. The Japanese can fight.

Q. What is a troubadour?

A. The troubadour is now extinct, and the question should inquire as to what a troubadour was.

Q. What is (1) a vade mecum, (2) a concordance, (3) a digest?

A. If you swallow No. 2 you will have No. 1 for want of No. 3.

Q. What do you understand by the phrase "blank verse?"

A. General weariness.

Q. Name an English author who used it.

A. It never had any use.

Q. What do you understand by an "oration?"

A. A speech over the dead body of Caesar.

Q. What is the difference between a university and a college?

A. It is merely one of degree.

Q. What is secondary education?

A. Taking things on hearsay.

Q. What do you understand by the word "fetich?"

A. A yellow dog for luck.

Q. Tell what you know of the origin of penny postage, the electric telegraph, the submarine cable, the discovery of anaesthetics.

A. I know nothing, and I claim full marks for this as entirely complying with the direction.

Q. Why is piracy now practically extinct?

A. Through change of name. Except in the book business it is now called "diplomacy," "trusteeship," etc.

Q. Give a plausible explanation of the origin of the Indians of America.

A. There is none.

Q. What, in a few words, are transcendentalism, epicurianism and utilitarianism?

A. The first means thinking on the roof while living in the basement; the second means living high on seven dollars and a half a week; the third is the study of how to do so.

Q. Name in chronological order the various peoples which have inhabited England.

A. England has been inhabited by English only. Various foreign people arrived, but immediately became English.

Q. What does the present British empire include?

A. Everything it could grab, except the United States, Venezuela, Ireland, and some of the surrounding planets.

POINTS ON MAP-DRAWING.

An Old Railroad Man Furnishes Some Points.

The old railroad man took the man who was new to the business off to one side where they could have a quiet talk.

"You prepared this map?" he said, interrogatively, indicating the first draft of a big railroad map.

The new man admitted that it was his work, and he seemed to expect a compliment.

"Awful," said the old railroad man.

"I beg your pardon," returned the young man, rather startled by the nature and the abruptness of the comment.

"If that map ever got to the president or the general passenger agent or any other high official, your job wouldn't be worth the interest of five cents for five minutes at 3 per cent a century."

Of course the young man was offended, and protested that he was accurate.

"Why, I was particularly careful with it," he protested, "and I consider it the best piece of work I ever did.'

"Oh, the map is all right," returned the old railroad man in a conciliatory tone. "Nobody could have made a better map than that, but just look at the road."

"What's the matter with it? I've made it touch every town and village that I should, haven't I?"

"That's just what you've done, and that's just what's the matter. You've zigzagged it around like a rail fence in order to make it hit them."

"But, if it's necessary—'

"Necessary, nothing! Nothing is geographically necessary in a railroad map except that the towns shall get on the line of the orad. Just put down a ruler so that it rests on the two terminal points, and then mark in the other towns along the ruler. After that it will be a very simple matter to draw your road. If you want to be a success in this business you must never forget that a railroad never goes to a town on its own map; it brings the town to it; and that it is not exactly the thing for a man who is drawing salary from a railroad to make that road do the rail-fence act on his maps when it is just as easy to make its rivals do everything that is necessary in that line. If I were you and wanted to hold my job I would draw that map all over again, beginning with a ruler that I knew to be absolutely straight."—Chicago Post.

Utah.

I do not undertake to say
That literal answers come from heaven;
But I know this—that when I pray,
A comfort, a support is given
That helps me rise o'er earthly things,
As larks soar safe on airy wings.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Still the Same.

Mrs. Knight—Does your husband treat you the same now as he did when he was courting you?

Mrs. Laight—Pretty much. He keeps me in the dark!—Yonkers Statesman.

To Help Spanish Soldiers.

The leading playwrights of Spain have agreed to give each the receipts of one performance of his most popular work for the benefit of invalid soldiers returning from Cuba.

Liver Ills

Like billiousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists.

Hood's Pills

LIVE THEIR LIVES APART

WELL KNOWN AMERICAN FAMILIES STRANGELY DIVIDED.

Separate Homes Kept Up—The Wife May Entertain in London or Paris While Her Husband Toils in New York.

One of the peculiar phases of American social life is the number of prominent married couples who live on either side of the Atlantic, one member entertaining in London, while the other keeps up an establishment in either New York, Chicago or San Francisco. Almost any number of cases could be cited, says the New York Press, where the Atlantic separated almost constantly the husband and wife.

People often ask where Mrs. John W. Mackay is when they see her stalwart and eminent husband pursuing from one year's end to another the even tenor of his money-making and money-keeping way in New York. Mr. Mackay lives in a bachelor apartment in Fifth avenue; Mrs. Mackay's London mansion in Carleton House Terrace has been for more than a decade the scene of social entertainments, at which royalty has sometimes been present. Since they closed their magnificent San Francisco house in the seventies the Mackays practically have been separated by the Atlantic. The wife has devoted her time to society and has been a social leader at least in the American colony in both London and Paris. The husband has devoted his days in New York to a rigid business routine, in which telegraph and cable lines figured conspicuously. His nights have on rare occasions been brightened by bachelor dinners, at which Roscoe Conkling, Colonel Tom Ochiltree, Senator Jones of Nevada, and Edward S. Stokes were welcome guests. Society in New York knows him not, and has never known him, and if he ever regretted it nobody knows it. He has always remained the plain, blunt Irishman, if you please, big-boned and cold-eyed, ill-suited to drawing-rooms, but lording it over hundreds of employes, indulging under the stress of emotion in a brogue which might not be as welcome now to the ears of his stately spouse as when he, a mine foreman, first wooed her in her modest boarding house on the Comstock lode and married, and cared for her, to the delight of the other boarders, who all sympathized with the struggles of Dr. Bryant's widow.

Once every few years Mrs. Mackay comes to America and Mr. Mackay's visit to the other side are almost yearly. But he has never seemed to care for the society of the Prince of Wales.

The first thing Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Drayton and Mr. and Mrs. E. Parker Deacon did after their little mutual unpleasantness of a few years ago, was to separate themselves by salt water. Mrs. Deacon and Mrs. Drayton were by and by relieved from matrimonial bonds by law, but the Atlantic divorced them quite satisfactorily before the law stepped in. Mrs. Deacon became quite a Parisienne, and Mrs. Drayton's sojourn in London and Paris with her mother, while Mr. Drayton lived quietly on at Bernardsville, N. J., made her a favorite abroad, while he still remained popular at home.

When the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Bloodgood, opposite the Windsor Hotel, was turned into a shop, Mr. Bloodgood took an apartment in the same locality, at Forty-seventh street and Fifth avenue. Mrs. Bloodgood soon owned a fine house in London and became identified with society there to some extent. But when death overtook her handsome husband, for many years considered the best dressed man in New York, his widow came across seas at once.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brown Potter have for six years been separated by the Atlantic as well as the Pacific and Indian oceans, for the most part, although the law still holds them rigidly to their marriage vows. James Brown Potter's devotion to his daughter, Fifi, now a beautiful young woman, is well known. For her he keeps up a carefully regulated home at Tuxedo, in which Mrs. Potter has not put foot for many years.

Poor Mrs. Langtry's efforts to obtain legal residence at two different points in California, in order to lay the foundations for a suit for divorce on the ground of desertion, have been almost ludicrously unsuccessful. The ranch thrived, but not the suit. She is still Mrs. Langtry, bound to the ruddy-cheeked, clear-eyed Englishman who has calmly refrained from divorcing her, and who came over to New York in 1890-91 and stopped at the Ashland House as everybody then thought, to get facts for a divorce in his own behalf. Mr. Langtry right along has kept salt water between himself and his wife even if it was only the strait between old England and the Isle of Jersey. But his beautiful mate is thought not to have been discouraged by many failures; she thinks she'll be a free woman, it is said, before very long.

JANUARY SKIES.

Brief Resume of the Astronomical Points for the Month.

The days will lengthen almost an hour during January. On the 1st the day's length was 9 hours 9 minutes; on the 31st it will be 10 hours.

Mercury was in conjunction with the moon on January 4. It is stationary on January 12, and in perihelion on January 14. It is in inferior conjunction with the sun on January 22, and in conjunction with the moon on January 30.

Venus is at its greatest elongation east, on January 6. It is in conjunction with the moon on January 7, and is in its ascending node January 30. (The line in which the plane of a planet's orbit cuts the plane of the earth's orbit at tht ecliptic is called the Line of the Nodes.)

Mars is in conjunction with the moon on January 14. It is stationary on March 16. Mars is a particularly interesting object in the heavens during this month, and can be detected by its ruddy hue.

Jupiter is in conjunction with the moon on January 21.

Uranus is in conjunction with the moon on January 27, but this planet cannot be seen with the unaided eye..

Neptune is in conjunction with the moon on January 15.

Free to Our Readers.—The New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, Etc.

As stated in our last issue the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, is proving a wonderful curative in all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disordered action of the Kidneys and urinary organs. The New York World publishes the remarkable case of Rev. A. C. Darling, minister of the gospel at North Constantia, New York, cured by Alkavis, when, as he says himself, he had lost faith in man and medicine, and was preparing himself for certain death. Similar testimony to this wonderful new remedy comes from others, including many ladies suffering from disorders peculiar to womanhood. The Church Kidney Cure Co., of No. 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, who so far are its only importers, are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of The Blade who is a sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder Disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. To prove its wonderful curative powers, it is sent to you entirely free.

MILLIONAIRE SENATORS.

There Are Only Three of Them, Whose Wealth is Proved.

There are not more than three genuine millionaires in the Senate. These are Mr. Cameron, Mr. McMillan, of Michigan, and Mr. Wetmore, of Rhode Island. Mr. Beyer, Mr. Jones, of Nevada; Mr. Stewart and Mr. Elkins have much of speculative wealth, and if they could realize upon their expectations they might be considered millionaires also, but they are not rich men like Mr. McMillan, of Michigan, who has his money invested in what Mr. Micawber called portable property, and Mr. Cameron, who owns rolling mills, railroad stock, coal mines and is interested in other big profit-paying enterprises. Senator Sherman is a wealthy man. He is probably worth $750,000, although he has the reputation of being a millionaire. His money is largely invested in Washington real estate. He bought a great deal of land in this city in the early days of its improvement, and still holds a large part of it, which has rapidly increased in value. But his wealth has always been overestimated by the newspapers. The wife of Senator Hale inherited several millions from her father, the late Senator Chandler, of Michigan, and he, of course, enjoys the income with her, but it is not his money. Senator Shoup, of Idaho, has large interests, and was perhaps worth more than a million before the depreciation of silver mining property. Mr. Lodge, of Massachusetts, like Mr. Wetmore, of Rhode Island, inherited a fortune, and also married a rich wife. Perhaps they have $1,000,000 between them, and it is ...

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15—WHY? SAYS GLADYS, By David Christie Murray.
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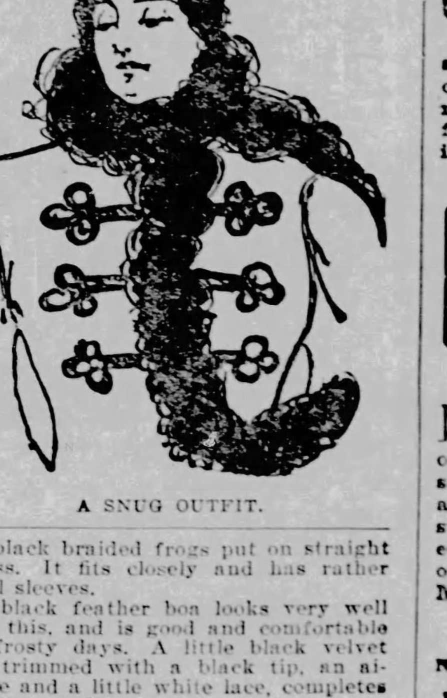
BRAIDED JACKET.

The Latest Beauties in Biscuit-Colored Cloth.

The jackets this season are prettier than ever, and it is as difficult to choose from the varied assortment put before one. However, you can always be suited, whatever your taste may be.

A very stunning "jacquette," as the French call it, is of heavy biscuit-color cloth, trimmed en hussard, that is, with



A SNUG OUTFIT.

the black braided frogs put on straight across. It fits closely and has rather small sleeves.

A black feather boa looks very well with this, and is good and comfortable for frosty days. A little black velvet hat, trimmed with a black tip, an aigrette and a little white lace, completes a pretty outfit.

GREAT MEN'S SONS.

Why is Their Lot Generally an Unhappy One.

It is not often that the sons of great men amount to much. Nature seems to have exhausted her supply of genius for a time when a great man is molded, and shows an inclination to take a rest. And so it generally happens that the son is not specially endowed. He may look like his exalted father, walk like him, talk like him so far as intonations of voice are concerned, and write a hand that might easily be taken for the old man's but when the supreme test comes he is'nt there. There is something wanting.

And so he must be content to walk around under the shadow of his father's big hat, to be pointed out in public places as the son of so and so, and perhaps overhear the frequent remark that "he looks some like his father, but he's no such man and never can be."

If he sticks to private life all may go well, but woe to him if he is tempted to enter the field of politics or compete for official honors among struggling politicians. Then he finds the opposition papers filled with mean and contemptuous slurs, and sees his own poor talents brought into comparison with his father's genius in a very humiliating way. If he doesn't wish that he had never been borne he at least regrets that he didn't make his advent into the world ahead of his illustrious father, so that he might have a chance.

A great man's son not unfrequently resembles his sire in nothing except his weaknesses and his vices, which are reproduced in an exaggerated and more repulsive form. If the father was intemperate the son may be a sot, though this is not so very strange, for if there was no depression incident to inheriting a great name without the talent to sustain it it must inevitably drive a sensitive soul into dissipation.

No humble but persevering young man should ever suffer himself to envy the lot of the great man's son. He is an object of commiseration, rather, for he was handicapped from the start, and, however considerable his own talents may be, he can never hope to soar above the shadow of a great name.

PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

There Are at Least Forty of Them Painted From Life.

There are at least forty original portraits of Washington known to have been painted from life, with a score or more claiming like distinction, says McClure's. To Charles Willson Peale belongs the honor of having painted Washington from life a greater number of times than any other artist. He had not less than fourteen different sittings from Washington, if we can accept the numerations given by his son Rembrandt In May, 1772 while Washington was still a Virginia colonel, he wrote from Mount Vernon: "Inclination having yielded to importunity, I am now, contrary to all expectation, under the hands of Mr. Peale; but in so grave, so sullen a mood—and now and then under the influence of Morpheus when some critical strokes are making—that I fancy the skill of this gentleman's pencil will be put to it in describing to the world what manner of man I am." In September, 1795, when Washington was in his second term as president of the United States, Stuart, meeting Mrs. Washington, urged her to hasten to her husband's protection, as he had just left him where they were "pealing him on the right side and on the left, behind and before." The allusion in this jest of Stuart's was the fact that Charles Wilson Peale, his younger brother James, and his sons Rembrandt and Raphaelle, were availing themselves of this, Washington's last siting, to delineate his features. Between those two, so widely separated in time, Peale unquestionably secured numerous other sittings.

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36.	By Normandie's Blue Hills	H. Trotere
37.	For the Colors	H. L. Wilson
38.	True to the Last	S. Adams
40.	Love Ever Faithful	P. Bucalossi
42.	Come When Soft Twilight Falls	Schumann
44.	Beautiful Face of Jennie Knott	Reissmann
46.	That Word Was "Hope"	W. Nutting
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50.	Easter Eve. Sacred	C. Gounod
52.	Mother's Cry, A	F. Adriance
54.	Musical Dialogue. Duet	E. M. Helmund
56.	Precious Treasure	L. Weller
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60.	Old Glory. National air	J. H. Woods
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64.	Vicar of Bray, The. Old English song	
66.	For You We Are Praying at Home	H. M. Estabrooke
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70.	Dear Heart, We're Growing Old	H. M. Estabrooke
72.	Ellaline	H. K. Betts
74.	In Sweet September	H. Temple
76.	My Home by the Old Mill	M. J. O'Halloran
78.	Can You, Sweetheart, Keep a Secret?	H. M. Estabrooke
80.	See Those Living Pictures	R. Guth
82.	My Old Kentucky Home	S. C. Foster
84.	What Are the Wild Waves Saying? Duet	S. Glover
86.	When Winter Days Have Gone	J. H. Trayne
88.	Shall I Ever See My Mother's Face Again?	F. Adriance

Piano or Organ.

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1.	Catherine Waltzes	D. W. Roth
3.	Schubert's Serenade. Transcription	Fr. Liszt
5.	Silvery Waves. Variations	A. P. Wyman
7.	Visions of Light Waltz	S. G. Cook
9.	Our Little Agnes Waltz	G. M. Gregoire
11.	American Liberty March	S. G. Cook
13.	General Smith's March	J. T. Martin
15.	The Old Oaken Bucket. Variations	C. W. Durkee
17.	Impassioned Dream Waltzes	J. Rosas
18.	Boston Commandery March	T. H. Carter
20.	Frolic of the Frogs Waltz	J. J. Watson
22.	In Hoc Signo Vinces. K. T. March	H. M. Dow
24.	Over the Waves Waltzes	J. Rosas
26.	Village Parade Quickstep	T. F. Allen
29.	Sweet Long Ago. Transcription	C. D. Blake
31.	Song of the Voyager	I. J. Paderewski
33.	Corn Flower Waltzes	C. Coote, Jr
35.	Black Hawk Waltz	M. E. Walsh
37.	Battle of Waterloo	G. Anderson
39.	Ruth, Esther and Marion Schott	A. M. Cohen
41.	Crack 4 March	G. Ashton
43.	Leap Year Schottische	O. Kahn
45.	March Winds Galop	D. Mansfield
47.	Cleveland's Second Term March	L. C. Noice
49.	Full of Ginger March	W. Nutting
51.	Blue-Bird Echo Waltz	M. Morrison
53.	Greeting of Spring	C. Schultze
55.	Memorial Day March	L. Hewitt
57.	Twilight Echoes	F. A. Jewell
59.	Wedding March	Mendelssohn
61.	Morning Star Waltz	F. E. Zahn
63.	McKinley & Hobart March	J. W. Turner
65.	Bells of Corneville. Potpourri	L. C. Elson
67.	Bryan & Sewall March	L. C. Noice
69.	Flirting in the Starlight Waltz	A. de Lasaide
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73.	Storm Mazurka	W. T. Keefer
75.	Scherzettino, op. 48	A. Gallmann
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We can smile at all the sneers
That the mockers idly fling,
For we know that we will have our vindication.
And the bards of after years
In our praise will loudly sing,
And proclaim us benefactors of the nation.

Though we seldom have the power
To make just the proper laws;
Though we fail to give expression to our learning,
There will surely come an hour
When we'll earn the world's applause,
There is nothing to prevent us from adjourning.
—Washington Star.

When Grease Was Used in Boilers.

Whenever grease gets into a boiler the evil effects are common to every type. In the old days grease used to be purposely introduced in order to prevent scale, and most of us have heard of the man who was sent to clean a boiler, and who made himself so comfortable that he fell asleep inside. He was forgotten and the boiler closed up and set to work. After the usual lapse of time boiler-cleaning day again came round, and to the astonishment of every one the boiler was found to be free from scale. The mystery was, however, explained when the bones of the missing man were found at the bottom. It is however, more than doubtful if any other kind of animal or vegetable fat would have produced such surprising results, and boiler-scalers are not available every day for such a purpose.—Cassier's Magazine.

Utah's Natural Gas.

Another natural gas well has been completed at Lake Shore, Utah, which registers a pressure of 258 pounds, and 150,000 feet of gas from the new spouter is now being turned into the mains of Salt Lake City daily.

—The Cough which is scarcely noticeable is often the most dangerous. Very little doses of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant will ...

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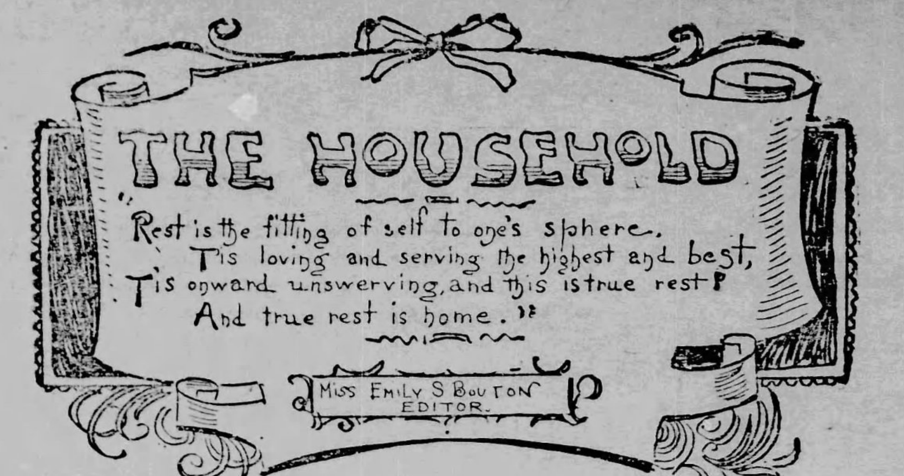
"What do you intend to get your husband for a Christmas gift?"

"I can't make up my mind whether to give him lace curtains, a dinner set, new portieres, or a drawing room clock."

The Truth Comes Out.

Bobbles—I hear you are in business for yourself now.

Wiggins—I thought I was, but from the little I get out of it it appears that I am in business for other people.—Boston Transcript.



WHAT SHOULD I CLAIM?

If all Love's gifts of grace or power,
Lay spread before my choice this hour,
What should I claim as life's best dower?
Dear God, how should I know?

Unfailing love, from sun to sun?
Unfailing wealth, in honor won?
Unfailing health—all gifts in one?
Nay; all of these may go.

For love, that comes our lives to bless
Must evermore be counted less
In grace, and might and tenderness,
Than gifts that from us flow.

And health the tender soul may drain
Of power to share the sufferers' pain;
And strength is weakness, power is vain,
That soothes no human woe.

And wealth of treasure, land or gold,
Is only sweet to have and hold
To those whose mercies manifold
In ceaseless gifts o'erflow.

So, from the dazzling tempting three
How can I choose? Choose thou for me,
Give or withhold, but let me be
Content God's will to know.

Give love until I love outpour—
Give pain, that those whose hearts are sore
May feel, for them, I suffer more
Than for my own small woe.

Give wealth, but not for selfish greed,—
Wealth for the sad world's pain and need;
Give Thou Thyself, then rich indeed
All else may come or go.

M. L. D.

A FEW LAST WORDS

OF ONE OF WHOM HER COUNTRY MAY WELL BE PROUD.

Influence of Literature Upon the Life of the People — What Charles Dudley Warner Says.

I think every one who was ever interested in Kate Field breathes more freely now that the long talk about bringing her physical remains back to her native shores is ended, and tender, loving friends have held over them the solemn ceremonies thought to be appropriate to such occasions. Under a pall of sweet violets, we are told, they rested, and around them upon every side were the beautiful tokens of the respect and affection which were hers in life. And many of the best and brightest of the men and women of the golden state came together to do honor to her memory.

I am glad that this is so. While to me, personally, there seemed nothing sad that the worn-out and discarded home of the soul whose personality we knew as Kate Field, should be lying there on that sea-girt isle within sound of the never ceasing, melodious beating of the waters, yet there were those who deemed it only fitting that all which was mortal of this gifted woman should become the charge of her countrymen. And so it is well that her ashes rest near her father's grave.

Even with the knowledge that this has been done, it is hard for me to realize that Kate Field has passed out of the physical world. The last time I saw her she appeared so much alive, so full of vital energy, so thrilling with intellectual power, that many years seemed stretching before her in which to work. And she always worked to a purpose, with a well defined understanding of what she desired to accomplish. She has left her impress upon the times in which she lived—an impress that will not soon fade away.

As Kate Field her work is done, and with these last rites we say to her farewell, but well we know that the strong, buoyant, courageous soul lives elsewhere, and will continue to live through the eternities.

I was reading with a great deal of interest lately, the first essay in a volume containing several by that graceful and thoughtful writer, Charles Dudley Warner. It was with regard to the relation of literature to life, and inasmuch as I had received several letters recently, asking questions about the reading of books, his words assumed a greater importance.

He emphasized, in the strongest manner, his belief that real literature has great influence upon common life, that is, the every-day life, not simply that of the scholar, the philosopher and the man of research, but the poorer classes who work for their daily bread are moved and controlled, unconsciously, it may be to themselves, by poems and stories which have entered into the hearts of a people holding their imagination captive, and moulding character to an unmeasured extent. Almost every nation, certainly those which have played any considerable part in the world, have their songs, the words of which are a part of the nation's expression of feeling and sentiment—songs that move, at times, the most stolid to quicker thought and stronger action. Part of their power lies, of course, in the music, but not all, for if the poet has not centered in the lines the spirit of the day, much of the effect would be lost.

Mr. Warner says that "the majority of mankind live largely in their imagination, the office or use of which is to lift them in spirit out of the bare physical conditions in which the majority exist." And then he instances the Oriental peoples among whom poverty is more complete and physical wants less gratified than elsewhere, but who forget it all as the story teller and poet "unfolds to them a realm of imagination in which they are free for the hour to wander, tasting a keen and deep enjoyment that all the wealth of Croesus cannot purchase for his disciples. Measure if you can," he continues, "what poetry is to them, what their lives would be without it." This, which is real literature, lifts them out of their poverty and suffering and brings to them for a season real happiness.

It is not, however, with the peoples of the East alone that the power of true literature is evident. Few nations indeed are there that have not their great epics in which is mirrored their faith, their hopes, their beliefs, that are thus handed down from father to son, entering largely into and influencing their daily living.

Think of what the Scottish peasant's life would be without their popular ballads, the romances of Scott, and the songs of Burns "which keep alive in him the feeling that he is a man, which impart to his blunted sensibility the delicious throb of spring--songs that enable him to hear the birds, to see bits of blue wee bit daisy at his feet—songs that hearten him when his heart is fit to break with misery." The same thing is true, though perhaps in a somewhat lesser degree, in England whose poets and imaginative writers have put into song and story the impulses and emotions that rule the lives of her people. For Mr. Warner makes these writings the true literature because they appeal to the inner being far more than to what represents the outer life, and they are therefore of supreme importance. He believes that such literature has a "saving power in lives which do not suspect its influence and power."

It is the lack of realization of the influence of literature upon human life with which Mr. Warner is doing battle. He says that there are only a few people who regard it seriously "as a necessary element in life, as anything more than an amusement or a vexation." While acknowledging all that energy and wealth are accomplishing for the country, the marvels in the way of overcoming difficulties and conquering obstacles, he regrets this phase of modern life which makes "its ideal, its highest expression, its consummate flower" the acquisition of enormous wealth. He sees in this absorption seeds of decay, just as Plato did in the days of long ago, for whatever leads wholly to a consideration of gain and a forgetfulness that there is anything else in life worth striving for, dims the moral sense at last, and this is final and certain destruction, as the history of the world shows.

Mr. Warner has made a strong plea for a greater consideration of literature as an influence to pervade life upon all sides. He gives it a far higher place as a molding influence than it is usually accorded. If what he says be true, and there is small question about the matter, then it is of the utmost importance that in every home of the land a well selected, even if small, library should be held a necessity. Though so young a nation, there are poems and stories that represent its life and thrill the hearts of old and young. To each child of the household these should be made familiar, and they will enter into the warp and woof of the character, making better and truer men and women.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

There is no mean work save that which is sordidly selfish; there is no irreligious work save that which is morally wrong; while in every sphere of life "the post of honor is the post of duty."—Chapin.

OUR COSY CORNER.

OLD WINTER'S COLD MAKES HOME FIRESIDES PLEASANT.

Let Us Gather Together and Talk Matters Over—Keep Hopeful and Courageous.

And now the New Year's good resolutions are in order. I wonder how many of the Cozy Corner friends remember what they resolved to do a year ago? And how many have kept their resolutions, even one of them? It isn't that we are not sincere when we make these promises to ourselves, but we forget them in the hurry and rush of our daily lives, or we grow tired of thinking of them every day, and so come to neglect them purposely.

One mother of my acquaintance, who recognizes how easy it is to "forget to remember" (as her youngest boy expresses it), and who also has learned that a promise made just to ourselves, is more easily broken than one made to some other person, adopted this plan with her children:

On New Year's Day of each year, every child who can do so is asked to write in a blank book, over his or her name, what they will try to do in the way of self-improvement during the year; what fault of theirs they will endeavor to overcome. For those who cannot write, the mother acts as amanuensis. Just before the next Christmas day the book is opened, and these promises read in family conference, and each person has an opportunity of telling how well they have succeeded in keeping these promises, which, by the way, are frequently quite surprising to the children, they having entirely forgotten what they promised.

My friend tells me that she has kept this yearly record of promises and failures for several years and that while the "failures" are very much in evidence at the close of each year, she feels certain that it has helped, not only the younger members of the family, but that it acts as a check upon the older ones, who are reminded of their promises by hearing the little ones say to each other, "I musn't do that, because I wrote in the 'Promise Book' that I wouldn't."

This is a suggestion for the Cozy Corner friends. We might write down our resolutions and refer to the book occasionally for the purpose of refreshing our memories, even if we haven't quite courage enough to make a family affair of it. It would help us all, I am sure.

"If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain."

Among the first letters of the New Year is this from Mrs. E. E. McL., of Oregon:

Dear Cozy Corner Friends:—I have been thinking of the experiences of the old year to-night, of all that has come to me in that time, and I have grown so "blue" that I must have a little visit with some one, and as my relations all live more than a thousand miles away, and my nearest neighbor ten miles, you see I can make a pen and paper visit the easiest of all.

Like the friend who wrote such a sad Thanksgiving letter, it has seemed sometimes as if I had nothing but trouble to be thankful for. We, Tom and I, and our four children, came to this state a little less than a year ago. He had failed in business in our Eastern home, and by the aid of friends had been enabled to make a new start in life on a small farm out here.

We neither of us knew anything of farm life, but it was all we could find to try, so we have done our best.

From our ignorance of what to do and how to do it, the crops we put in in the spring have been a total failure. The children have, some of them, been sick nearly all of the time, and two of the four dear ones have been taken from us. I tell you, friends, you cannot know what trouble is, till you see those whose lives are [illegible] lack of proper food and care, as I did my two boys last summer. Then Tom, my husband, was stricken down, under the unaccustomed work, and for several days it seemed as if he, too, must be taken from me, but he recovered, though he will never be real strong and well.

So you see, I have had much to discourage me, and to-night I have been looking for the bright spots in our life, and this is what I find. First, Tom and the two children are still with me to advise and comfort me, even though just now they are of little assistance in any other way. Second, I have been able to do all that it was possible for me to do for them; that is, I haven't been obliged to neglect them on account of any sickness myself.

Then again the very troubles we have had, have been the means of showing us what noble men and women we have for neighbors in this Western home of ours, for they would come from miles away to help us when Tom and the children were sick; and when the boys died, both inside of one week—I can't talk of that time—you who have experienced the sympathy of your friends at such a time, will know something of how we feel towards those who were with us then, but to fully appreciate our feelings, you will need to be away from every one of your friends, with not one person near you upon whom you have a claim for love or sympathy. God bless them, every one.

It has helped me, friends, to have written this letter to you, for it has freshened up my memory of all the things I have to be thankful for, and for that reason I thank you for listening to me.

"Hoosier Forget-Me-Not" offers her sympathy to Missouri Jay, and says that she has had a similar experience in working for others without being appreciated.

Frances Howard came in for just a moment this morning with a suggestion for our housekeepers:

Good morning, dear Cozy Corner friends, and a happy New Year to all of you. I can't stay only just long enough to tell you of an idea that I think will help us all.

During my Thanksgiving visit at my old home I noticed that my sister-in-law, who has charge of the "homestead," and

"A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath,
Than my brother's wife, Elizabeth."

if I may be pardoned for so adapting the lines of Jean Ingelow's poem—as I was saying, Elizabeth carried, fastened with a ribbon to her belt, a little note book and pencil, and in the book she noted down everything she wished to remember. All engagements, all things necessary for the house, any reference she wished to look up—everything was written down when it occurred to her, and the result was that the busy woman never neglected any part of her work.

Some of our friends think it will help to weaken one's memory to depend so much on notes, but I shall try it this year, and thought I would just tell of it in The Blade, so that I might help some other person who is apt to forget some of the many things she has to do.

You fellows in the city, don't you sometimes wish that you
Could sit out on the kitchen porch just like you used to do,
And look across the meadows at the distant spires of town?
While behind the black west woodland the red sun filtered down;
While the evening winds were snapping the blossoms from the trees,
And the old dog looked up at you with his paws upon your knees.
There's no spot that you love better beneath the azure dome
Than the kingdom of your boyhood—the old farm home.
—Inter-Ocean.

Uncle Ben makes his first call upon the ladies of the Cozy Corner, this week, and we all hope his reception will be so warm that he will come again. Why is it that we hear so seldom from the "men folks?" Are they afraid to give their opinions, or do they think of the Cozy Corner as they do of school teaching and church work, that it is 'womans work,' and therefore not up to their standard? If that is the case they should come often with something that will elevate us, and if they do not come because they are afraid, let them take courage and come right along. We will give them a welcome, just as we do Uncle Ben

Dear friends of the Cozy Corner, I come in a little late but I have so much to be thankful for I must come. First, I am thankful for the bright little articles I read each week in your department of The Blade, and for the helpful articles of Miss Bouton's, and for The Blade altogether. Then there are innumerable blessings that come to me in my everyday life. But the one great blessing of the year, as I think, is the election of McKinley, by which was averted the greatest calamity that ever threatened this nation.

A determined woman thus gives her idea of who is the best woman:

The best woman is the unselfish one, who has the gift of imparting knowledge and devotes the most of her time for the betterment of the condition of this world. Her voice is needed for framing laws that shall protect the home. There are many unjust laws concerning womanhood, which could have been righted long ago had there not been a tendency to keep women under subjection. As the law makers have not been gallant, fair and honest enough, to remedy these laws why should not women, step by step, so far as they can, begin the reformation? She has to pay her taxes, her money and work is gladly accepted, by the ministers for the benefit of the heathen and for the support of the home church and all of our great social reformers are supported by women. In all she has strictly observed the "golden rule" which has been taught her from the pulpit, and now, why cannot she become a citizen instead of being classed with the criminals?

Many seem alarmed when women show any inclination to step from under the iron bar and out of the ill-fitting harness. They are fearful she may gain her rights, remedy the laws, abandon home and become unmarriageable. As for the home, she has not always been sure of one, as has been proven. Let me give a little instane:

Mr. B. and wife started out in life poor, by their joint efforts and economic ideas of the wife gained a fortune. Two children died in infancy. They reached old age together, then the husband died. This broken-hearted widow did not understand the law. Soon the state found relatives of the deceased husband, whom neither the wife or husband had ever known, and transferred to them the most of the property which justly belonged to this distressed, hard-worked woman. If this law has been remedied, it has been lately.

School Teacher asks the authorship and the whole quotation from which the following is taken: "The hand that rocks the cradle, is the hand that rules the world."

It is from a poem written many years ago by William Ross Wallace, and the first stanza runs thus:

"They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty sceptre
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power and stronger,
Man from his throne has hurled
And the hand that rocks the cradle,
Is the hand that rules the world."

Cook is informed that "Paprika," which she sees mentioned in recipes is a kind of pepper. It is sometimes called the sweet, or Hungarian pepper. The fruit is dried and ground to a fine powder which is used largely in cooking, as it is less pungent than cayenne pepper.

Mabelle L., wishes to know the author of the following lines. Who will tell her?

"Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull, at whiles;
Helping, when you meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles."

Millie has a sad story to tell of how she wishes, "O, so much," to go away for a long visit with friends and her mamma does not approve, and while she does not forbid Millie from going, she just says "do as you think best," which the daughter thinks is "just too bad, for she knows I can't go when she says that." Millie asks the editor for advice on this very important subject. [illegible] well enough what she ought to do, and it seems as if she was wishing the editor to encourage her in doing what she evidently wishes to do, and if that be the case, she will be quite disappointed. She had better trust to her mother's wisdom and remain at home, consoling herself with that thought of Longfellow's:

"Stay, stay at home
My heart, and rest.
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
To stay at home is best."

Annie Mation says, "tell Inquirer, that ink stains may be removed from furniture by applying a solution of nitre and water with a brush, then washing with clear water and wiping with a soft cloth, and that windows may be kept free from a covering of frost by wiping them with a cloth wet with alcohol.

BLADE FANCY WORK CLUB.

The Prize for Greatest Number of Available Suggestions Awarded.

The editor takes great pleasure in introducing to the club as the winner of the prize offered for the greatest number of suggestions for fancy work sent in between Oct. 25 and Dec. 25. Charter Member No. 7, Mrs. Alice A. Koller, of Ohio (of course!).

In making this announcement, she wishes to make another to the effect that this club has come to stay.

Do not think because this prize has been awarded that "school's out" and there's no use sending any more ideas.

She hopes to hear frequently from all the present members, whom she thanks most heartily for the assistance they have given her so freely and kindly.

She hopes also to welcome many new members during the coming year, and to put this club on as successful a footing socially and helpfully as the M. G. R. now maintains.

To do this, she needs your co-operation, women of the Household.

Prizes will be offered frequently during the year, and a strict record kept of all suggestions sent in.

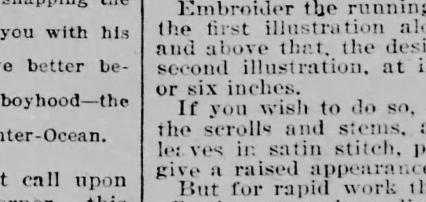
Addresses for private correspondence will be forwarded on application, and all "club privileges" enjoyed.

The prize-winner took precedence in the column this morning as a matter-of-course, and so far from seeming at all puffed up by her new-found honors, told us very affably indeed how to make a

Table-Spread.

She said: A remarkably pretty and serviceable table-spread may be made of dark blue denim, costing 15 cents a yard.

Take a square of the denim, using the light side for the right side, and put a border of the cloth half the width all around it, using the dark side for the right side, mitering the corners.



Embroider the running vine shown in the first illustration along the edges, and above that, the design given in the second illustration, at intervals of five or six inches.

If you wish to do so, you can outline the scrolls and stems, and work the leaves in satin stitch, padding them to give a raised appearance.

But for rapid work that will be very effective at a short distance, thread a

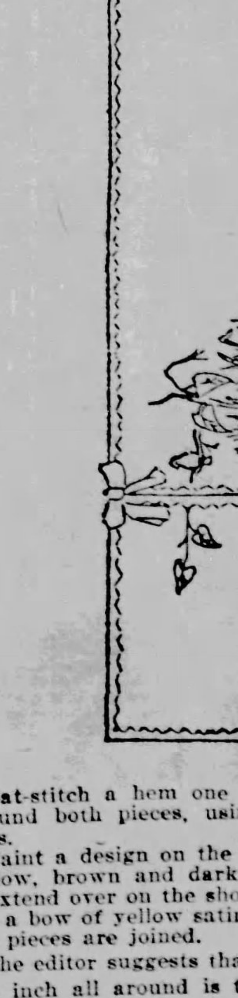
darning-needle with soft white cotton and put in the leaves with long, cross-stitches, the centres in yellow floss; the stems in outline or rope stitch, and you will be surprised at the beauty of the work, as the colors show well on the dark blue.

It would be fully as striking, worked on rose denim with black knitting silk, and in either case is easily laundered and will stand an immense amount of wear.

Ex-Schoolma'am came to the front after this, and told us how to construct a dainty

Shelf Lambrequin.

Take a piece of fine white swiss, 10 inches wide and long enough to reach around the shelf, and cut it in two pieces, one-half as long as the other.



Cat-stitch a hem one inch deep all around both pieces, using yellow silk floss.

Paint a design on the larger piece in yellow, brown and dark green, letting it extend over on the shorter piece, and put a bow of yellow satin ribbon where the pieces are joined.

The editor suggests that, as a hem of one inch all around is to be made on each of these pieces, some allowance must be made in measuring the length of the swiss, lest the lambrequin fail to "reach the limit" when it is finished.

Mrs. S. D. Shepard was on hand again this morning with a description of another of her numerous

Home-Made Rugs.

It is a design for a rug which is very handsome when nicely done. Burlap canvas is used for the foundation, and should be fastened in a frame; it can be obtained at fancy goods stores with designs painted upon it, or it can be marked with chalk at home.

Cut pieces of any woolen cloth about an inch and a half square. With a needle and strong thread take each piece through the centre and draw it down tightly to the foundation, filling in the pattern first and afterward making the ground-work. The pieces should be put on about half an inch apart, so the edges will stand up, forming the "pile" of the rug, which must be trimmed off evenly, the ends of the rug being finished with worsted fringe or scallops.

He who holds back rising anger like a [illegible]

IAN MACLAREN.

HIS RECENT VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A Chatty Description of How He Appeared at a Reception in His Honor.

In the new ball room of the Hotel Waldorf, which is a delightful imitation of the salon of an Italian villa, all white and gold, and tall mirrors, and frescoes in the most delicate tintings, a room, in short, in which young girls should dance in white gowns, and fair women should look their fairest, and brave men their bravest, the Rev. John Watson, D. D., otherwise Ian Maclaren, lectured the other morning before a very large audience, in which ladies were vastly preponderant. A reception had been given Mr. and Mrs. Watson (or Mrs. Maclaren, as many people insisted on saying) at the Aldine Club the day before. The Aldine is a publishers' club, situated in the plain rooms of an old-fashioned house on the lower part of Fifth avenue. Its atmosphere is solid and bookish. Prominent among its members are the American publishers of Ian Maclaren's books.

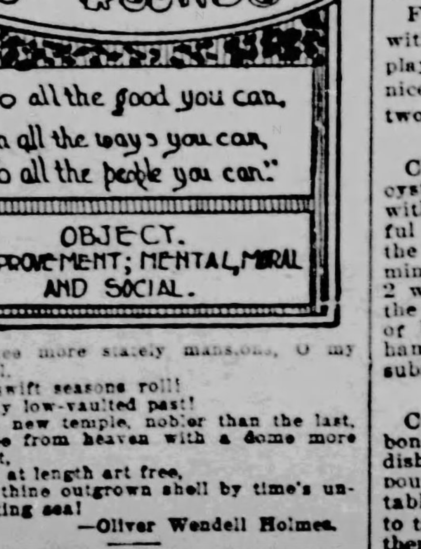
A tall, squarely built, sturdy man, with a smooth-shaven face in which there is an abundance of determination, that is Ian Maclaren. His wife, a tall lady, too, with an English-looking bonnet worn high-perched on dark hair, has a countenance with features equally strong, in their way. Both have Scotch

voices in conversation and the Scotch accent. I say in conversation, because in lecturing Ian Maclaren loses the Scotch intonation almost entirely.

It is a kindly face, withal, and it lights up as he lectures, with a smile that is very shrewd, and what the French call fin. A different type of man altogether from his countryman Barrie, whom it was almost impossible to bring out of his shell while he was here, and who appears to dislike publicity. Ian Maclaren seems to enjoy meeting people, admirers drawn to him through his books, etc. One cannot, after seeing and hearing him, think of him as a man of the most sensitively-strong organization, and it is quite possible to conceive of him as making mistakes in taste—even as some people think that he makes such mistakes in his books, by bearing down too heavily on the sentimental chord—but it is impossible not to feel conscious in his presence of the moral worth of the man. His is evidently just as deeply conscientious and earnest a character as one gets the notion of when one reads "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." His handshake and frank glance are those of a man who tries to live up to his professions; and those are high. Perhaps I should merely say to his profession. But somehow, Ian Maclaren does not give you the impression of a clergyman. Perhaps his dress, which is as unclerical as it can be—he goes about in a derby hat and a dark checked capeulster—tends to produce that effect.

I think that he is touched by the profound admiration felt in our country for his works, and by the influence which they have had, and that influence is undoubtedly very great. The genial humanity of Ian Maclaren makes a large appeal. The critical may hold a little aloof and contend that he fails to move them because his artistic sense is lacking in finesse. But he stirs the less sophisticated natures to the depths; and it is a fortunate thing that there are so many of those "less sophisticated" in the world. At his lecture on "The Sentiment of the Scots"—their love and their religious feelings, a theme which he illustrates by reading portions of two books, here and there—he stirs them so unmistakably that there are few dry eyes in the serried ranks of his audience. It is less the literary that he reaches in his lectures than the great mass of warm-blooded people, who are really full of the milk of human kindness, and full of romance in the bottom of their hearts, but who conceal all this under an exterior of cold practicality that seems to say that it would have nothing to do with sentiment for the world. As a matter of fact, we Americans, under that assumed exterior which we are so fond of wearing, are as sentimental a nation as exist on the surface of the globe. Ian Maclaren has discovered that truth, and it was not difficult for him to do so, because he himself belongs to the corresponding type of Scotchman.

One thing he would surely like to correct in us, as a people, is our improvidence. Like many another prominent Scotchman and Englishman who has come over among us one seems to detect that he takes that characteristic of ours hard. Our high-pressure way of doing things, our living without thought of the morrow, give us an effect of frivolity to observers like Herbert Spencer, Matthew Arnold, etc., and they will continue to give us that effect to others. For some time to come yet that rather absurd state of things will obtain in which the very liberality that enables foreign lecturers—all manner of foreign entertainers—to carry away from our shores large sums of money, will be associated in their minds with our disposition to throw away more of our substance (in more ways than one) than is good for us. That is inevitable just now. By-and-by it will adjust itself differently. The foreign critic will have less cause to consider us with gloomy prognostication in this regard, and be less inclined to scold us for it (one can't deny that he is right; we are too extravagant), but he will also, when that time comes, leave us with less well-filled pockets than now.—Evening Wisconsin.



Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by time's unresting sea!
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

We have eleven new members asking admittance at the beginning of this new year, representing nine states, and we give them all a cordial welcome. [illegible] Egyptian Farmer and a Little Fairy; Webfoot from Oregon; Kate Noteman and a Sucker School Boy, together with one who announces himself as "Hoosere Puer Poeta," and promises to send us an original poem dedicated to Miss Prudence, make the list of newcomers, and to welcome them are Geraldine, Invalid, Chinook, H. L. Norton, Red Bird, Florence and the Pastry Cook, who is always welcome about the time that holiday dinners are due.

The Egyptian Farmer has been where very few of the M. G. Rs. have—down in a coal mine, and perhaps he will tell us what he saw there, some day when he is better acquainted.

Pastry Cook asks the teachers in the Merry-Go-Round to tell him what is meant by "the mightier power" spoken of in Bryant's poem "The Winds."

Red Bird, W. Va.—Must not remain away so long again or she will surely "forget the way." She thinks that Birdie's advice should be taken by all the M. G. R girls, and she does not believe in parties or balls.

Sunflower:—Who by the way, is the fourth of that name from her state to come into our circle. We shall soon have a large boquet of sunflowers and will have to allow Sunflower Kid to take charge of it. This latest Sunflower likes our motto, and does not consider social parties as a step downward.

Missouri Girl, No. 2:—Forgot to give her address. She suggests a question for discussion that is, as she says, of great importance, but will hardly be possible to introduce it in this column as it would require more space than we can well spare.

Florence:—In the midst of holiday pleasure; anticipating sleigh rides, etc., finds time to write a nice letter to Miss Prudence, containing Christmas wishes, for which she will please accept thanks. She enclose the programme of a Sunday school entertainment, in which we see that she asked for "a place for the Boys."

Chinook Wind:—Thinks that the good or ill effects of any social gathering depends entirely upon the time, place and company. He has seen much evil come from "revivals" and prayer meetings, and a great deal of innocent, harmless pleasure obtained from a dancing party held at the house of a friend of the dancers, when early hours were kept and none but congenial friends invited.

Miss Prudence agrees with him, that it is not the exercise of dancing, or of games, that is hurtful, it is the manner in which these things are taken.

Webfoot:—In a private note, asks Miss Prudence to tell her, through The Blade, if there is "anything wrong" with her letter. In the first sentence there is one expression that isn't quite ladylike. Do you remember it, Webfoot? Do not allow yourself to use such words, for, while they do not come under the head of wicked or vulgar, they are not such as will be at all helpful to you, or to others to whom you may say them. If you will give a little more attention to your spelling—you know Miss Prudence is very particular about that—and avoid the use of some ungramatical expressions, I think you will make one of our very best correspondents. If you do not write again, I shall think you were not sincere in asking for corrections of your letter, but only said it "in fun," as the children say. That is useless for any of Miss Prudence's girls or boys to do. The object, or one of the objects of the M. G. R. is for improvement, and when one wishes to be helped, the Chaperone is always willing to help them, but they must not say anything they do not mean.

Our new member from Indiana, Hoosere Puer Poeta, sends this message to his state president:

M. G. R's, awaken, and especially ye members of Hoosierdom. Let us all unite to make the column a principal feature of The Blade. Let your individual motto be "I will," and with each message try to scatter a ray of that celestial sunshine, "hope" to weary humanity.

Your suggestion was excellent. Thank you for it, Poeta, and if found possible, it will be acted upon. Your messages to friends in the M. G. R. were all good, but we have to omit them this week to make room for some who have been waiting for some time. We must give this sentiment from your letter, however, as it is so valuable:

"Every day is a little life and we cannot attain unto our ideals, except by daily striving forward, upward and onward."

Conquer your foe by force, and you increase his enmity; conquer by love, and you reap no after-sorrow.—Fo-sho-hing-tean-king.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

An Ode to the "Cook Lady."

She goes to cooking-school; and now
She bakes and brews and stews, I vow,
And thinks (absurd) that she knows how!

She goes to cooking-school, the minx;
She looks as solemn as a sphinx
When she's concocting doughs and drinks.

She goes to cooking-school; I wish
You knew the way she fixes fish,
And then could hear her praise the dish.

She goes to cooking-school; and she
Comes home and harps incessantly
On culinary chemistry.

She goes to cooking-school; we fuss
Because it's dangerous to thus
Let her experiment on us.

She goes to cooking-school; I ween
She's right when she declares I'm mean,
To christen her the Kitchen Queen.

She goes to cooking-school; it's plain
We're doomed to starve until the reign
Of some new fad attacks her brain.

During the holiday season one is very apt to have unexpected company drop in, and it becomes necessary to make some quickly prepared addition to the family dinner. Of these nothing is so easily prepared as a soup, and nothing is more acceptable, but even when you have a good supply of stock on hand, it takes some little time to prepare this, and for this reason The Blade Cook thinks her friends will appreciate this, which is well named:

Instantaneous Soup.

Into a sauce pan place 3 pints of water, and while it is heating, grate 1 tablespoonful each of carrot, turnip and celery. Add this, with 2 tablespoonfuls of canned tomatoes, 1 teaspoonful of grated onion and salt and pepper to taste, to the water when it boils. Cover and boil briskly for five minutes, then dissolve in it 1 teaspoonful of extract of beef. Strain and serve. This quantity is sufficient for three or four persons and can be prepared and served in 15 minutes from the beginning.

This is also nice for a very late supper, when one returns from a sleigh-ride or other pleasure of the kind that makes the need of something hot very evident, as it is warming, nourishing and easily digested.

For the chafing dish now so popular with the young ladies who love to display their skill in preparing something nice for their friends, we give one or two good recipes.

Oysters With Egg.

Chop in quite small pieces 12 large oysters, drain them well and season with salt and pepper. Melt 1 teaspoonful of butter in the chafing-dish, add the oysters and let them simmer a few minutes, then add ½ cupful of milk and 2 well-beaten eggs. Stir constantly till the eggs are set and serve hot on slices of buttered toast. If preferred, lean ham cut in very fine shavings can be substituted for the oysters.

Chicken Terrapin.

Cut up cold chicken, removing all bone and gristle. Put into the chafing-dish 1 cupful of cream (or rich milk), ¼ pound of butter rubbed into 1 large tablespoonful of flour; pepper and salt to taste Add the chicken, let it boil up, then stir in 3 hard-boiled eggs chopped very fine and a small wineglassful of lemon juice. Simmer for a moment and serve.

Like a flower that is rich in color, but has no scent, so are the fine words of him [illegible]

MISS PRUDENCE

STARTS UPON WHAT SHE CALLS A "TOWER" OVER THE COUNTRY.

The Merry-Go-Rounds' Chaperone Travels From Ocean to Ocean to Visit Their Homes.

PRELUDE.

One day last summer, when the mercury ranged anywhere from 90 degrees upward, I sat in my small sanctum working away, between gasps as it were, putting the Merry Go Round into

running order for the week, when a thought came to me like an inspiration, and found expression at once.

"Every last one of you has been away for a pleasure excursion this summer, while I have attended strictly to business; I shall take my turn now, and go on a tour myself."

My audience, consisting of The School Mistress, the Fancy Work Editor and Terence, who had just dropped in, stared in silence, until Mr. O'Shaughnessy recovered from his surprise sufficiently to stammer "where?"

"All over the United States," I answered calmly, regardless of the amazement I was creating.

"I have boys and girls living in 45 different states and territories, and I shall call upon one in each state; Terence, take down The Blade map, and let us mark out the route at once."

Terence obeyed; the route was mapped out, and after sending word to each of my state presidents, and to one member in each state where there was no president, that I intended calling upon them if it would be convenient, and receiving favorable answers in nearly every case, I started forth one fine morning, for my first objective point, Lancaster, O., the home of the M. G. R. president in the Buckeye state.

Right here, I may as well observe, that dates and trains play no conspicuous part in this tour.

I started when I got ready, staid as long as I liked, and came home when I thought best, and if any one wishes to prove that there are more days accounted for herein than come in the fall of the calendar year, I can only pity him for preferring such a "Gradgrindish" occupation—to the exercise of that unreasoning belief in his Chaperone's statements, that every well-disposed M. G. R. should have.

Arrived at Lancaster, Miss Kennard met me at the station with a hearty welcome, also with an easy carriage in which she took me about the city before conveying me to her home, pointing out to me as we drove along, all the public buildings, and passing the old homes of Ewing and Hocking H. Hunter, and the birthplace of Sherman.

We finally reached her pleasant home, about two miles west of Lancaster, and after an early tea, she took me over to the Chautauqua Assembly grounds near her home.

These grounds cover 56 acres, having 400 assembly buildings, among them the new auditorium, the largest hall of its kind west of the Alleghenies.

The next morning we started out with well supplied lunch baskets for a tour to the Boys' Industrial School, six miles south of the city, where we found a number of handsome buildings, and most courteous officials.

There are 775 inmates from 9 to 21 years of age. Each boy goes to school half a day and spends the other half in learning some useful trade.

There is a printing and telegraph office, tailor and shoe-making shops, and shops where carpentering, blacksmithing, and house painting are taught.

These, with conservatory, laundry, farm and dining room work, furnish abundant employment for even this great number of boys.

There is a pretty chapel just completed, where services are held every Sunday by one of the ministers from Lancaster.

On our way home, we stopped at Christmas Rock, an immense boulder which has been split by volcanic force in such a manner as to make some half dozen paths just wide enough for one person to walk through.

Understanding that it was the correct thing for all visitors at Lancaster to walk through one of these narrow alleys I did so, seeing only the blue sky above, peeping through the over-hanging foliage, and the sides of the passage, gracefully draped with mosses and ferns.

Another point of interest was historic Mt. Pleasant, a sharp ledge of sandstone, 365 feet high, sloping from the east and ending almost perpendicularly at the west; at its base lie the Lancaster Fair Grounds. History says it was deposited here by a glacier, and it is geographically of great value.

It has a romantic history connected with it also concerning a beautiful maiden who was carried away by the Indians, and after being in captivity for many months, was rescued by her faithful lover and borne away in triumph.

She was called Forest Rose, and over north of Mt. Pleasant is a beautiful cemetery named in her honor.

After a night of "sweet repose" I said good-bye to Miss Kennard and started away, bright and early for Pittsburg, where Mr. R. M. Humphrey, state president for Pennsylvania, had agreed to meet me.

It is unnecessary to relate that he was there on time, and we were soon whirling away in the electric cars to the Allegheny side of the river, where we visited the rolling mills.

Here we were met by the foreman, who showed us the immense blast furnaces, where the ore is melted, the heavy machinery that turns it into steel rails, the great hammers run by steam power, and last, but not least, the toothless saws that cut the rails into 30-foot lengths.

Returning to Pittsburg, we were hospitably entertained at the American House, and after dinner visited the library, given to the people by Mr. Carnegie. It is a fine building, containing reading rooms, baths, etc., besides a collection of many thousand volumes.

A boat excursion up the Monongahela [illegible] the famous battle-field, where the general whose name it bears was killed in action with the French and Indians.

Both are now enterprising manufacturing towns, but their historic interest is still their greatest attraction.

The next morning we started by rail for Clarion, crossing the Allegheny at Foxburg on a bridge over a hundred feet high.

The steep, high hills were full of interest to me, coming from a part of the country where there are none, though it was an anxious sort of interest, too, as we climbed grades, descended into hollows, and, just before we reached our destination, crossed three trestles respectively 81, 84 and 82 feet high, our train swaying from side to side as if it would surely go down!

At Clarion we visited the State Normal School, and were shown through the numerous buildings by the principal, Prof. Davis. The school has its own electric plant, most of the buildings containing electric lights, and all of them being heated by steam.

Leaving the town behind us, Mr. Humphrey took me through woods tinted with autumn's gold and crimson, past countless oil derricks, and fields of green wheat and rye, to the cosy brown house surrounded by fruit trees and grape vines, where he welcomed me most heartily to his home, and treated me to the ideal "country fare"—chicken, bread and butter, jellies, preserves, and the inevitable pumpkin pie.

An early morning drive of 30 miles brought us next day to Punxytawney, where we took the train for Altoona. The scenery here is very grand; hills and mountains rising in every direction.

Our line took us over the famous Horse-shoe, where we looked down hundreds of feet so nearly perpendicularly that we shuddered to think what the result would be should the train jump the track.

Fortunately it was a well-mannered train and did nothing so indiscreet, but took us safely over the mountains, down the beautiful Juniata, past the mountain where the famous Capt. Jack lived, and into Harrisburg, where we inspected the state capitol, and hurried away to the City of Brotherly Love.

Here Girard College first attracted our attention. It is built after the Athenian style of architecture, and its founder, Stephen Girard, made the rather remarkable proviso that no minister should enter it, either to preach or as a guest.

After leaving the college, my escort procured a carriage and we drove through the streets, seeing block after block of houses precisely alike.

Passing through the magnificent Fairmount Park, where the Centennial Exposition was held in 1876, we returned to the city, and after a brief glimpse of the famous bridge over the Delaware at this point, he took me to the station, and having settled me comfortably in the coach, shook hands and departed, leaving me to meditate on the beauties of Pennsylvania hospitality all the way to New York state, where my next stop was to be.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHO WAS SHE?

She was an eminent English authoress, whose writings ranged through the departments of history, politics, social economy, and fiction. Her style was clear and lively, securing her works a deserved popularity. She was born in 1802, and died in 1876.

C. M. B.

2.—UNMERICAL ENIGMA.

Where you see my 1 2 3
You'll find it busy as can be;
Each hotel waiter is alert—alive
That he may win a 3 4 5.
And the poet has this desire in fine
That he may write many 6 7 8 9.

J. H. N.

3.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Two ladders, one 25 feet and the other 39 feet long, are placed side by side, leaning against a building. The shorter one just reaches the bottom, and the other the top of a window which is 7 feet long. How high is the top of the window from the ground?

INVALID.

4.—CRISS-CROSS.

O
X O X
X X O X X
X X X O X X X
O O O O O O O O O
X X X O X X X
X X O X X
X O X
O

1.—A consonant.
2.—A man's name.
3.—A Jewish title.
4.—The frame work of a bridge.
6.—Part of a saddle.
7.—A bed covering.
8.—A turn of the tide.
9.—A vowel.

Centrals down and across spell something we would like to have all our neighbors do for The Blade.

INDA.

5.—QUERY.

What was the Crystal Palace of the United States?

N. E. GIRL.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:
"Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it."

PANSY.

Answers to Puzzles of December 24.

1.—Charles Sumner.
2.—Words forming tree: C, aha, ore, prime, music, feather, mas; centrals, Christmas.
3.—"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."
4.—"Under the mistletoe." Words: Sun, mirth, Toledo, seltee.

Answer to Query of December 17, sent by A. Faul:
Painters' cream is a composition which artists employ to cover oil paintings to prevent them from drying while not at work upon them. It is made from six parts of fine nut oil, one part gum mastic, one-fourth part sugar of lead, and a little water. After being used, it is easily removed with a damp sponge.
Cecil wrote:
"The first step to knowledge is to know that we are ignorant."

Chat.

The Wonder Column editor wishes all her correspondents a very happy new year, and many of them.

New England Girl wins the December Bannership; W. P. E. second; A. Faul third, and Arion fourth.

W. P. E. having held the bannership for seven months out of the twelve, and having 300 credit marks to his account, wins the annual prize, New England Girl being a close second in the race. Congratulations are in order.

The largest attendance during the year was in March; the smallest in June; and 359 puzzles have been accepted since January 1.

The usual annual prize will be given this year to the puzzler sending the greatest number of correct answers during the twelve months; and the Bannership will be awarded each month to the puzzler who sends the best list of answers during that month.

Correct solutions were received this week from W. P. E., Virginia, Marley Cranford, Hoosier Boy, A. Faul, Arion, S. S. Ferguson, Della Howley, Dy, and Samuel Langdoc.

Puzzles were accepted from W. P. E., Arion, and Dy.

Virginia: Authors' names should be sent with quotations. Come again.

Arion: Wishes the Column a happy new year.

Dy: You have made a good start; your questions are answered in the fifth paragraph in this week's chat.

All communications for this department should be addressed to The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.—[illegible]

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

WEDDING BELLS.

Marriage of the Governor-Elect of Illinois.

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 30.—St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral was crowded to the doors with society and political folk at high noon to-day when Governor-elect John R. Tanner and Miss Cora Edith English stood before the altar and plighted their troth. The marriage took place after the ritual of the Episcopal church, Rev. Dr. Frederick W. Taylor officiating and

GOVERNOR JOHN R. TANNER.

Bishop George F. Seymour pronouncing the blessing and benediction. Twelve hundred invitations had been issued, and the congregation or audience represented every county in the state and many outside commonwealths. After the church ceremony there was a small wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's father, and the governor-elect and his bride then left for a short Southern wedding trip. They will return a few days prior to the inauguration.

Governor-elect Tanner's marriage to-day is his second venture on seas of matrimony, his first wife, by whom he has children now married, having died several years ago. The bride of to-day is the daughter of Turney English, of this city, and has been one of the queens of belledom.

She belongs to one of the oldest families in the United States, and which traces its ancestry by noted men and women back through Virginia and Maryland history to old England. With

MISS CORA E. ENGLISH.

American history the family has been identified since 1600.

A spice of romance attaches to the wedding from the fact that it was the bride who first prompted in him the ambition which led to his becoming a candidate for governor.

BIG GOLD STRIKE.

Deadwood is Having Another Gold Find Flurry.

Deadwood, S. D., Dec. 30.—Deadwood is wild about rich gold finds in Ragged Top. Black Hills towns have been emptied by the rush of prospectors. Spearfish, Bear Gulch, Carbonate and St. Onge have taken to the mountain. There has not been such a scattering with ore pans, picks and stakes since Bald Mountain and Ruby Basin put the miners into a fury.

The diggers who first broke ground in the new field have been out but little more than a month, and it is estimated that a fortune a day has been the average.

It has been a poor man's bonanza, the mineral appearing on the surface, and the assays of the quartz taken from the surface and sent to the smelters run from $80 to $100 a ton, with frequent fissures producing as high as $300 a ton. Ragged Top has been passed over time and again by all the men who came to Deadwood for a speculation. It is in a region close to the town, which has not been considered productive of mineral wealth. It is in the limestone formation.

A loitering miner, dreaming of riches, put in his time rambling over the precipitous cliffs overlooking the canon to the east. There were open fissures and outcropping shales, and, picking out a favorable spot, he started a camp. He struck it rich.

The word quickly passed that all the drift was full of gold, and two new towns have already sprung up in the camp. There was a crazy run of prospectors, and surveys have now been made as far West as Bear Gulch and Nigger Hill, 15 miles away. Candid miners are predicting that the golden glory of Cripple Creek is to be equaled, if not excelled by Ragged Top.

Gold fever, which has been prevalent here for the past few years is now a raging epidemic. When Yellow Creek camp was discovered about two years ago, the Black Hills people were amazed at the richness of the deposits. The ore averaged $80 a ton. This was enough to make the community mad, and the woods have been full of adventurers and searchers ever since. There is not a foot of ground for miles and miles around that has not been scrutinized.

Gold finds were made in ground which has been traversed and retraversed annually and semi-annually for 20 years. Ragged Top was practically deserted. It was assumed to have no gold. All the miners are now repeating the old Deadwood axiom that "gold is where you find it."

A CITRUS ARCH.

It Will Be One of the Features of the Inauguration.

Stockton, Cal., Dec. 30.—Col. Henry G. Shaw, of this city, has an original idea for paying a delicate tribute to the office of the President of the United States, and at the same time advertising in an artistic and effective manner the resources of California.

Col. Shaw's novel project, toward the cost of which he has already raised nearly $500, is the erection of a California citrus arch on one of the principal avenues of Washington. The design provides that columns four in number shall be completely enveloped by oranges and lemons. The bases are to be faced with California onyx and marble.

The arch itself is to be of dressed California redwood, trimmed with other California woods, such as laurel, orange and tamarack. On top, on either side, will be exhibited full bearing orange and lemon trees and in the center a California grizzly bear rampant. Suspended from the arch will be a number of crystal globes to be filled with different varieties of California wines. In each of these an incandescent light will illuminate the wine; palms and pampas plumes are also to be used for decorative purposes.

Cattle War Averted.

Denver, Dec. 31.—War between Colorado cattle men and Utah sheep men in Colorado has been averted. The Utah sheep men have decided not to invade Colorado. They were under a misapprehension as to when Gov. McIntyre's quarantine proclamation became null.

A FILIBUSTER WRECKED.

Commodore With an Expedition Sinks at Sea.

Cincinnati, Jan. 4.—A Commercial-Tribune special from Jacksonville, Fla., says:

Seventeen men accounted for out of 28 on the Cuban filibuster Commodore, is the record here with a slight chance of seven more yet alive. Five men came ashore at Daytona yesterday noon, Captain Murphy, Stephen Crane, the novelist, the cook and two sailors. One of the latter, William Higgins, of Rhode Island, died soon after reaching land, from the effects of the high surf. One of the survivors says the tug sank at 7 o'clock Saturday morning, 20 miles off New Smyrnia, caused by a leak which was discovered at about 3 o'clock. It is said that a traitor in Spanish pay was the cause of the leak. He will be found and dealt with later.

On a High Sea.

As the Commodore continued to sink, two boat loads of Cubans, 12 men in all, were first sent off. One boat containing six men was capsized, and it is feared the men were lost. One of the life boats containing nine men was swamped, and a hastily constructed raft was made up from materials thrown to them and they then disappeared to sight.

Captain Murphy, Stephen Crane, the newspaper man; Higgins, and two other sailors took to the 10-foot boat at the last moment. An attempt was made to save the men in the water around them, but the heavy sea and blinding wind made it impossible. For 24 hours they battled with the heavy sea, constantly bailing, until at last land was sighted. As they attempted to land, the boat was capsized, but after an hour's struggle the little company managed to crawl out on the sands almost dead. Captain Murphy saved Mr. Crane by helping him when a cramp caught him. Higgins was struck on the head by floating timbers and died soon after landing.

Jacksonville, Fla., Jan. 4.—The men landed on Key No Name by the Three Friends were all taken off by the steamer Dauntless Saturday night. W. A. Bisbee, owner of the Dauntless, received the following telegram from Miami: "The steamer Dauntless rescued a large body of men and a cargo from Key No Name. Many of the men were in a helpless condition. The Dauntless will wait and meet the Commodore and deliver the men and cargo to her. Will report as per signals seen at Miami, and will return as soon as we meet the Commodore, probably Sunday."

But the Dauntless will never meet the Commodore, and will land the men as best she can.

This confirms the report received from Key West Friday night stating that the Dauntless was anchored off Key No Name Friday afternoon, taking on men and cargo. The Cubans here are very much concerned over the report that many of the men are in a helpless condition. It is not believed that any of them were wounded when fired upon by the Spanish patrol boat off the Cuban coast, but that their condition is the result of exposure on Key No Name.

The key is a deserted island, and the men have had no protection from the weather for the past ten days. It is believed that those who are too weak to be taken further will be brought to this port on the Dauntless. Owner Bisbee states that the Dauntless will be loaded up with a cargo on her return and clear for Cuba. Over ten car loads of munitions of war are stored in this immediate vicinity awaiting transportation. The man-of-war Newark is now off the bar to aid the revenue cutters in their work.

CUBAN FINANCES.

The Revolutionists Are in Very Straitened Circumstances.

Boston, Dec. 31.—The Journal says: The Cuban provisional government has forwarded a statement of money, munitions of war and provisions furnished for carrying on the war from all parts of the world since July 30, 1895, and up to November 30, 1896.

It was received in Washington a few days ago by Major Patrick, of the Cuban commissary department and is for the purpose of showing how the finances have stood since the war began, which it is believed will have its effect in obtaining the additional money asked for the past week by the leading Cubans of this country.

The statement is also made that when the struggle began, General Gomez, the Cuban commander, agreed to serve through the war for $100,000, to be paid in installments of $20,000 every three months. It is claimed also that he has already received $60,000 from the provisional government and that the remainder is now due, and for that reason he has become careless and inactive which accounts for the present state of affairs.

Gomez a Patriot.

But this is denied by the Cuban delegation in Washington, who say that Gomez is doing all that man can do and is a true patriot and putting life and soul into his work.

Following is a recapitulation of the contributions:

Cities in United States	$1,706,000
States outside cities	275,000
Foreign countries	1,229,000
Total	$3,210,000

Gonzelo de Quesada writes that if $1,000,000 can be secured in the next sixty days three months thereafter the war will be decided in Cuba's favor. But the money is sorely needed and if not furnished it means a struggle with contingencies as well as with the enemy.

The commander-in-chief, Gomez, finds himself in straitened circumstances, and it is learned from private sources that it may put a damper on the active movements contemplated this winter. But Quesada believes the friends of Cuba will come to the rescue in a liberal manner, as they have done heretofore.

Less than $400,000 has been sent to the army in three months, the report says, and the treasury is entirely empty.

STEEL BILLET POOL.

All the Small Plants to Be Bought Up.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 2.—A meeting of the steel billet pool has been called for Monday to hear the report of the special committee appointed several weeks ago to suggest a plan of reorganization. The report will astonish the iron and steel world. It will be that the larger concerns buy up the allotment of the smaller mills, pay the owners to close their plants, and practically retire from the billet manufacturing business with the exception of pocketing the dividends they will receive from the concerns that will then make billets for the whole country.

The adoption of the report means that the trade in billets and finished products would be confined to the larger producers, or a concentration of production in the hands of the few. The Carnegie, Hainsworth, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Jones & Laughlins, and a few other of the larger firms of the country would then control the production, fix prices, and share the profits with the idle mill owners. The adoption of the report will mean that by the small mills closing hundreds of men will be thrown idle, perhaps for the remainder of the winter. Billets, of course, would be advanced about $3 per ton.

DR. WORMLEY DEAD.

Death of a Distinguished Chemist Well Known in Ohio.

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 4.—Theodore George Wormly, M. D., Ph. D., L. L. D., the distinguished chemist, died yesterday at his home in this city, aged 70 years. His death was due to gastritis. He was appointed professor of chemistry and natural sciences in the Capitol university, of Columbus, O., which position he held until 1885. In 1854 he was also made professor of chemistry in Starling Medical college. For eight years Prof. Wormly was a state gas commissioner of Ohio, and was state chemist of the Ohio geological survey from 1869 to 1874.

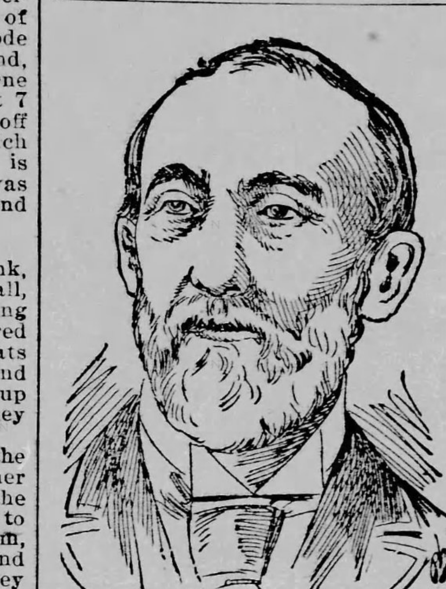
Senator Elkins's Father.

Wheeling, W. Va., Jan. 4.—Phillip Duncan Elkins, father of United States Senator Stephen B. Elkins, died yesterday afternoon at the Senator's residence at Elkins, this state, aged 67 years. Notwithstanding his distinguished son was a Union man and has always been a Republican, the deceased was a colonel in the Confederate army and a Democrat.

NEW SENATORS.

Several Legislatures That Will Meet This Week.

Washington, Jan. 2.—Much interest is being taken here by members of Congress in the elections of United States senators by the various legislatures that assemble next week. Among the most important are those of Pennsylvania and Illinois. The old Keystone state presents a fine array of notable men as



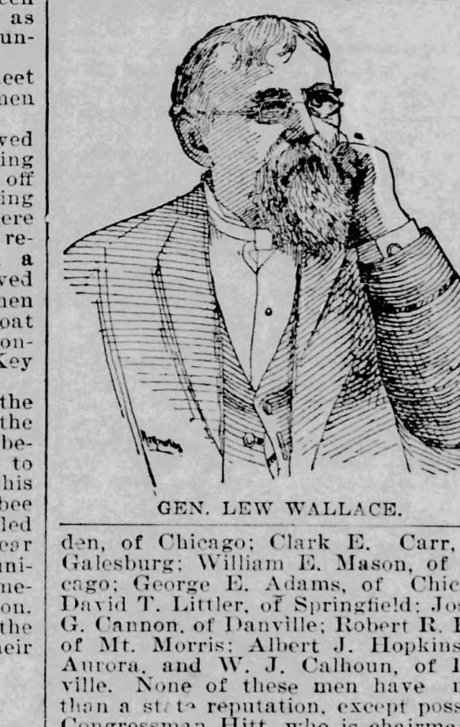
SENATOR PLATT.

candidates, including Governor Daniel H. Hastings, the Hon. John Wanamaker, Boies Penrose, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Louis A. Watres, Scranton, Pa., and J. Hay Brown, of Lancaster, Pa. Penrose is the machine candidate, while Wanamaker is a sort of business man's candidate, after the manner of Lawyer Joseph H. Choate in New York against Senator T. C. Platt. This business man's candidate scheme is a new "wrinkle" in senatorial campaigns, and its results will be watched with interest and possibly anxiety by the old-time politicians.

Illinois and Indiana.

In Illinois no such "dodge" is being played. It is a straight fight on political lines.

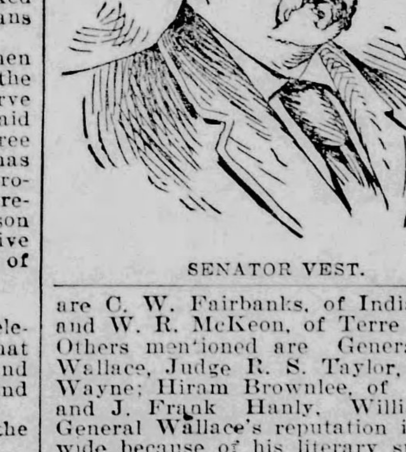
The candidates are Martin B. Mad-



GEN. LEW WALLACE.

den, of Chicago; Clark E. Carr, of Galesburg; William E. Mason, of Chicago; George E. Adams, of Chicago; David T. Littler, of Springfield; Joseph G. Cannon, of Danville; Robert R. Hitt, of Mt. Morris; Albert J. Hopkins, of Aurora, and W. J. Calhoun, of Danville. None of these men have more than a state reputation, except possibly Congressman Hitt, who is chairman of the committee on foreign relations.

Indiana's list of candidates also include a lot of men little known beyond the confines of their own state. The active candidates to succeed Senator Voorhees



SENATOR VEST.

are C. W. Fairbanks, of Indianapolis, and W. R. McKeon, of Terre Haute. Others mentioned are General Lew Wallace, Judge R. S. Taylor, of Fort Wayne; Hiram Brownlee, of Marion, and J. Frank Hanly, Williamsport. General Wallace's reputation is world-wide because of his literary successes. Mr. Fairbanks was temporary chairman of the Republican national convention at St. Louis.

North Dakota's candidates who are most prominent are the present senator, H. C. Hansborough, of Devil's Lake; John M. Cochrane, of Grand Forks, and Col. William F. Ball, of Fargo. Alexander Hughes, of Bismarck, is "willing," as is Frederick B. Fancher, of Jamestown. The Hon. Frank White, of Valley City, and Colonel W. Robinson, of Mayville, are eleventh-hour candidates.

California will have but one candidate, the Hon. George C. Perkins, of Oakland.

Missouri, on account of the cold weather this winter, will not take off her Vest, but will re-elect the Hon. George C., the little giant of Missouri, without Democratic opposition.

Colorado will not forget Senator Teller's fidelity to the cause of silver, and will re-elect him unanimously.

In South Dakota the present senator, J. H. Kyle, of Aberdeen, is the only candidate whose folowing amounts to something more than newspaper speculation.

Elections in New Hampshire and North Carolina for successors to Sena-

SENATOR TELLER.

tors Gallinger and Pritchard, respectively, will also be held this week.

During the month the following legislatures will select United States senators: Arkansas, Connecticut, Kansas, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, Washington and Wisconsin. The positive elections without material opposition are Jones, of Arkansas; Platt, of Connecticut; Squires, of Washington, and Spooner, of Wisconsin. The other states have from five to ten candidates whose names will be brought up before the legislatures.

KYLE'S SUCCESSOR.

South Dakota Fight for United States Senatorship.

Huron, S. D., Jan. 4.—The Populist conference here failed to take any definite action relative to naming a United States Senator. Efforts to harmonize the various factions failed, and each candidate was allowed to take his chances. They come in this order: Kyle, Plowman, Loucks and Goodykoontz. The free silver forces and Democrats decline to go into any caucus, and this further complicates the situation.

The Populists cannot elect without help from the Democrats and Free Silverites. Congressman Pickler's friends assert that he will be the nominee of the Republican caucus, and if the Democrats persist in holding the position they have taken, his chances as successor to Senator Kyle will be greatly enhanced.

HE WILL WIN.

Pennsylvania's Senator Likely to Be Boise Penrose.

Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 2.—The legislators are beginning to arrive here in large numbers, and it now appears that by Monday, the day set for the opening of the legislature, all the representatives will be on hand. There will be quite a number of names brought out for United States senator. It is thought now that John Wanamaker has asked his name be withdrawn. Boise Penrose will be chosen.

ONLY A SEA YARN.

Island of Juan Fernandez Has Not Disappeared.

San Francisco, Jan. 4.—The story published upon the authority of Capt. Powles, of the British ship James Kerr, relative to the disappearance of the island of Juan Fernandez lacks verification. Chilean papers under date of November 30 gave accounts of the results of a scientific expedition, recently dispatched to Juan Fernandez upon the government war ship , President Errasuriz. Furthermore a large cannery for packing lobsters is established at Cumberland Bay, the only port on the island and the last steamer from New York carried to Valparaiso from Panama a quantity of material for this cannery. It is therefore unlikely that the island has disappeared.

The Chilean government is sending some thirty families to the island as colonists and fishermen, in order that the piscatorial resources of its surrounding waters may be developed. Every month a sailing schooner plies between Valparaiso and Cumberland Bay, so that communication has been made with the settlement since its allleged disappearance.

The Powles yarn originated during the early part of 1896 when a series of heavy earthquakeshocks were felt on the main land of Chile. The Britisher sailed into Valparaiso with the news that he had seen when passing Juan Fernandez a column of smoke, and his ship received a violent shock and he thought Selkirk's Island had been swallowed up.

The Chilean maritime officials sent the transport Casma to the island, and she returned in three days with a large consignment of both canned and live lobsters. There was proof conclusive of the existence of land.

MRS. M'KINLEY,

And Her Arrangements for the White House.

Canton, O., Jan. 2.—Mrs. Maria Saxton, the widow of Mrs. McKinley's uncle, Thomas W. Saxton, will go with the President-elect and his wife to Washington, and expects to make the White House her home for the next four years. This arrangement settles a weighty matter that has agitated the Canton mind for many months. While Mrs. McKinley's tact and executive force have never been undervalued, it has always been felt that in her weakened physical condition it would be necessary for her to have the assistance of some member of the family whose judgment and experience could be relied upon.

All sorts of wild guesses have been made as to which of her relatives would most probably be selected. An absurd story went the rounds of the press at one time that Miss Mary Barber, a young girl in her teents, would assist the next mistress of the White House, although this attractive little niece has still several terms of school work before her.

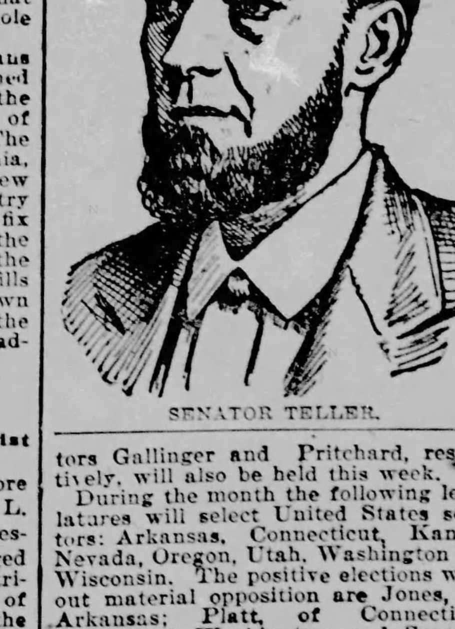
Mrs. Saxton is a woman of distinguished appearance, whose gray hair and bright countenance would be observed in any gathering, and Mrs. McKinley has always been especially fond of her. She has always lived in Canton, and her country home on the outskirts of town is frequently made the objective point of the daily drive of Mr. and Mrs. McKinley.

PRINCE OF THE CHURCH.

Archbishop Corrigan to Be Given High Honors.

New York, Dec. 30.—A special cable dispatch from Rome to the Journal says that the Italian newspapers announce the impending election of Archbishop Corrigan to the cardinalate, and with respect to this matter the Arena, one of the best informed journals in vatican affairs, makes the following remark:

"Every one knows of the conflict



ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

which has long existed in the American episcopate relative to certain doctrines, the principal apostles of which were the ex-rector of the Catholic University at Washington, Bishop Keane, and Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul.

"It is also known that the pope recently had an interview with Monsignor Keane, who has given his holiness such explanations that Leo XIII has completely absolved him of the alleged errors of which he was accused.

"This event has certainly produced a great impression among American bishops, who, up to the present, have been opposed to Keane and Ireland. In pardoning thes eprelates the pope has, so to speak, disapproved of the conduct of their accusers "To lessen, however, the effect which this pardon may have produced on the American episcopate, his holiness has decided to raise to the cardinalate Mogr. Corrigan, who represents the party hostile to Keane and Ireland."

LOADED WITH SALT.

Heaviest Freight Train Ever Started in the World Will Move.

Canton, O., Jan. 4.—President-elect McKinley on Wednesday will press a button in Canton which will start one of the heaviest freight trains ever moved from the yards of the Erie railway in Silver Springs, N. Y., on its way to Jersey City.

A special electrical device, manufactured for the occasion, will, upon receiving the electrical impulse sent over a special wire from Major McKinley's home in Canton, open the throttle of the heaviest locomotive owned by the Erie Railway Company, and when that occurs a train of 160 freight cars, loaded with salt, will be started for Jersey City, en route to Boston.

The salt is the product of the Worcester Salt Company, which has factories at Silver Springs. It was ordered by New England jobbers for delivery the first of the year. The president of the salt company and the president of the railway company decided to make up a special train—the heaviest shipment of any single commodity ever made in the world's history—and to ask President-elect McKinley to start it in the manner described. The train will be gayly decorated and will leave Seton Springs at 7 o'clock a. m. next Wednesday, arriving at the Erie station, Jersey City, at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon.

Debs is a Socialist.

Terre Haute, Ind., Jan. 2.—The Railway Times contains a leter from Eugene Debs in which he announces that he has left the People's party to become a Socialist.

Man! Do not despair. Read Thos. Slater's offer on page 8.

IN MICHIGAN.

Hazen S. Pingree Inaugurated Governor.

Lansing, Mich., Jan. 2.—Precedent and form were thrown to the winds yesterday in the inauguration of Governor Hazen S. Pingree and the other state officers.

A comfortable crowd had gathered in the executive office and parlors at the capitol. Mr. Pingree arrived accom-

HAZEN S. PINGREE.

panied by Mrs. Pingree and a coterie of personal friends. Shortly after he entered the executive parlors accompanied by retiring Governor Rich and Commissioner French of the state land office, where at noon, Chief Justice Long of the supreme court administered the oath of office. An introduction followed by the chief justice and all present shook hands with and congratulated the new governor. Thus began the guebrnatorial career of a man who is considered one of the most unique personalities in the United States, and who holds at the same time the office of mayor of Detroit and governor of Michigan.

Governor Pingree is the avowed champion of various state reforms, chief of which is the securing of a uniform two-cent fare from the railroads, and the railroad department is being organized to that end.

GEN. SICKLES ILL.

The Campaign Was Too Much for Him.

New York, Jan. 2.—General Daniel E. Sickles is now very ill from the effects of overwork in the recent campaign, which has produced an acute attack of nervous prostration, entailing extreme insomnia, which appears to be almost beyond the curative reach of medicine.

The story is a pathetic one which cannot fail to touch the hearts of tens of

GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES.

thousands in this land who hold the general in highest esteem, and cannot be better told than in his own words.

"I fear I am an ill man," said General Sickles, when seen last night at his residence, 23 Fifth avenue. "My physician tells me very frankly that my affliction is quite serious. But then it must be remembered that I am an old man now, and I have passed by my seventieth year, and I have experienced many exposures and have done plenty of hard work. Thus it is not strange that I should begin seriously to feel the effects of it.

"No doubt the work I did during the last campaign is responsible for my present condition. I know I overworked. I was sustained through it by patriotic motives, and was held up to the last by the deep interest I took in the cause. There was an inspiration in the campaign like that which comes to a soldier amid the excitement of battle. Now the reaction has set in, and I must expect and accept the results to be looked for at my time of life.

"The work of those eight weeks, during the very heat of the campaign, when we truly felt the election of Mr. McKinley would be the salvation of the country," continued General Sickles, "was continuous and frightfully wearing. In one car I rode 16,000 miles, passing through 13 states and making 250 speeches.

"But I am content. I would as lief lose my life in such a battle as in veritable warfare. It was a victory, and if one of the costs was my life I am satisfied."

FOREIGN.

PRINCESS DE CHIMAY

Is Keeping Herself Well Before the Public Eye.

Buda Pesth, Dec. 30.—The presence of Princess De Caraman-Chimay, formerly Miss Clara Ward, an heiress of Detroit, Mich., who eloped from Paris last summer with a Hungarian gypsy musician named Janczi Rigo, has created a sensation in certain circles.

She yesterday received a delegation of members of the press, to whom she spoke in the freest manner. She said

PRINCESS DE CHIMAY.
The Detroit Girl Who is Creating a Sensation in Europe.

that it was incorrect to suggest that her husband, a Belgian nobleman of French extraction, had behaved in an ungentlemanly manner toward her. On the contrary, she insisted, the prince had always conducted himself as a gentleman. But he was of a cold, reserved nature, and was always more at his club or on the turf than with his family. The couple have two children living.

The princess was asked why she left her husband, and replied: "That is a remarkable story. I have also asked myself why I have done so ,and I can find no reply to the question. Soon after our marriage I went with my husband to Brussels. At first I found the Belgian aristocracy very sympathetic. When, however, there was talk of a high personage having shown me special favor an entire change occurred. The sympathy formerly shown me was withdrawn and therefore I went to Paris. I there became acquainted with M. Janc, in the Cafe Faillard. He was acting as band master. He liked me better than his beloved music. The rest you know."

The high personage referred to by the princess in this interview is understood to refer to King Leopold of Belgium, and is said to furnish the cause for the refusal of the Queen of Belgium to be introduced to the princess at a garden party at Lasken, the royal park of the palace near Brussels.

The suit for divorce instituted by the prince against his wife is now in progress at Charleroi, Belgium.

Rigo is now said to be trying to induce his wife to commence divorce proceedings against him, promising her a large sum of money if she will do so. It is added, however, that the deserted woman refuses to take this step, as it would enable Rigo to marry the princess.

The princess states in her interviews that she spent 1,500,000 francs ($300,000), in repairing the princes' family chateau in Hainault.

After six years of marriage, the princess states, only a yearly income of $31,000 remained of her fortune. The princess said to the newspaper men that she would marry Rigo, her Hungarian gypsy lover. She showed to the reporters on the upper part of her arm a tattooed serpent surmounted with the name Jancsi and above it the letter "C," the whole design being topped by a ducal crown.

Hundreds of people wait outside the hotel where the pair are staying to see the runaway princess, and special police are needed to keep order. When she appears at the theatre adorned with splendid diamonds and the gypsy at her side the performers on the stage are quite ignored so great is the curiosity aroused.

ARM IN ARM.

A Man Walks Down Broadway—Death Was His Companion.

DIES ON THE PAVEMENT.

Many a man who is envied by his acquaintances and pointed out as a "lucky fellow," as he walks down the street, is walking arm in arm with death. Only a short time ago, a prominent New Yorker, who was supposed to be worth his millions, dropped dead on the pavement of Broadway. He was on his way to the theatre. No doubt on that very

evening he had been pointed out many times as a fortunate man—as a man to be envied. Some of the doctors said "heart failure." Some of them said nervous exhaustion. Others said overwork. It is probable that they were all right.

In every city and town and hamlet in the country there are men, envied by their acquaintances and pointed out as "lucky fellows," who are walking arm in arm with death. They are too busy to care for health. They do not take time to rest. They do not take time to eat. They do not even take time to sleep. Soon they are troubled with indigestion. They neglect it and put it aside as a trivial disorder not worth noticing. In due time they find that they have no appetite. They are troubled with headaches. First slight and occasional, and then severe and long-continued. They then lose the power to sleep. Work comes hard to them, but they prefer the working hours to the sleeping hours. The tired and tortured brain works harder during the night than during the day. "Sleep that knits up the ravelled ends of care" will not come to them save through the use of opiates. The blood is impure. The nerves are shattered, and complete nervous prostration is imminent. The muscles and tissues of the heart are improperly nourished and "heart failure" may be the result. A man in this condition is walking arm in arm with death. The man stands before an open grave. He must call a holt and try in some measure to repair the injury he has done himself. How promptly these repairs can be made is dependent upon the natural, inherent recuperative powers of the man and the degree of injury he has done himself. In any event, there is a sure, speedy and safe remedy at his command.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the product of the life experience of one of the most eminent and skillful physicians in the world, who has devoted his best energies to the treatment of cases of this description. It is a wonderful medicine. It speedily and almost miraculously cures all disorders of the digestive organs. It promptly restores the appetite and makes it keen and hearty. It assists in the digestion of the food and restores vigorous action to the organs of assimilation. The blood is supplied with the proper elements for the nutrition of all the organs of the body. This accomplished, the battle is half won. When the arteries are bounding with the rich, red, life-giving blood of health, sickness soon becomes an impossibility. Nature resumes her proper course. Disease is driven out. No organ can long continue diseased when you continually pump rich nourishing blood into it. Old and inert tissues are torn down and carried away, and new ones built up to take their place. This is true of the brain as well as the body. The patient ceases to suffer from headaches and loss of sleep and nervous exhaustion. There is a prompt gain in flesh, in strength, and the ability to eat and sleep and work are restored. Thousands upon thousands of men in all walks of life from that of the laborer to that of the banker and professional man have testified to the wonderful merits of the "Golden Medical Discovery." Their letters are on file at the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at Buffalo, N. Y. Copies of them will be sent to any one who will write for them.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is sold by all good druggists. Occasionally an untrustworthy druggist may offer some other medicine as a substitute, claiming that it is "just as good." Common sense indicates that he has a selfish object in offering the substitute. He is thinking of his profits, not of the purchaser's physical welfare.

Nature's tendencies are all healthwise. Just a little stitch here and there will keep an entire family in continuous good health. If the mother is a capable, practical woman, the family will seldom if ever have to call upon the doctor. She will know how to put the stitch in here and there. Practical, common sense women nowadays keep in the house a copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It is the best home medical book ever written. More copies of it have been sold than of any other medical book ever printed. Over 680,000 copies were sold at the original price of $1.50 each. A new edition has just been printed, and will be given away absolutely FREE. Send 21 one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and you will receive a copy in heavy paper covers. If you want a French cloth, beautifully stamped binding, send 10 cents extra, or 31 cents in all.

GETTING READY TO FIGHT.

Germany Alarmed at France's Increased Armament.

Berlin, Jan. 4.—The news received here from Paris that the French council of war has ordered a large increase in the cadres of the army by which 185 new battalions of infantry will be created,has thoroughly aroused public opinion here, especially in view of the announcement that the French artillery is already partly re-armed with quick firing guns. France, under the new system, will have 105 new battalions on a better footing than Germany, and the German military authorities now intend to hasten the equipment of the army with new Krupp quick-firing guns at an expense of 260,000,000 marks.

The German navy is being rapidly provided with the same type of gun, not only in the case of the new vessels, but on board the older vessels. At the same time a skillfully managed agitation has begun, doubtless prompted by the government in favor of a further increase in the peace cadres so as to catch up with the French.

The campaign was started by the semi-official Cologne Gazette and Hamburger Correspondent. The latter expresses regret that the army in Germany and France are like an endless screw, but maintains that it cannot be helped, although to Germany with her 52,000,000 population it is easier than in the case of France with barely 40,000,000 inhabitants. The author of this article, who is supposed to be a high official of the general staff, even speaks of the necessity in the near future of rearming the German infantry with a more effective magazine rifle and of reorganizing the system of fortifications.

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS

—AND—

DINNER SETS.

Another Reduction—Later Designs.

Eighty, Fifty-six, One Hundred and Eight or Twenty-eight pieces handsomely decorated in several colors and gold band. These goods are made especially for THE BLADE, and we guarantee the highest quality of goods the best grade of workmanship, the latest and most stylish shape of pieces as well as late and artistic design of decoration. The following illustration was reproduced from a photograph of our first 80-piece Tea Set. It gives a fair idea, but we now have later designs and shapes. Also, we give better material and color than formerly.

No. 1.—BLADE STANDARD TEA SET, 80 PIECES.—We call this set (like illustration above) Standard, because it is the same Tea Set we offered last year in connection with the Weekly Blade. We have sold thousands of sets of these goods, and in every case the recipient received more than expected. This year we expect to send out at the reduced prices over Five Thousand Sets. This set consists of 80 pieces, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 tea cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit dishes, 12 individual butter dishes, 2 round cake plates, 1 tea pot, 1 cover, 1 sugar bowl, 1 cover, 1 cream pitcher and 1 bowl.

The No. 1 Blade Standard Tea Set, 80 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $5.00 (former price $7); or we will present one of these sets to any person sending us a club of seven subscribers and $7.00. The club of seven names to be sent all at one time.

No. 2.—BLADE TEA SET, 56 PIECES.—This set is exactly like the above illustrated 80-piece Tea Set, deducting 12 breakfast plates and 12 individual butter plates.

The No. 2 Tea Set, 56 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade, one year, only $3.75, (former price $5.50;) or we will present one of these Sets to any person sending us a club of Six Subscribers and $6. The club of six names to be sent all at one time.

No. 3.—BLADE DINNER SET, 108 PIECES.—We can describe this set by taking the above illustrated 80-piece Tea Set and adding the following: 12 soup plates, 1 8-inch dish, 1 12-inch dish, 2 8-inch bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 2 casseroles, 1 comport, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces), and 1 jug, making a total of 108 pieces.

The No. 3 Blade Dinner Set, 108 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $8.25; or we will present one of these Sets to any person sending us a club of 16 Subscribers and $16. The club of 16 names to be sent all at one time.

No. 4.—BLADE CHINA SORTS, 28 PIECES, consisting of 12 soup plates, 1 8-inch dish, 1 12-inch dish, 2 8-inch bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 2 casseroles, 1 comport, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces), and 1 jug. We also offer this to those who may first purchase a No. 1 Standard Tea Set and afterwards desire to have a complete dinner set.

The No. 4 Blade China Sorts, 28 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $4.50; or we will present one of these Assortments to any person sending us a club of eight subscribers and $8. The club of eight names all to be sent at one time.

NOTE.—These sets are decorated with a later pattern than those we sold two years ago, and consequently will not match with former purchases. We recommend our readers to buy, first, our No. 1 Blade Standard Set. Afterwards, if pleased with the goods, you may order our No. 4 set, the two combined making you a complete dinner set.

General Directions and Information.

ORDER BY NUMBER. The goods are carefully packed in box by manufacturer and shipped direct from the pottery to the purchaser upon our order. We shall order every package shipped by freight unless otherwise instructed. The receiver pays transportation. From 25 cents to $1, according to distance, will cover freight east of the Missouri River, while it may cost somewhere near $2 to pay freight to points beyond the Rockies. We do not advise shipping by express. Never before was so much value offered for so little money. Twenty years ago only the rich could afford such goods as we offer here. We guarantee these goods the best Stone China in the world, superior in enamel, color, style and finish to the best imported wares. We make no profit. We want and will have as a result of this offer, thousands of clubs. These articles will be useful in the house of every reader of The Blade, no matter whether rich or poor. Any person who will try it can raise a club of ten to twenty for The Blade in one day. Get about it before some one else canvasses the field. We are prepared to fill orders promptly.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

JAPAN PLANNING.

To Recognize the Philippine Insurgents as Belligerents.

Madrid, Jan. 4.—Advices from Manilla state that three tugs and a gunboat with 600 troops have dislodged a body of rebels who occupied positions in the harbor works. It is reported that several insurgent prisoners will be shot at Manilla and the public prosecutor has asked that the death penalty be imposed upon 16 others.

United States Minister Taylor had a long conference with the Duke of Tetuan, minister of foreign affairs, on Saturday.

The reports from Manilla state also that the revelations brought about during the trial have caused a great sensation. One insurgent said that he knew Japan intended to send a squadron to the Philippines and to recognize the insurgents as belligerents, provided the whole of the provinces joined in the rebellion.

NEWS FROM CHINA.

Large Portions of the City of Chuan Tung Carried Under the Flood.

San Francisco, Dec. 31.—The steamer Peru brings news of a severe famine in western China. It is particularly severe in Sze Chuen province, where there has been a prolonged rain, causing floods, which have spread over vast areas of country, desolating almost the entire rice and vegetable crops. The inhabitants are dying by scores from starvation, and a large portion of the city of Chuan Tung, on a bluff at a bend of the Kinsha river, was carried under the flood by a landslide, and 3,000 of the starving Chinese were drowned. The flood had undermined the base of the bluff and a portion of the hill, about five acres in extent, was plunged into the water.

OFFER OF PEACE.

Once Made by Gomez and Disregarded by the Spanish.

New York, Dec. 31.—A special to the World from Madrid says:

The Tiempo publishes the alleged text of a letter addressed by Maximo Gomez to Marshal Campos at the end of January, 1895 a few days before Gen. Campos left Cuba to which Gen. Campos replied that he could do nothing as he has resigned his command but would communicate the letter to his successor.

The letter runs thus: "General, as you are a gentleman and owing to your high qualities deserve the sympathy of the whole country, I appeal to you. I would not do so to any other person representing the authority of Spain on the island. We must all lament the shedding of blood and the ruin of Cuba. For my part I would wish to contribute to stopping much desolation. If you can find some means for working out peace have no scruples in telling me so because I will make any sacrifice to devise on my side some formula of compromise."

Strange enough Gen. Campos was not allowed to carry out the home rule reforms which might have checked the uprising. Most Spaniards especially the liberals cannot help thinking now how practical and politic it would be under the present circumstances to send the gallant marshal back to Cuba.

There is a widespread rumor in military circles that Gen. Weyler probably will be recalled and that he will be succeeded by Marshal Primo de Rivera, the captain-general of Madrid, who will have two able assistants in the persons of Lieut-Generals Macias and Correa.

WEYLER WORRIED.

Because He Cannot Locate the Insurgent Chiefs.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 31.—A special to the Commercial Tribune from Key West, Fla., says: Reports from Artemisa are that Weyler has found it necessary to intrench some of his advanced positions and to build one or two block houses to keep command of the military road from Artemisa to San Christobal. The insurgents have driven back two of his detachments from the foothills.

General Weyler is unable to secure tidings of the movements of General Rivera and it is reported that he is worried over the situation. Instead of cleaning the Pinar Del Rio section in one month, he is as far from accomplishing it as when he first arrived in Artemisa.

Several communications have come to the palace at Havana from Madrid and it is reported that General Weyler is told in plain language that he must do something very soon or be recalled.

RIVERA WOUNDED.

Cuban Rebel Chiefs Are Having Hard Luck.

Havana, Dec. 31.—Gen. Ruis Rivera, who succeeded Antonio Maceo at the head of the patriot forces in the province of Pinar Del Rio is wounded, according to advices received here from Artemisa.

MORE AGAINST COLOMBIA.

Being Made by Rival Central American States.

(Copyright, 1897, by The Associated Press.)

Managua, Nicaragua, Jan. 2.—With little beating of drums or blowing of trumpets, a warlike move on the part of the Republic of Colombia is now believed to have been checkmated by the Republic of Nicaragua, though further news from the objective point, Corn Island, is anxiously expected here.

About a month ago the government of Nicaragua was informed officially that Colombia had planned to make a landing on Corn Island, a valuable strategic spot situated about 36 miles off the Mosquito coast, belonging to Nicaragua, whose flag was to be hauled down and the ensign of Colombia substituted for it.

Very quietly detachments of Nicaraguan troops were assembled here and at Granada, and when all was ready, they were sent in small parties across Lake Nicaragua and down the San Juan river to Greytown and Bluefields. By this time the soldiers of Nicaragua are believed to be in possession of Big and Little Corn Island, and the work of erecting a strong fort should be progressing. The troops took all the best guns available and ammunition. Storehouses are also to be constructed at Corn Island.

Of course, if the Colombian expedition started earlier than expected, and reached Corn Island before the Nicaraguan troops, fighting may have occurred before this, and if so, the matter may lead up to a general upheaval in Central America, for Colombia was warned diplomatically and through the press early last month that her seizure of Corn Island might lead to a warlike combination of the republics of Salvador and Honduras, in support of Nicaragua against her. Colombia was also advised that if she still maintained she had rights over Corn Island to sumbit them to the arbitration of a disinterested public.

WILLIS VERY ILL.

United States Minister to Honolulu Likely to Die.

Victoria, B. C., Jan. 5.—The steamship Miowera, just arrived from Honolulu, brought advices to the effect that, at the time of the vessel's departure from Honolulu, United States Minister, Willis, whose condition for some time had been very serious, was given up by his physicians and his demise was momentarily expected. Much sympathy was expressed by the residents, as the minister was very popular both in his private life and in his official capacity.

French Elections.

Paris, Jan. 4.—Elections were held yesterday to replace one-third of the senators whose terms are expiring. The senators will hold office for three years. The full returns show that 64 Republicans have been elected; 21 Radicals and 12 Reactionaries. The Socialists were all defeated.

Germ of Yellow Fever Found.

Rome, Jan. 2.—A young Italian doctor named Caccarelli, who has himself recovered from the disease in Rio Janeiro, has discovered the yellow fever germ and has given the details of his discovery under seal to the Rome Academy of Medicine.

Chile's President.

Valparaiso, Chile, Dec. 26.—The term of President Jorge Monte expires today. His successor will be Frederick Errazuriz, who defeated Vincente Reyes at the elections held in July. The new President is said to be a man of much force and ability.

South African Immigrants.

Pretoria, South African Republic, Dec. 31.—The immigration restriction bill, requiring immigrants to produce passports showing that they possess the means of support or that they can obtain work goes into force to-morrow.

Thos. Slater's offer on page 8 is a beacon of hope to all men.

WASHINGTON.

PRODUCTION OF GOLD.

Great Gains Made by the United States.

Washington, Jan. 4.—Advocates of international bimetallism on the ground that gold alone does not form a broad enough base for the monetary systems of the world will be able to find little consolation in the figures given out by Director of the Mint Preston, giving an approximate estimate of the production of precious metals in the United States during the last year.

Mr. Preston has received returns from the mint officials and others employed to collect the statistics, giving the estimated production by states for the entire United States. These estimates show that the production of gold for the year amounted to $54,119,000. With characteristic conservativeness, however, Mr. Preston has reduced this total, and estimates the production for the entire country at $51,500,000. This conservative estimate shows that the production of gold in the United States increased $4,890,000 over the previous year, when the production was $46,610,000.

No complete figures for the production in other countries during the year have yet been received at the mint bureau, and Mr. Preston is not prepared to make an estimate for the total production of the world which he would consider reliable. He believes, however, that the final returns for the year will show the total production to have been not less than $215,000,000, or an increase over the previous year of at least $12,000,000. The full significance of these figures is indicated by the fact that they show that the world's production of gold has more than doubled during the last ten years, as the production of gold in 1886 was but $106,163,900.

United States Leads.

The largest increase in production during the last year was in the United States, but increase will also be shown in Australia, Russia, Mexico, China and India. Not much, if any, increase is expected to be shown by the returns from South Africa, as the Transvaal troubles during the year greatly interfered with the mining operations. The long continued strikes at Leadville and the closing of some of the largest mines in the Cripple Creek district for part of the year also tended to reduce the output in this country. But for these causes there is no doubt that the production for the year would have exceeded $220,000,000.

These are the estimates of gold production by states, as furnished by the agents of the mint bureau:

	Production, 1896.	Increase over 1895.
Alaska	$3,249,000	$ 453,000
Arizona	2,418,000	1,285,000
California	16,500,000	1,620,000
Colorado	13,000,000	—
Idaho	2,474,000	695,000
Montana	4,440,000	552,000
Nevada	2,955,000	1,403,000
New Mexico	525,000	35,000
Oregon	1,300,000	410,000
Washington	382,000	30,000
South Dakota	4,650,000	780,000
Utah	1,420,000	550,000
South Appalachian States	306,000	—
Total	$54,119,000	—

The product of silver in the United States in 1896, from the information now at hand, is estimated to have been from 52,000,000 to 53,500,000 fine ounces, a decrease of two and one-half to three million ounces from that of 1895.

WHAT CONGRESS WILL DO.

Cuban Agitation is Likely to Be Delayed.

Washington, Jan. 4.—The House will get down to serious business as soon as it reassembles after the holiday recess on Tuesday. Probably the two most important pieces of general legislation to be acted upon at the short session have been made special orders, and will consume the entire week. They are the Loud bill to amend the law relating to second-class mail matter, so as to prevent the shipment of books and serial publications in connection with newspapers at the cent per pound rate, and to cut off the newspaper sample copy privilege; and the bill prepared by the Pacific railroad company to fund the debts of the Pacific railroads and extend their payment for fifty years at two per cent.

Senate.

Beyond the fact that the bill providing for free homesteads on former Indian reservations on the calendar, is the "unfinished business," the Senate has no programme for this week.

There is liable to be a party clash of interests in the effort to secure consideration, and a possibility that the clash may develop an interesting situation. The friends of the Pacific railroad funding bill will make an effort to get that measure up for consideration unless they conclude that in doing so they may impair its chances of passage.

Until the past day or two it appeared certain that the Cuban resolutions would be sprung immediately after the beginning of business on Tuesday. It is now possible, even probable, that both questions will go over, at least for a few days. If the movement to have the committee on foreign relations again consider the question as to when it shall be taken up prevails, the question cannot be raised until after the committee meeting Wednesday, and the advocates of delay are becoming quite sanguine that if they succeed in preventing consideration until Wednesday, they will secure still further postponement. If either the Pacific bill or the Cuban resolution secure consideration there will be a party contest, and much animated debate.

CLEVELAND'S NEW YEAR'S.

The Day a Great One at the White House.

Washington, Jan. 2.—Seven thousand persons shivered outside the White House yesterday for periods varying from one to six hours. But patience had its reward in every case, for the President and Mrs. Cleveland shook hands with every one of them.

The closing New Year's reception of the present administration was the most brilliant of Mr. Cleveland's whole eight years in office, and old Arthur Simmons, the President's famous colored messenger whose service in the White House dates back 30 years, shook his head sagely as he viewed the far-reaching crowd from an upper window and declared it "de greatest reception since de war."

The threatened cold rain, which did not come, served merely as a foil to the brilliant pageant that moved for hours through the forest of tropical plants which filled the softly lighted parlors of the Executive mansion.

The diplomatic corps, as usual, furnished the high lights in the picture. Foreign uniforms and decorations of every sort from the white and silver of the German military attaches, to the green and crimson silks of the Chinese minister, almost served to pale the Paris gowns of the receiving party and of the official guests behind the line. Only a shade more subdued were the uniforms of the army and navy—a study in blue and gold, accentuated by the yellow plumes of the cavalry and the scarlet facings of the artillery.

As a background for this display, was set the dead black of the evening dress of the South American diplomats, worn in accordance with their own social law in such matters, and the sober morning costumes of civil officials.

The center of the picture was Mrs. Cleveland, the most simply gowned of the receiving party. She was just slightly flushed by the rapid exercise of handshaking, but smiled as cheerfully and shook hands as vigorously with the last of her 7,000 callers as she had with the first.

TO SAVE THE SEALS.

Radical Measures Must Be Taken Very Soon.

Washington, Jan. 2.—An interesting and important official contribution to the seal question is a report compiled by Expert Leon Hard Stejneger, of the National Museum, on "Russian fur-seal islands," just issued by the United States fish commission. The report is based upon two investigation, one made during the palmiest days of the fur sealing industry and the other when Stejneger was sent as a special attachee of the commission to inquire into the recent decline of the seals and compare the conditions for the past thirteen years.

The report says the thirty mile zone stipulated in the Russian-British arrangement of 1893 has been found utterly valueless as a protective measure against pelagic sealing. Three causes have been assigned for the decline of seal life on the seal islands of the Bering sea and north Pacific ocean. Excessive driving of the male seals, raids on the rookeries and pelagic sealing. The report scouts the first two theories and places the whole blame upon pelagic sealing. The Commander islands seal herd is being killed off so rapidly that in a season or two it must become utterly unprofitable to hunt the animals in the open sea.

These radical recommendations are made: Total and absolute prohibition of pelagic sealing in the North Pacific ocea nand Bering sea at all seasons for at least six years; after that time total prohibition at all seasons in Bering sea and Pacific ocean west of 175 degrees east longitude and north of 52 degrees north latitude, or, if possible, within a zone of 150 nautical miles from the islands; total prohibition of killing on land for one year; after that time bachelor seals to be taken on land not later than August 1. This scheme would involve supporting the natives for one year and the extermination of the sledge dogs on Bering islands.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TREASURY FIGURES.

Statement of the Public Debt at the Close of the Year.

Washington, Jan. 4.—The monthly treasury statement of the public debt, shows the debt on December 31, less cash in the treasury, to have been $992,929,582, a decrease for the month of $2,839,577. This decrease is accounted for by an increase of $2,963,281 in the amount of cash in the treasury. The increase in the cash was the result of the recent sale of first mortgage Pacific railroad bonds belonging to the Central Pacific sinking fund. The debt is recapitulated as follows:

Interest-bearing debt, $847,364,690; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, $1,383,070; debt bearing no interest, $372,502,201; total, $1,221,249,961. This amount, however, does not include $580,809,573 in certificates and treasury notes outstanding, offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury. The cash in the treasury is classified as follows: Gold, $175,203,932; silver, $509,615,594; paper, $151,357,340; bonds, deposits in National bank depositories, etc., $17,286,644; total, $853,463,551, against which there are outstanding demand liabilities amounting to $625,143,172, which leaves a balance of $228,320,379 cash in the treasury.

TWO VESSELS.

Ordered South to Watch the Fillbusters Go By.

Washington, Jan. 2.—The dynamite cruiser Vesuvius and the armed dispatch vessel Dolphin have been ordered to Florida waters to reinforce the already numerous fleet of government vessels now engaged in the effort to suppress the filibustering expeditions bound for Cuba. There are now two war ships, the Newark and the Raleigh, helping the revenue cutters in the service, and it may be that the cutter fleet also will be reinforced if it is practicable to spare any more of the few vessels still held on duty for the usual revenue marine service on the Atlantic coast.

All of this force gathered in one vicinity is taken to mean that the government is determined to leave no sound ground for complaint by the Spanish government that it has failed to meet all of the requirements of international law in preventing the departure of hostile expeditions from our shores to aid the Cubans and to enable it to assert that it has used the "due vigilance" prescribed as a condition of avoiding pecuniary responsibility for the damage wrought by filibusters.

ADMIRAL SKERRITT.

Death of a Famous Naval Officer at Washington.

Washington, Jan. 2.—Rear Admiral Joseph S. Skerritt, retired, died here yesterday. His death, while sudden, was not wholly unexpected, as he had been in bad health since his retirement from active service in July, 1894. The admiral was in the 64th year of his age, and is survived by a widow, three daughters and two sons. The funeral will take place Sunday afternoon, and the interment will be at Arlington.

Admiral Skerritt had a long and honorable career in the service of his country. A native of Ohio, he entered the navy as midshipman in October, 1848, passed through the various grades, became a lieutenant in 1855, a lieutenant commander in 1862, and was stationed at the Washington navy yards the following year, after which he served creditably during the civil war on the Shenandoah and the gunboat Katahdin. He commanded the gunboat Aroostook from 1864 to 1865, and was actively engaged with the Confederate fortificatins at the mouth of the Brazos river, Texas, in June, 1864.

THE PENSION OFFICE.

Important Changes Made in Manner of Procedure.

Washington, Dec. 30.—Two radical changes in the procedure of the pension office have been made. All claims for increase, save in extraordinary cases, hereafter will be sent direct to the medical division of the bureau without having to be passed upon by the board of review, as has been the custom for years.

This action is taken on the ground that the bulk of increase cases involves routine detail in going through other channels of review will be saved. Another step in the simplification and quicker adjudication of claims is that hereafter there will be no necessity for cases before the board of review being passed upon by three or four examiners.

This has been a long continued practice, but Commissioner Murphy has fixed the number of examiners who must review each claim at two. This, he thinks, will minimize errors and delay, and be of benefit to the service. Both new rules are in line with a decision to abolish useless detail in pension adjudication.

INTERNATIONAL BIMETALLISM.

Republican Caucus Committee Agrees on a Bill.

Washington, Dec. 31.—The Republican caucus committee appointed to draft a measure providing for an international conference to secure the reestablishment of bi-metallism was in session for two hours yesterday, and when it adjourned had agreed upon a bill to be presented to the Republican caucus which will be held soon after the assembling of Congress next Tuesday.

The bill agreed upon is brief and merely confers upon the President the right to appoint delegates "to any conference which may be called which has for its object the re-establishment of bimetallism."

It does not distribute the selection of delegates as did the legislation of the Fifty-third Congress between the President and the two houses of Congress, and moreover leaves the number to be selected entirely to the discretion of the President.

EXTENDS CIVIL SERVICE.

The President Takes in a Few More Offices.

Washington, Dec. 30.—The President has extended the civil service rule so as to include all offices and employes in the federal penitentiary service who are by law subject to classification. This principally affects the federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., though it is to apply to all such government institutions and to all penitentiaries hereafter created immediately upon their establishment.

Attorney General Harmon is subjecting the recent civil service schedule affecting the department of justice to a rigid scrutiny. The present [illegible] is to overcome a defect in the rules promulgated Nov. 2. Further amendments on similar lines may be expected.

FLAT FAILURE.

Has Been the Democratic Wilson Tariff Law.

Washington. Jan. 5.—Twenty-eight months of the Democratic tariff has given conclusive evidence of its impotency as a revenue producer as well as its ruinous effects upon the industries of the country. That the promise of a low tariff precipitated the panic which immediately followed the election of President Cleveland and a Democratic Congress in 1892 is as well established as the fact that the low tariff which that Democratic Congress enacted permanently closed thousands of factories and workshops and threw millions of men and women out of employment. That it was the Democratic tariff which continued during the past four years the depression which followed the election of 1892 is generally conceded, and no stronger evidence of this can be found than the instant revival of business, the opening of factories by hundreds and of workshops of all sorts by thousands the moment the election of McKinley and a protection Congress was known in November, 1896. Millions of men and woman who were unable to obtain employment during the months prior to the election of 1896 at anything like living figures, at least, found the doors of the long-closed factories and workshops open to them, employment offered at living prices and increase of wages in prospect.

That it is impossible that 60 days' time should have cured all the ills which four years of free trade, prospective or present have produced, goes without saying, but that the brief period since the election of Major McKinley to the Presidency and a Republican and protection Congress has produced wonderful improvements in business conditions and business prospects cannot be doubted, and it is only the croakers and those who desire to deceive the people and keep up popular discontent who attempt to deny this.

The Wilson low tariff act was passed August 28, 1894, and went immediately into effect. It had, therefore, at the end of the year 1896 been 28 months in operation. During those 28 months the recipts fell $120,954,456.57 below the expenditures and would have been even still more unsatisfactory but for the fact that many expenditures have been held back in order to make the deficit as small as possible. The average deficit during 1896 was over $4,000,000 per month, while that of 1895 under the same law was less than $3,000,000 per month, thus showing that the promise that the law would improve with age was entirely untrue.

Some Comparisons.

Now, to compare the Wilson free trade tariff with the McKinley protective tariff. Secretary Carlisle, in his recent report to Congress, attempted to show that the United States can no longer depend upon a protective tariff to produce revenue, but must get her revenue by placing a duty upon the articles of large consumption not produced in the United States, such as tea, coffee, sugar, etc. Mr. Carlisle surely must have failed to study the operations of the McKinley protective tariff, or else he supposed that other people have not studied this question. His low tariff law has been in operation 28 months, producing during that time a total revenue of $714,670,761.75. The deficit in that time, as already indicated, was $120,954,456.57. A convenient and practical way of determining the accuracy of his assumption that the low tariff is the proper method of producing revenue is to compare the workings of the low tariff act which he has administered and defended during its 28 months of existence, with the first 28 months of the McKinley protective tariff.

The receipts in the first 28 months under the McKinley tariff amounted to $842,937,226.30. The receipts of the first 28 months of the Wilson tariff were as indicated above, $714,670,761.75. It will thus be seen that the McKinley protective tariff produced in its first 28 months $128,266,465.05, more than did the Wilson free trade tariff in the same number of months of its existence. It is interesting to see these figures side by side. Here they are:

McKinley law, receipts first 28 months	$842,937,226.30
Wilson law, receipts first 28 months	714,670,761.25
Balance in favor of McKinley law	$128,266,465.05

Carlisle's False Premise.

Secretary Carlisle attempted to put the blame of the deficit under the Wilson law upon Congress by saying that the expenditures had grown enormously, and that this was the cause of the deficit. In this he showed that he had either failed to examine the conditions under the McKinley law or supposed that other people would fail to do this, for an examination of the figures covering the two periods shows that the total expenditures in the first 28 months of the Wilson law were seven million dollars less than the total receipts, than the receipts in the first 28 months of the McKinley law. Thus had Secretary Carlisle had during the past 28 months the revenue which the McKinley protective tariff supplied in its first 28 months he would have had no occasion to complain about the extravagant appropriations of Congress but would have had money to meet every dollar of expenditures and a handsome surplus besides. As it is, however, with his free trade tariff which he so highly commends, he has a deficit of 120 millions instead of a surplus which a McKinley protective tariff would have furnished him. It is interesting to compare the net operations of the first 28 months of the two laws. Here they are:

Wilson law, first 28 months, deficit	$120,954,456.57
McKinley law, first 28 mos., SURPLUS	10,964,797.04

It is gratifying to know that the low tariff Wilson law which increases the deficit with its increased age is soon to disappear. Already the ways and means committee of the present Congress is preparing to carry out the pleasures of the Republican party by framing a protective tariff measure which will both open the workshops and increase wages and at the same time make deficits and bonds and treasury troubles a thing of the past.

Currency Sixes Due.

Washington, Dec. 31.—Secretary Carlisle has issued a circular giving notice that $9,712,000 six per cent bonds, commonly known as currency 6's, become due to-morrow, and interest on these bonds then ceases.

Treasury Statement.

Washington, Jan. 5.—Yesterday's statement of the condition of the Treasury shows: Available cash balance, $228,893,661; gold reserve, $137,863,297.

FIRE IN A COAL HEAP.

Men Working Night and Day to Save a Railroad's Supply.

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 31.—A fire has been discovered in the immense pile of coal at the coal supply station of the Consolidated road, near the Union Station. There were 75,000 tons of coal in the pile, and it is estimated that more than 10,000 tons have been destroyed.

Gangs of men are employed night and day to dig away the coal, in order to get at the fire, and holes have been bored at the bottom of the pile and water poured in, but the fire continues to rage. The loss is placed at $30,000.

BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

Commemorative Services at Philadelphia and Princeton.

Princeton, N. J., Jan. 2.—To-morrow is the one hundred and twentieth anniversary of the battle of Princeton, which was fought January 3, 1777. In commemoration of the event the New Jersey society of the Sons of the Revolution will banquet at Princeton [illegible]

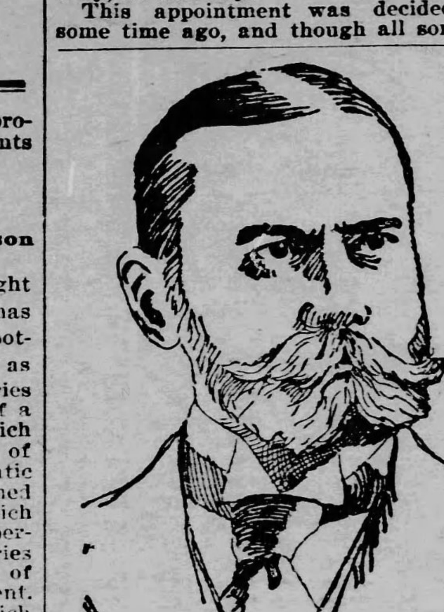
HONORS FOR HAY.

He May Succeed Mr. Bayard as Embassador.

Chicago, Jan. 5.—The Washington correspondent of the Times-Herald writes that paper as follows: President-elect McKinley has already chosen his ambassador to Great Britain.

Mr. Bayard's successor will be John Hay, of this city.

This appointment was decided on some time ago, and though all sorts of



COL. JOHN HAY.

denials may be entered by interested persons, the accuracy of this statement will be fully confirmed two months hence, when President McKinley sends to the Senate his first batch of appointments in the diplomatic and consular service.

Mr. Hay has been a resident of Washington a good many years, but his appointment will be charged to Ohio, whence he came.

John Hay, as is well known, was one of President Lincoln's secretaries. He met Mr. Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., where he had studied law and been admitted to the bar. He was with Mr. Lincoln almost constantly until the President's death. He gained a little military experience also, acting as the President's adjutant and aid-de-camp, and serving for several months as major and assistant adjutant-general under Gen. Hunter and Gen. Gilmore. He was brevetted lieutenant-colonel and colonel.

Mr. Hay has had a great deal of diplomatic experience. He has been secretary of legation at Paris, at Vienna, and at Madrid, and was often charge d'affaires ad interim at each of these capitals. He was for some time an editorial writer on the New York Tribune, and for seven months was the editor-in-chief of that paper. In 1875 he removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where he married a daughter of Amasa Stone, a very rich man. For several years Mr. Hay was active in politics in Ohio. In the Hayes administration he was first assistant secretary of State, and won an enviable reputation in that responsible post. In 1881 he was president of the International Sanitary Congress.

GEN. FRANCIS WALKER.

Death of the Famous Political Economist and Statistician.

Boston, Jan. 5.—Gen. Francis A. Walker, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and widely known as a political economist and litterateur, was stricken with apoplexy at his home in this city early this morning and died soon afterwards.

Gen. Walker was the son of Amasa Walker and was born in Boston, July

GEN. FRANCIS A. WALKER.

2, 1840. He was a graduate of Amherst and studied law under Charles Devens and George F. Hoar, of Worcester. He saw hard service during the war and came out with the rank of brigadier general of volunteers. He has held important chairs in several prominent educational institutions and was superintendent of the ninth and tenth census. He was also the author of a number of able works on political economy.

QUEER CASKET.

Kentucky Man to Be Buried in a Tank of Old Bourbon.

Cynthiana, Ky., Jan. 4.—Charles Bramlett, aged 80 years, died January 2. He owned several plantations in Harrison county and had been a very prosperous man all his life. At a low estimate he was worth $100,000. He was peculiar in nothing but his ideas of his own burial. He was a great reader, and perhaps drew his notions of his own interment from the histories of ancient Egypt.

About 15 years ago he hired a skillful stonemason to make him a sarcophagus of Kentucky blue limestone, which is much more durable than the hardest marble. At the same time he bought a barrel of the best old bourbon the state could produce and ordered that at his death the whisky should be poured upon his body after it was placed in the stone coffin. The sarcophagus was then to be hermetically sealed and placed in a grave near his residence.

All his directions have been followed to the letter and he is to be buried today. It will take a number of strong horses to carry his body in its heavy receptacle to the grave already waiting for it. One can not but think of the ages to come when this singular coffin shall be unearthed and the remains exposed to the gaze of wondering men. The tombs found recently in Egypt will not be more curious, even if they are more elaborately carved.

Bramlett was a constant imbiber of apple brandy and never left his house without a flask full in his pocket. His body was almost ready for spontaneous combustion before his death, and yet none ever saw him too much intoxicated to attend to business and to talk sensibly on any and all subjects.

CREATED A SENSATION.

Prof. Norton Says Young Women Have Not Risen Above Barbarism.

Boston, Jan. 4.—Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard college and John Ward Simpson, of New York, were the speakers at the annual meeting of the Industrial Art Teachers' association Saturday. Mr. Simpson discussed vital methods in art education, and Professor Norton spoke on the teaching of fine arts. He caused considerable of a sensation when he stated that the people have not risen in the last twenty-five hundred years above the best thoughts of the Greeks. In explanation of this he said: "Most people have not had the training which shall enable them not to be vulgar. Neither they nor their ancestors have had an experience of the refinements of life. Chewing gum has such a large sale because young women have not risen far above barbarism." He favored familiarity with poetry and the teaching of drawing as antidotes to vulgarity.

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Postoffice address. [illegible]

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Female Irregularities, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Piles, one of Radway's Pills is sufficient to keep the bowels regular and secure PERFECT DIGESTION, and one of Radway's Pills will accomplish a better purpose than six of the ordinary drastic pills. A few doses will prove the correctness of this statement. Sold by Druggists, 25c a box, or by mail. RADWAY & Co., New York.

OPPOSING KYLE.

Senator's Chances for Re-Election Are Getting Slim.

Pierre, S. D., Jan. 5.—The state legislature assembled to-day. Its first task will be the election of a United States Senator to succeed J. H. Kyle. The Senator is a candidate for re-election, but he is antagonized by Senator Pettigrew, who has a personal dislike for him, and as the result of the recent election made Pettigrew the practical dictator of the majority in the legislature, Kyle's chances are correspondingly slim. There are a dozen other candidates, any of whom would be satisfactory to Pettigrew. The fusionists have a majority on joint ballot of 16.

With the Senatorial contest out of the way the legislature will take up measures relating to the liquor traffic, pro-

SENATOR J. H. KYLE.

viding for a new registration law and revising the present law affecting railroads. Many of the Populist members are in favor of a state dispensary law similar to that in force in South Carolina, on the ground that it will drive the saloonkeepers and the breweries out of politics. The session is limited to 60 days.

FEAR BLOODSHED.

The Senatorial Situation Intense in Delaware.

Dover, Del., Jan. 5.—The "regular" legislature convened to-day. Forty-eight hours hence a "rump" body may be in operation. Of the thirty members of the regular body, twenty-six are Democrats, and consequently, on the face of the returns, they hold the key to the Senatorial deadlock, and can end it by the election of Willard Saulsbury, the caucus nominee.

But the redoubtable J. Edward Addicks, the millionaire gas man, and who, despite his turning down by the national convention at St. Louis, is fuller of political fight than ever, thinks otherwise. He holds that eight of the seats from Kent county and a similar number from Sussex county belong to the Union, or Addicks, Republicans, and these sixteen with the four remaining Republicans will give him twenty out of the thirty members and insure his election to the Senate.

Under the constitution, the clerk of the House of Representatives of the last General Assembly is required to swear in the members of the House of the present legislature. This clerk is an Addicks Republican, and the programme is to ignore the Democrats of the two counties named and give the contesting Union Republicans seats. In opposition to this programme, the Democrats and the Higgins Republicans have united, and the capital is literally stormed today with representatives of the three factions, many of them hot-headed and prepared for any emergency. In response to a numerously signed petition, Governor Watson has the militia in readiness for any emergency call. The situation is a grave one, and there are fears that blood will be shed before the contest is over.

WILLIE ASTOR.

In His Ambition to Be a British Nobleman.

New York, Dec. 31.—News of William Waldorf Astor continues to drift to America. The latest story is that he recently was elected a member of the famous Carlton Club of London. The Carlton Club not only is the most exclusive and important social club in London, but it is a political club. It is conservativt, and most of the plans of the conservative party have their origin in the rich but somber clubhouse at 94 Pall Mall. Mr. Astor is conservative in his tendencies. He has turned the Pall Mall Gazette from the liberal organ it was under Stead to an independent conservative publication, if not a real conservative organ.

The next step is to stand for parliament. Once in the lower house, he could wait for the whirligig of time to bring his party into a position that it could make him a member of the upper house.

THE POPE IS ILL.

Friends of Stambuloff Will Go to the Right Place.

Sofia, Bulgaria, Dec. 30.—The procurator general, summing up in the prosecution of the alleged assassins of ex-Premier Stambuloff, dwelt upon the pertinence of the trial to the whole civilized world and insisted that political consideration should be rigidly excluded in arriving at a verdict.

Counsel for the defense again submitted that the condemnation aroused would serve no useful purpose, pointing to the fact that the friends of the late M. Stambuloff did not regard the prisoners as the real culprits, and that his friends would continue to seek means of vengeance against the presumptive assassins.

Naum Tuffektchieff and Atsoff, two of the prisoneers, were sentenced to three years' imprisonment, the time which they have been under arrest to be counted in the sentence. Roni Georgieff was acquitted.

RUNAWAY MATCH.

Daughter of Claus Spreckels Gives Her Friends a Surprise.

San Francisco, Jan. 4.—The secret marriage of Miss Emma Spreckels, only daughter of Claus Spreckels, the millionaire, to Thomas Watson here last Wednesday has caused a sensation. Mr. Watson is an Englishman and a widower, about 55 years old. His wife is about 28. Mrs. Watson has always been the favorite child of Claus Spreckels, the sugar king, and has already come into possession of about $2,000,000 worth of property settled upon her by her father. Mr. and Mrs. Watson in speaking of the secrecy attending their marriage said it was due to a desire to avoid notoriety and the worry attendant upon a fashionable wedding.

LEPROSY NOT CONTAGIOUS.

This is the Decision of the New York Academy of Medicine.

New York, Dec. 30.—The Academy of Medicine has adopted a resolution that leprosy, while possibly infectious, is not necessarily contagious in this climate.

A committee, of which Dr. Fowler, of the board of health, was chairman, declared this city to be exempt from danger of leprous contagion, and protested against the segregation of lepers.

The committee suggested, however, that steps be taken to prevent the landing of lepers on our shores.

[illegible]

EDITOR M'CULLAGH

Found With His Brains Dashed Out on a Pavement.

St. Louis, Dec. 31.—The dead body of Mr. Joseph B. McCullagh, chief editor of the Globe-Democrat, was found at 6:30 o'clock this morning lying on the stone pavement beneath the window of his room in the residence of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Kate Manion, 3837 West Pine street.

It is supposed that he flung himself from the window some time during the early morning. His skull was badly crushed and the body otherwise injured.

A Post Dispatch extra gives the following in regard to the death:

Dr. C. H. Hughes, his physician, said: "Mr. McCullagh was tired of living and killed himself. He gave no premonition of suicide during his illness, however. I saw him for a little while last evening. He said he felt sleepy and gave me to understand he wanted to be left alone. His brain was affected, but his intellect was all right. He never gave any signs of mental breakdown during his illness. He suffered from profound nervous exhaustion complicated with a recurring kidney trouble. He also had a sympathetic affection. The late campaign undermined his health."

The Post Dispatch then adds: "Mr. McCullagh's illness came upon him shortly after the close of the late Republican national convention. It took the form of acute asthma complicated with nervous depression. When he passed through the acute stage he found himself slow in recovery. His limbs had lost their vigor, his arms were numb and there were premonitions that the brain had come under the same shadowy spell. But Mr. McCullagh would not admit that he was failing either physically or mentally. He insisted on managing his newspaper from his bed room. All through the day he sat in his arm chair wrapped in blankets, received reports from his subordinates and gave them orders for the conduct of the paper."

The theory of suicide is not accepted by all of Mr. McCullagh's friends. It is believed by many that he had one of his attacks of asthma during the night and in his struggle for breath he threw up the window to obtain air and in his weakened condition tottered and fell out.

Mr. Joseph B. McCullagh was born in Ireland and with his brother came to this country in his youth. His first important newspaper work was done in Cincinnati as a reporter and correspondent upon the Enquirer. Later he went to Chicago and took the managing editorship of the Chicago Republican, succeeding Mr. Charles A. Dana. He occupied this position until shortly after the Chicago fire, when he went to St. Louis and took the editorship of the St. Louis Globe, which was subsequently consolidated with the Democrat and became the Globe-Democrat.

THE FAIR ESTATE.

Estimates Dwindle Several Millions at a Time.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 31.—Appraisement of the estate of James G. Fair will begin about January 1, and the result is likely to be unpleasant reading to his three children—Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Miss Virginia Fair and Charles L. Fair, of this city.

At the time of his death Mr. Fair, it was reputed, was worth $40,000,000. The litigation over the property opened many secrets and incidentally revealed that its value was enormously overestimated. From $40,000,000 the estimates fell to $20,000,000 a year ago. The truth of the matter is that this last figure is much too large.

Appraisers have made a cursory estimate from an inventory just furnished to them by special administrators, and they hazard the opinion that the Fair properties are not worth $15,000,000, and if put up at forced sale would fall below $12,000,000. Mr. Fair was unfortunate in his business dealings for two years preceding his death, and his realty purchases have since greatly depreciated in value.

Assuming that the appraisers' hasty opinion is near the truth, there is fully $1,000,000, the cost of the litigation, to be considered. As there are three children, this will leave only about $4,000,000 to each. This does not take into account the possibilities of Mrs. Nettie Cravens winning her suit for a slice of the estate. If she should win, there would not be more than $10,000,000 to divide among the children.

RELIGIOUS QUESTION.

Action of Quebec Bishops to Be Laid Before Salisbury's Cabinet.

Ottawa, Ontario, Dec. 31.—It is reported in official circles that a representative of the Laurier government will go to England soon and have a conference with the imperial authorities regarding the action of bishops in Quebec in excommunicating the organ of the Liberal party.

It is considered here among the French citizens wiser to refer the case to the English government than to appeal to Rome, where Archbishop Langevin has already managed to lay his case, with apparently good effect on the propaganda.

Montreal, Quebec, Dec. 31.—A meeting of the Liberal leaders has been called to meet in the City of Quebec on Jan. 7 to discuss the politic-religious situation which has arisen. All the leaders of the province will be present, and while a firm stand will be taken against the attitude of the bishops in claiming the right to interfere in political matters, they will be treated with respect, and Mr. Laurier is anxious that no extreme or offensive language shall be used.

The discussion that will take place will include the history of the whole school question and the interference of the bishops in the late election.

A DISPLACED RAIL.

Throws a Freight Train Into a Deep Cut.

Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 31.—A wreck occurred on the Raleigh & Augusta division of the Seaboard Air Line, one and a half miles west of Raleigh, yesterday morning. A displaced rail which had, without question, been removed by professional train wreckers, precipitated a freight train into a deep cut, totally wrecking ten loaded cars and the locomotive, killing the fireman, Alexander Overby, and seriously wounding the engineer, John Robertson.

The evident intention of the wreckers was to catch the Seaboard Air Line Atlanta special, which was due about that time, but being one hour and twenty minutes late, the extra freight was running on the Atlanta special's time. Had this train been on time, the loss of life probably would have been horrible. The wreckers left a crow bar and other tools with which they drew the spikes and displaced the rail. Bloodhounds are being used to locate the wreckers.

FOR COAST DEFENSE.

Meeting Called for January 20 at Tampa, Fla., Will Be a Big Event.

Tampa, Fla., Jan. 4.—The meeting called for January 2 in this city to organize a national coast defense and naval reserve association promises to be a very important one. Replies from the invitations addressed to the governors of all states and interested commercial organizations in every important city by Governor Mitchell, indicate that there will be a large attendance. Chicago will be well represented. At this meeting two representatives from each state will be chosen as members of the association, one prominent citizen and a member of the naval reserve.

Secretary Herbert has ordered a man-of-war to Tampa for the occasion, and efforts are being made to have the torpedo boat Erricson present at the time.

Strike Settled.

Stoneham, Mass., Jan. 2.—The strike at the shoe factory of F. B. Jenkins & Co. was settled, and over 100 operatives returned to work. The strike was ordered because of a 10 per cent reduction in wages, and a compromise has been effected.

Markets and Crops.

THE YEAR'S CLOSE.

Business Reports Not the Most Favorable.

New York, Jan. 2.—R. G Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: There have been more commercial failures in 1896 than in any previous [illegible] 19,197 last year, with liabilities of about $225,000,000, against $173,196,000 last year, an increase in number of about 12 per cent, and in liabilities of 29 per cent. The holiday makes it impossible to give exact figures until next week, but the monthly returns heretofore prepared show that $36,000,000 of the excess over last year was in two months, August and September, in which manufacturing liabilities were $15,600,000 larger than last year; trading, $10,000,000, and brokers and other commercial, $10,300,000 larger. Of the latter class $11,041,416 out of about $18,600,000 were in those two months; of the manufacturing class, $24,910,356 out of about $98,260,000 in the whole year were in those two months, and of the trading class $21,831,880 out of about $108,500,000 in the whole year. The ratio of defaulted liabilities to clearing house exchanges was $4.37 per $1,000 against $3.25 last year, and $6.39 in 1893. The average of defaulted liabilities per firm in business was $190.57, against $145 last year, and $290.65 in 1893. The exact statement by states and by branches of business will be given next week. For the first time detailed monthly statements are also published for the last quarter of the panic year 1893, showing commercial liabilities amounting to $64,000,000.

The year closes with an epidemic of failures, mainly at the West, and in banks, loan and trust companies or concerns dependent on them. The action of clearing houses in various places indicates no want of confidence and several banks which have failed will be enabled to pay in full, but disclosure of unsoundness in a few widely known institutions in the abnormal state of popular feeling after an exciting contest on monetary issue has caused distrust and suspicion where it is frequently undeserved. There has been no monetary pressure to cause trouble, nor have important Western products declined in value. There has evidently been too liberal assistance given by some fiduciary concerns to speculative operations. No drain on Eastern funds has resulted since the first alarm at two large failures, and the money then sent has all returned. Failures often grow more frequent as annual settlements approach.

Holiday dullness has been intensified by the failures and the efforts of great combinations to make new arrangements. With iron, coke, wool, cotton and hides all somewhat lower, there is almost universal confidence that business will soon become large and safer than before for a long time, and several large establishments, among them the Yonkers Carpet Works, which employ 7,000 hands when full, and the Maryland Steel Company will start operations. Cotton mills have enormous stocks of unsold goods in some lines, the surplus of print cloths being the largest ever known and about a quarter of a year's consumption. Wool sales decreased 24 per cent in the first four months, and were smaller than for five years; decreased 56 per cent in the second four months, when new wool was coming forward and were much the smallest ever known, except in the panic of 1873, but enormous sales, mainly speculative, made the aggregate during the last four months nearly equal to that of last year.

Wheat has risen to the highest point since June, 1892, because Western receipts in five weeks have been but 13,290,000 bushels, against 22,606,267 last year.

Atlantic exports, flour included, have been in five weeks, 9,900,000 bushels, against 10,413,249 bushels last year. The exports from New York in December were 5 per cent larger and imports 12 per cent smaller than last year.

TOLEDO'S GRAIN TRADE.

Receipts and Shipments in Toledo During the Past Year.

The receipts and shipments of grain at Toledo during the past year, as shown by the books of Secretary D. B. Smith, of the Toledo Produce Exchange, are as follows, comparisons being made with 1895:

	Receipts. 1896.	Shipments. 1896.
Flour, barrels	74,000	1,485,000
Wheat, bushels	7,525,000	4,550,000
Corn, bushels	5,800,000	5,000,000
Oats, bushels	400,000	170,000
Rye, bushels	487,000	566,000
Clover seed, bags	82,000	88,000
	Receipts. 1895.	**Shipments. 1895.**
Flour, barrels	1,274,306	1,274,306
Wheat, bushels	7,836,430	7,545,802
Corn, bushels	6,845,294	7,571,142
Oats, bushels	756,512	519,280
Rye, bushels	164,516	84,732
Clover seed, bags	94,494	39,000

FOREIGN CROPS.

How the Mark Lane Express Views the Situation.

London, Jan. 4.—The Mark Lane Express, reviewing the crop situation today, says: "The usual increase of cold in January will not be unwelcome to agriculture. On the continent the outlook is satisfactory.

"Rains have fallen in Australia, but too late to be of any use except in Tasmania.

"The latest news from Argentine is less gloomy than at Christmas time.

"The Russian wheat crop of 1896 is semi-officially stated to be 3,500,000 quarters below that of 1895 and 9,000,000 quarters below the bumper of 1894."

Benefit From Rains.

London, Jan. 4.—Official dispatches from India say rains have benefited nearly all the famine districts there.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Toledo, O., Jan. 5, 1897.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Jan. 5.	Dec. 29.
U. S. 4's (new) coupons	120	119½
U. S. 4's (new) registered	120	119½
U. S. 5's coupons	114	113¾
U. S. 5's registered	114	113¾
U. S. 4's coupons	111	111½
U. S. 4's registered	110½	109¾
U. S. 2' registered	90½	95
Pacific 6's of '98	102⅝	99⅝

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

The markets for wheat opened steady today, but soon declined on lower cables. Thoman's report came bullish and prices moved up a small fraction. Northwestern receipts were light, but an abundance of snow in the winter wheat section overbalanced bull conditions and prices worked off. Trade was moderate.

Corn sold comparatively light. Prices varied but little. At Chicago, January corn opened at 23c and closed at that price; May, 25⅜c, 25½c, then 25⅜c. At New York, May corn opened at 31⅝c, eased to 31⅜c, and closed at 31½c bid.

Prices of wheat to-day:

May.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	97	97	96	95¾
Chicago	83⅞	84⅛	82⅞-⅝	b83¾-⅞
New York	89⅞	89⅞	88⅞	89⅛
St. Louis	91⅞	91⅞	90½-⅜	b90⅞

At Chicago January wheat opened at 80c, rose to 80c bid, fell to 79½c nominal, then 80c; July, 79⅜c, close, 78⅝@78¾c. At New York July wheat opened at 86⅜@86⅝c, and closed at 85⅝c bid.

Export clearances to-day: Wheat, 169,993 bushels; flour, 71,307 barrels, or wheat and flour as wheat, 490,875 bushels.

Montreal, Jan. 5.—Large stocks of Ontario wheat are being taken for export. Carruthers took 30,000 bushels yesterday and is forwarding it. They are the first exports from Ontario in two years.

The world's visible decreased 965,000 bushels.

Primary receipts to-day: Wheat, 225,000 bushels, against 365,000 last year. Shipments, 145,000 bushels, against 96,000 last year. Receipts of corn, 472,000 bushels, against 443,000 bushels, last year. Shipments, 170,000 bushels, against 209,000 last year.

151,000 bushels, and oats 202,000.

Liverpool close: Wheat easy and ⅝d decline. Corn, quiet, ⅛d up.

Receipts in the Northwest to-day, 93,680 bushels; on track, 149 cars; same time last year, 414.

Mark Lane Express says: Rains have fallen in Australia, but too late for good, except in Tasmania. Latest news from Argentine is less gloomy than at Christmas time. The Russian wheat crop of 1896 is semi-officially put at 28 million bushels below 1895, and 72 millions under 1894.

The U. S. government final figures on the 1896 crop are expected to-night. They will simply give the final returns for the last crop. They make no estimates on present growing crop, either as to condition or area. That was done in December. Nothing more will be given out until April.

Thoman says: The condition of winter wheat for the whole breadth is 95.4 per cent as against 97.6 one month ago, and 82.6 last January. The average condition of the whole area is materially strengthened by perfect promise on the Pacific coast. The condition of six principal states east of the Rockies is 92.6, a deterioration of practically six points, due chiefly to freezing and thawing weather.

Closing Liverpool wheat, spot steady to ½d higher; futures, 1d lower. Corn, spot steady, unchanged; futures steady to ¼d lower.

The Close at Toledo—Wheat Lower

As compared with yesterday at the local exchange, cash wheat is ¼c and May ⅜c off. Trade reached fairly good proportions and prices closed steady at the decline.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 95½c, close, 95c. [illegible]

Corn—Fair Business, Steady.

There was a fair business in corn with steady prices ruling. No. 2 mixed, 21¼c; No. 3 corn, 20¾c; No. 4 corn, 19c; No. 2 May, 26¾c; No. 3 yellow, 22c.

Oats dull; 1c lower, but steady; No. 2 mixed, 17c; rejected, 15c.

Rye steady; No. 2, 38c; No. 3, 35c.

Clover seed dull and a little lower; prime cash, $5.32½@5.35; March, $5.40; No. 2 seed, $4.20; close, $4.10; rejected, $2.75. Receipts 28 bags; shipments, none.

Toledo Produce Market.

Trade fair to-day. The market for butter is steady. Eggs are in good supply and without change. Apples firming.

Butter—Finest creamery, 22@25c; dairy, 14@15c.

Eggs—Fresh, 20@21c.

Cheese—Full cream, 9½@10c.

Vegetables—Potatoes, bu., 25c; sweet potatoes, bbl., $2.25; beets, bu., 25c; carrots, bu., 25c; celery, doz. stalks, 20@40c; parsnips, bu., 25c; beans, bu., 90c; onions, bu., 50c; squashes, doz., 50@80c; parsley, doz. bunches, 10c; cabbages, doz., 20@25c; spinach, bu., 35c; vegetable oysters, doz. bunches, 30c.

Scrapple—Mrs. Taylor's, lb., 5c.

Fruits—Lemons, box, $3.50; oranges, box, $3.50@3.75; cranberries, quart, 8c; apples, bu., 20@40c.

Poultry — Turkeys, dressed, lb., 11c; chickens, lb., 8c.

Apple-butter, per gallon, 50c.

Dressed Meats—Hogs, per 100 lbs., $4.50; beef, lb., 3½@7c; sheep, lb., 5½c; lambs, lb., 6¼c; veal, lb., 6¾c.

Timothy Seed—$1.60@1.75, as to quality.

Wool—Unwashed, 8@13c; washed, 12@16c; tub washed, 17c.

Smoked Meats—Hams, sugar-cured, heavy, lb., 9c; light hams, 9¼@10c; mess pork, $7; short mess, 9c; short clear, 10c; breakfast bacon, rib, 8½c; clear, 10c; bologna sausage, lb., 5c; pork sausage, lb., 5c; home made country sausage, lb., 10c; scrapple, lb., 8c.

Lard—No. 1 kettle, cans, 3, 5 and 10 lbs., 8c; 50 lbs., 7c.

Salt Meats—Mess pork, per bbl., $8.00@9.50; short, clear, $11.00.

Hay—Car lots, choice timothy, ton, $10; No. 1 hay, $9.50; No. 2 hay, $8.50.

Straw—Car lots, bright rye, $6.00; wheat straw, $5.00; oat straw, $5.00.

Corn fodder, shredded, $5.00@6.00.

Feed—Bran, ton, $9; middlings, $10; chop feed, ton, car lots, $12; car lots, No. 2, $10; coarse meal, $10.

Ear corn, bushel, 15c; shelled corn, bu., 30c.

Flour—Spring patent, bbl., $4.70@5.25; winter patents, $5.00@5.50; winter straight, $4.70@5.00; buckwheat flour, per ton, $30.

Rock salt, ton, $7; pork packing salt, bbl., 90c; eastern salt, $1; Michigan, 75c.

Hides—Green, No. 1 cows and light hides, lb., 6c; No. 2's, 5c; heavy steers, No. 1, 6c; bulls and No. 2's, 5c; green calf, No. 1, 5c; No. 2's, 6½c; kip, No. 1, 7c; No. 2's, 5½c; cured No. 1 hides, 7c; No. 2's, 6c; No. 1 calf, cured, 9½c; No. 2's, 8c; sheep pelts, 25@50c.

Tallow—Per lb., 3@3¼c.

Beeswax—Per lb., 20@25c.

Petroleum—Prime, white, Ohio test, 7½c; water white, 8¼c; headlight, 9¼c; silver light, 9c; eocene, 10½c; stove gasoline, 9¼c; 63 test naphtha, 7¼c.

Grain and Produce.

New York, Jan. 5.—Butter—Receipts, 8,005 packages; market steady; western creamery, 13@20c; Elgins, 20c; factory, 7@14c. Cheese—Receipts, 1,957 packages; market quiet; large and small, 7½@10¾c; part skims, 4@8c; full skims, 2½@3c. Eggs—Receipts, 5,632 packages; market steady; state and Pennsylvania, 19@21c; western 14@19c. Sugar—Raw, quiet but steady; granulated, 4⅝c. Coffee steady.

Chicago, Jan. 5.—Close—Wheat—January, 80c; May, 83¾@83⅞c; July, 78⅝@78¾c; September, 77c. Corn—January, 23c; May, 25⅜c; July, 26¾c. Oats—January, 16¼c; May, 19⅜c. Pork—January, $7.60; May, $7.85. Lard—January, $3.80; May, $3.97½. Ribs—January, $3.87½; May, $4.00. Flax seed—Cash, 74c; January, 74c; May, 77½c. Timothy—Cash and February, $2.75; March, $2.80. Rye—Cash, 37¼c; May, 41½c. Barley—Cash, No. 3, 24@34c.

Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 5.—(Special to The Blade.)—Cash market to-night closes as follows: Corn—No. 2 yellow, 25¾c; No. 3 yellow, 25c; No. 2 mixed, 24¾c; No. 3 mixed, 24¼c; No. 4 yellow, 24¼c. Oats—No. 2 white, 22¼c; No. 3 white, 20c; No. 4 white, 18½c; No. 2 mixed, 19½c; No. 3 mixed, 17½c. Wheat—No. 2 red, 94c; No. 1 white, 95c; rejected, [illegible]. Hay and Straw—No. 1 timothy, $11.25; No. 2 timothy, $10.00; No. 1 clover mixed, $9.50; wheat straw, $7.00; oat straw, $6. Market steady. Demand good. We solicit your consignments.

WHITNEY & GIBSON.

Live Stock.

Chicago, Jan. 5.—Estimated receipts of hogs to-day, 14,000; left over, 1,500; market fairly active and steady at yesterday's average, light, $3.35@3.57½; mixed, $3.30@3.55; heavy, $3.05@3.52½; rough, $3.05@3.15. Cattle—Receipts, 4,000; market steady to stronger; beeves, $3.65@5.25; cows and heifers, $1.75@4.25; Texas steers, $3.00@4.25; stockers and feeders, $3.10@4.10. Sheep—Receipts, 6,000; market strong and generally 10c higher. Hogs—Official receipts yesterday, 21,596; shipments yesterday, 6,337. Cattle—Receipts yesterday, 10,979; shipments yesterday, 2,428. Sheep—Receipts yesterday, 9,157; shipments yesterday, none. Estimated receipts of hogs to-morrow, 30,000.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 5.—(Eirick Bro.'s special report to The Blade.) Cattle—Receipts, 3 cars; market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 5 cars; market stronger; Yorkers, $3.85@3.90; heavy, $3.55@3.60. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 10 cars, mostly Canadas, market steady.

Cleveland, O., Jan. 5.—(Bower & Bower's report). Hogs—Receipts, 38 cars; market active and 10c higher on light hogs; steady on mediums and heavies; choice pigs, $3.75@3.80; Yorkers and lights, $3.75; mediums and heavies, $3.50@3.55; stags and roughs, $2.25@2.70; closing steady. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 6 cars; market active and strong; sheep, $2.00@3.25; lambs, $3.75@4.85; closing firm. Cattle—Receipts, light; market active and firm; steers, $3.75@4.25; heifers, $3.00@3.70; cows, $2.00@3.00.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market in New York This Afternoon.

New York, Jan. 5.—The initial prices on the stock exchange were fractionally irregular. An easier tendency, however, was noted with pronounced pressure against Reading and Chicago Gas.

Stock values generally made further progress by 11 o'clock toward a lower plane on limited transactions. The traders were disposed to curtail values until Congress formally convenes and action taken on important financial measures now pending. London operations were unimportant but embraced sales of St. Paul and Louisville.

The downward movement was checked soon after the first hour but, although improvement in prices was generally noted on purchases for both accounts, the market was lethargic. Consolidated Gas scored an extreme gain of 1 per cent. Railway bonds were neglected, but ruled firm. There was no news of importance bearing upon values. The sales to noon were 44,200 shares.

New York, Jan. 5.—Money on call easy at 1½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 3½@4½ per cent. Sterling exchange steady with actual business in bankers' bills at $4.86½@ [illegible] for demand and $4.83¾@4.83⅞ for 60 days. Posted rates, $4.84@4.84½ and $4.87. Commercial bills, $4.82½. Silver certificates, 64½@65½c. Bar silver, 64⅝c. Mexican dollars, 50⅝c.

Corrected daily by Kuhn & Co.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Del. & Hudson	118¾	....	....	120
Reading	26⅝	27	26¼	26⅞
Tenn. Coal and I.	25⅜	....	....	25⅜
Atchison	14	....	....	14⅛
C., B. & Q.	69½	70⅝	69⅝	70⅜
Missouri Pacific	....	....	....	20⅜
Northwest	103⅝	....	....	103⅝
North. Pacific pfd.	32⅛	32⅝	32⅛	32½
Omaha	48⅞	49	48⅞	48⅝
Rock Island	65⅞	67	65⅞	66⅝
St. Paul	72⅝	73⅝	72⅝	73⅜
Union Pacific	8⅞	10	8⅞	9⅞
Dist. and C. F.	11⅞	....	....	12⅛
Chicago Gas	73⅝	74⅛	73⅜	74⅛
General Electric	32⅝	....	....	33⅛
Leather pfd.	60	....	....	60½
Lead	....	....	....	23⅛
Sugar	110⅝	111⅝	110	110⅞
American Tobacco	78	78	76⅞	77⅛
Louis. & Nash.	47⅞	....	....	48⅛
Manhattan	88⅝	....	....	89⅛
K. T. pfd.	28⅝	....	....	29⅛
S. T.	26⅜	....	....	26⅝
Pacific Mail	....	....	....	24½
Western Union	83	83⅜	83	83⅜
Wabash pfd.	15½	15⅝	15⅜	15⅝
Lake Shore	152	....	....	152½
New York Central	....	....	....	92⅞
W. & L. E.	6⅜	6⅜	6	6⅜
Money	2	....	....	....
Rubber	24	....	....	24½

Trade.

General trade during the past week was quiet, with no increase in the volume.

Wool.

Bradstreet's says: "The market maintains a steady tone but trade is quiet. The goods market does not start, and manufacturers are not disposed to buy wool until they have an opportunity to use it. The feeling is that after the turn of the year woolens may begin to be ordered, and that this will induce manufacturers to buy raw material. Territory wools are selling on the scoured basis of about 30@32c for fine medium and fine, with choice staple lots at 34@35c. The market for fine fleeces remains steady, and combings are also firm, but medium clothing grades have shown an easier tone of late. Australian wool is in quiet demand, but prices hold steady. Carpet wools are quiet but steady."

New York Cotton Market.

New York, Jan. 5.—The cotton market opened easy from 2 to 4 points lower, owing to unfavorable English news and indications of heavy receipts. Trading was light and chiefly of a local nature. The market further declined 2 to 3 points in sympathy with easier later Liverpool advices. At 10:35 a. m. prices improved 4 to 5 points on slightly better English advices and light European buying. Sales to 11 a. m. were 50,000 bales, at which time the market was quiet but steady and prices about the opening figures.

Cotton futures easy; sales, 7,800 bales. January, $6.75; February, $6.81; March, $6.88; April, $6.96; May, $7.03; June, $7.08; July, $7.13; August, $7.14; September, $6.85; October, $6.57; November, $6.91.

Cotton spot, quiet; middling uplands, 7⅜c; middling gulf, 7⅝c.

Every man should read the offer of Thos. Slater [illegible]